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A JUST JUDGE.

BEING A BRIEF SKETCH OF HENRY CLAY CALDWELL OF
THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT.

BY J. B. FOLLETT.

There is probably no position in the United States to which a man may be called that will so thoroughly test his metal as that of United States circuit judge, before whom the railway litigation of the country is brought. The fact that the railways bring to their service the best legal talent money will secure, backed as they are by all the influence and power of wealth, makes it marvellous that a single judge, from the sheer love of justice, could bring about such reforms in railway jurisprudence as have been wrought by the subject of this sketch within the past twenty years. When it is remembered that the abuses and iniquities of the old practice were bulwarked by an endless variety of forms of procedure and precedent, the task seems herculean.

So profoundly impressed has the country become by the wholesome reforms here inwrought, that a general desire to know more of the *just judge* who wrought them is everywhere manifest.

Henry Clay Caldwell is a native of Marshall County, Virginia, now West Virginia. He was born on the fourth day of September, 1832. His parents, Van and Susan Caldwell, were from Scotch-Irish ancestry, and imparted to their son a robust nature.

In 1836 the family moved from Virginia to that part of Wisconsin Territory which afterward became the State of Iowa. Van Caldwell secured a tract of land on the Des Moines River, about seventy miles above Keokuk, where the

son was reared amidst the toils, trials, and hardships of frontier life. The home of our subject was in close proximity to the Sac and Fox tribes of Indians, with whose customs, manners, and language he became familiar.

Having a keen intellect and a broad comprehension he became proficient in what was to be learned from the books and schools of the neighborhood, and at the age of seventeen he entered the law office of Wright & Knapp of Keosauqua, Iowa, as a student at law. So rapid was his progress that in his twentieth year he was admitted to the bar, and very soon thereafter was taken in as junior member of the firm, and at a single bound he took rank as one of the ablest young lawyers of the State.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion he promptly enlisted and became major of the Third Iowa Cavalry, and afterward its colonel. For untiring zeal and splendid martial bearing at the capture of Little Rock, Ark., he was recommended by his superior officer, Gen. Davison, for promotion to a larger command.

At this juncture, June, 1864, Abraham Lincoln saw the importance of the pacification and restoration of civil government in Arkansas, and as a means to this end he appointed Col. Henry Clay Caldwell to be judge of the United States Court for the District of Arkansas. This was another remarkable instance of Mr. Lincoln's ability to choose the right man for the accomplishment of desired results. It is said by another that "he resolutely kept his court out of political entanglement and displayed upon the bench a high degree of tact and penetrating common sense. He held the scales of justice so evenly that he soon acquired the confidence of the bar and the public."

Having occupied the position of district judge in Arkansas from 1864 to 1890, he was chosen to the higher and broader field of circuit judge for the Eighth Circuit of the United States Court of Appeals. This circuit comprises the States of Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Arkansas, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Wyoming, covering nearly one fourth of the entire area of the country.

The limits of this notice will not permit any specific mention of the many remarkable reforms brought about by his rulings both as district and circuit judge.

Notwithstanding the arduous labor incident to his position on the bench, he found time to respond to the call of his

countrymen at different times upon the living issue of the day. The Monticello Fair Association of Arkansas invited him to address them upon the subject of "Interest," which he did Oct. 14, 1886. The following extracts from that address will indicate its character, to wit:

The capital of this country in money, and lands as well, is rapidly centring in the hands of a few persons and corporations in the towns and cities. . . .

At the threshold of the discussion it may be well to inquire what money is, who created it, and what functions it was created to perform.

Money as a measure of value and a legal tender in the payment of debts is a creation of the law. It may be of gold, silver, copper, paper, or any other substance; but of whatever substance made, its value as a circulating medium and a legal tender in payment of debts is derived from the laws of men and not from the laws of nature.

The Constitution of the United States declares that "the Congress shall have power . . . to coin money" and "regulate the value thereof."

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that Congress has power to make money out of paper, and make that paper a legal tender in payment of debts.

Observe, the grant of power to Congress not only includes the power to "coin money," but also "to regulate the value thereof."

The present standard silver dollar is a legal tender in payment of debts for one hundred cents on the dollar, and yet until the recent rise in silver bullion it contained less than ninety cents' worth of silver. The material of which a one thousand dollar legal tender note is composed is not as valuable as an ounce of cotton or an ear of corn. It derives its value from the law, which makes it a legal tender in payment of debts for the amount expressed on its face.

Gold and silver in bullion, or in spoons, plates, or ornaments, is not money. In all these shapes gold and silver are mere commodities to be bought and sold in the market like cotton or any other commodity. It must be coined by the government, and its value fixed and stamped upon it by law, before it becomes money.

Money was created to be a circulating medium—a measure of value and a legal tender in payment of debts; and it only performs its true function when actively employed in settling balances, facilitating exchanges and in industrial pursuits. It is a barren thing, it gives birth to nothing. Horses and cattle multiply and increase the wealth of the country, farms and factories yield their productions, but money is as incapable of producing anything as a yard-stick or a half-bushel.

It may be endowed BY LAW with the power to accumulate—that is, to draw interest. But this power is a GIFT OF THE LAW, and may be withheld altogether or granted to the extent only that it is found to be beneficial to the people.

To what extent money should be endowed with the power to draw interest depends, in a great measure, upon the average profits realized on capital invested in agricultural and industrial pursuits. . . .

To one who stops to think upon the subject the FEARFUL OMNIPOTENCE OF MONEY AT INTEREST is startling. . . .

The constitution of this State (Arkansas) of 1868 abrogated the usury law, and declared any rate of interest lawful. The rate of interest increased as long as that constitution was in force, until in 1872 it was proved on a trial in the United States District Court at Little Rock that the usual rate of interest in that city for loaned money was five per cent per month. . . . Labor is not the only thing that "strikes." Capital strikes, and its strikes are much more successful and crushing than those

of labor. Nothing combines so readily and effectively to advance its interests as money; and when the law leaves the regulation of the rate of interest to the necessities of the borrower and the avarice of the lender, a successful strike for a high rate of interest is the uniform result. . . .

One does not have to be gifted with the spirit of prophecy to foretell the deplorable consequences of a continued accumulation and concentration of capital, derived from the high rates of interest, in the hands of a few persons and corporations in the cities. The sober intelligence, courage, virtue, and patriotism that abide in the homes of the independent and prosperous farmers, are what every nation must rely upon for its support in peace and defence in war. Neither liberty nor prosperity nor virtue will long survive in a State where the husbandman is oppressed and impoverished. History teaches an important lesson on this subject.

Of money-lending corporations he said:

The stockholders of a corporation may die, but the corporation still lives; "men may come and men may go," but the corporation goes on forever; its stock changes hands, but the capital of the corporation is the property of the corporation, which no stockholder can touch; the perpetual accumulation and concentration of capital is in this way made secure against death itself. The money and lands it once acquires, it may hold forever. Corporations have already acquired in this State large tracts of land for speculation, and have also engaged in planting. Consider for one moment some of the characteristics of your neighbor, when it is a planting corporation. It has no soul, and therefore has no use for a minister of the gospel or a church; it has no children, and therefore has no use for a Sunday school, school teacher, or schoolhouse; it has no tangible body, and therefore pays no poll tax and does no road work; it never dies, and therefore has no use for a graveyard. A sense of moral accountability is essential to the best type of honesty and for fair dealing; but your corporation neighbor, having no soul and no conscience, has no moral sense. By the law of its life it is forbidden to recognize any but purely legal obligations. The sole object of its creation is to make money, and a generous or benevolent act would be what the lawyers call *ultra vires*—that is, something outside of the objects for which it was created, and therefore illegal. You thus see that every essential quality of good citizenship is wanting in your planting corporation neighbor. Its gains and profits are withdrawn from the State into the cities where its stockholders dwell. . . .

Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the policy of allowing the unlimited ownership of lands by individuals, I assert, upon authority, that no Christian can dispute that God created this earth for his children, and not for the godless and soulless artificial creations of man.

From an address delivered by Judge Caldwell before the Arkansas Bar Association Jan. 7, 1886, I take the following extracts:

The coercive power of the law for the collection of debts is not the basis of credit. The foundation of credit by which the commerce of the world is carried on is confidence in the honesty, business capacity, and probable ability of the debtor to meet his engagements. The richest man in Arkansas could not buy, on credit, a bill of goods in St. Louis or New York, if it was known that he would not pay except at the end of an execution. . . .

The strongest law of man's nature is the primal law of self-preservation. Hunger is craving, imperious, and irresistible, and must be satisfied

or end in a tragedy. Nothing renders a man so desperate as real hunger; and nothing renders him so dangerous to social orders as the knowledge that his hunger is the result of unjust or oppressive laws.

To justify the preference shown by the law for the creditor over the debtor, it is assumed that all credit is given on the petition of the debtor, for his sole accommodation and benefit. Money-lenders who advertise for borrowers, and loan them money at usurious rates, and tradesmen who insist on selling their wares on credit at prices that yield them from twenty-five to three hundred per cent profit, masquerade before the public as natural born eleemosynary corporations engaged in dispensing bounties with liberal hand to poor debtors. They speak of their transactions with their debtors as being, on their part, unselfish and disinterested acts of benevolence.

The pretence is glaringly false. The money-lender is the one who prefers to cast on others the hazards incident to the investment of capital in industrial, productive, and commercial pursuits. He therefore anxiously seeks to loan his money at a high rate of interest, and thus absorbs the profits, and not unfrequently the capital, of the industrial or commercial pursuit in which it is invested by the borrower, without himself incurring any of the risks which are inseparable from such pursuits. . . .

The foundation on which the respect for contracts rests is the conviction that they have been fairly entered into and that they are advantageous to both parties. . . .

The homestead is not exempted to the debtor for any merit of his own. It is given to the FAMILY for its protection, and for the protection of the State and society. Every home, however humble, safely secured to the family, is a block of granite added to the foundation of the Republic.

The patriotism, courage, and virtue to preserve the Republic must come from the homes of the tranquil masses. The accidental head of the family should not, therefore, be allowed to mortgage the family homestead, any more than he should be allowed to mortgage the liberty or virtue of his wife and children. . . .

A corporation created for the sole purpose of lending money is nothing but a concentrated and intensified usurer and miser. The man who lends his money and deals honestly with his customers, and resorts to no fraudulent or sham devices to evade the usury law, is a respectable and useful citizen; the miser even has a soul, shrivelled and diminutive though it be, which may sometimes be filled with generous emotions; but this artificial and magnified money-lender has no soul, no religion, and no God but mammon. By the law of its creation it is legally incapable of doing anything but lend money for profit; every other function is denied it by law; the song of joy and the cry of distress are alike unheeded by it; it neither loves, hates, nor pities; its chief virtue is the absence of all emotion which imparts uniformity and regularity to its business methods; it is argus-eyed and acute of hearing, or blind and deaf, accordingly as the one or the other of these conditions will best subserve its interests. Though a legal unit, it is infected with all the mean and plausible vices of those who act only in bodies, where the fear of punishment and sense of shame are diminished by partition; it never toils, but its money works for it by that invisible, sleepless, consuming, and relentless thing called interest. It never dies; and, unlike the man who lends money, has no heirs to scatter its gains; and in the eager and remorseless pursuit of the object of its creation, it turns mothers and children out of their homes with the same cold, calm satisfaction that it received payment of a loan in "gold coin of the present standard of weight and fineness."

These corporations have agents in the State, whose offices are embellished with a flaring placard reading, "Money to Loan.". Over the door

of every such office ought to be inscribed in characters so large that none could fail to read, the startling inscription that Dante saw over the gates of hell:

"All hope abandoned, ye who enter here."

The latest expressions we have from Judge Caldwell upon questions of general public interest may be found in his "Remarks" before the Greenleaf Law Club, St. Louis, Feb. 20, 1896.

The subject under consideration was "Railroad Receiverships."

In this discussion the great reforms he has brought about in railroad jurisprudence were shown. He said:

At an early day in the history of railroad receiverships the prevailing idea was that the principal object of such receiverships was to relieve the railroad company from its debts and liabilities incurred in the operation of the road, and to have it operated by a court, for whose torts and negligence the trust fund would not be liable. Under the early practice a railroad receivership was a very desirable thing for the railroad company and its bondholders.

The benefit inuring to the railroad company and its mortgage bondholders from a railroad receivership was the opportunity it afforded to escape the payment of all obligations of the company for labor, supplies, and materials furnished and used in the construction, repair, and operation of the road. Whenever a railroad company became so largely indebted for labor, material, and supplies and other liabilities incurred in the operation of its road that it could profitably pay the expense incident to a receivership and foreclosure, for the sake of getting rid of its floating debt it sought the aid of a friendly mortgage bondholder, through whose agency it was quickly in the hands of a receiver, and immediately a court of equity was asked and expected to do the mean things which the company itself was unable or ashamed to do. The president of the company was commonly appointed receiver, and the work of repudiating its debts was swiftly and effectually accomplished through the aid of a court of equity. The floating debt incurred in improving and operating the road for the benefit of the company and its security holders was repudiated, and the road formally sold under a decree of foreclosure to a new company in name, organized by the owners of the stock and bonds of the old company. By this process a railroad company was enabled to escape the payment of its debts by what was little more than a mere change of its name, and often the only change made in that was from Railroad Company to Railway Company.

At the time Judge Caldwell was placed upon the bench of the Circuit Court the foregoing practice had been of long standing, and of course sustained by numerous precedents. In the minds of the Eastern bondholders it was his duty to follow the line that had been so well established. It was deemed audacious by the grave and learned lawyers from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, for a Western judge who had but recently assumed the robes in the Circuit Court of Appeals to presume to make a ruling in conflict with their "established precedents."

It would have been an easy matter for Judge Caldwell, if he had been differently constituted, to float with the current and receive the applause of the rich and mighty.

But he had the courage of a Jackson and the heart of a Lincoln, and he said this iniquity must cease. He accordingly formulated his rules to govern the appointment of receiverships. Heretofore no one along the line of a railroad had been permitted to bring suit against a receiver. This rule was rescinded, and a new one adopted for reasons given by him as follows:

The general license to sue the receiver is given because it is desirable that the right of the citizen to sue in the local State courts on the line of the road should be interfered with as little as possible. It is doubtless convenient, and a saving and protection to the railroad company and its mortgage bondholders, to have the litigation growing out of the operation of a long line of railroad concentrated in a single court, and on the equity side of that court, where justice is administered without the intervention of a jury. But, in proportion as the railroad and its bondholders profit by such an arrangement, the citizen dealing with the receiver is subject to inconvenience and expense, and he is deprived of the forum and the right of trial by jury, to which in every other case of legal cognizance he has the right to appeal for redress. It is not necessary, for the accomplishment of the purposes for which receivers of railroads are appointed, to impose such burdens and deprivations upon citizens dealing with the receiver. And neither the railroad company nor its bondholders have any equity to ask it. Where property is in the hands of a receiver simply as a custodian, or for sale or distribution, it is proper that all persons having claims against it or upon the fund arising from its sale should be required to assert them in the court appointing the receiver. But a very different question is presented where the court assumes the operation of a railroad hundreds of miles in length and advertises itself to the world as a common carrier. This brings it into constant and extensive business relations with the public. Out of the thousands of contracts it enters into daily as a common carrier, some are broken, and property is damaged and destroyed and passengers injured and killed by the negligence and tortious acts of its receiver and his agents. In a word, all the liabilities incident to the operation of a railroad are incurred by a court where it engages in that business; and, when they are incurred, why should the citizen be denied the right to establish the justice and amount of his demand by the verdict of a jury in a court of the country where the cause of action arose and the witnesses reside? If the road were operated by its owners or its creditors, the citizen would have this right; and when it is operated for their benefit by a receiver, why should the right be denied?

It is said that if suits are allowed to be brought in the courts of common law the plaintiffs would probably receive more by the verdict of a jury than would be awarded to them by the master or chancellor, and that to compel the receiver to answer to suits along the entire line of the road subjects him to inconvenience and entails additional expense on the estate. This is probably true. But why should a court of equity deprive the citizen of his constitutional right of trial by jury, and subject him to inconvenience and loss, to make money for a railroad corporation and its bondholders? If the denial of the right to sue can be rested on the ground that it saves money for the corporation and its creditors, why not carry the doctrine one degree further, and declare the receiver shall

not be liable to the citizen at all for breaches of contract or any act of malfeasance or misfeasance in his office as receiver? This would be a great saving to the estate. The difference is one of degree and not of principle. When a court through its receiver becomes a common carrier, and enters the list to compete with other common carriers for the carrying trade of the country, it ought not to claim or exercise any special privileges denied to its competitors and oppressive on the citizens. The court appointing a receiver of a railroad, and those interested in the property, should be content with the same measure of justice that is meted out to all persons and corporations conducting the like business. The court appointing a receiver cannot, of course, permit any other jurisdiction to interfere with its possession of the property, or control its administration of the fund; but, in the case of long lines of railroad, the question of the legal liability of its receiver to the demands of the citizens, growing out of the operation of the road, should be remitted to the tribunals that would have jurisdiction if the controversy had arisen between the citizen and the railroad company; giving to the citizen the option of seeking his redress in such tribunals, or by intervention in the court appointing the receiver.

To still further protect the creditors along the line of the railroad, the following is given as a copy of an order he recently issued for the appointment of a receiver:

And it appearing to the court that the defendant company owes debts and has incurred liabilities to the residents and citizens of this district which the holders thereof could, without any interference with the legal or equitable rights of the complainant under the mortgage set out in the complaint, collect by proceedings at law from said defendant by seizing its rents, income, and earnings, and in other lawful modes, if not restrained from so doing by this court, and that it would be inequitable and unjust for the court to deny to said creditors and claimants their legal right to collect their several debts and demands by appointing a receiver to take and receive the earnings of said road during the pendency of this suit, as prayed for in the complainant's bill, without providing for the payment of such debts and liabilities:

It is therefore declared that this order appointing the receiver herein is made upon this express condition, namely: that all debts, demands, and liabilities due or owing by the defendant company which were contracted, accrued, or were accrued in this district, or are due or owing to any residents of this district, for ticket and freight balances, or for work, labor, materials, machinery, fixtures, and supplies of every kind and character done, performed, or furnished in the repair, equipment, operation, or extension of said road and its branches in this district, and all liabilities incurred by the said defendant company in the transportation of freights and passengers, including damages for injuries to employees or other persons and to property, which have accrued or upon which suit has been brought or was pending or judgment rendered in this State, within twelve months last past, and all liabilities of said company or persons or corporations who may have become sureties for said company on stay or supersedeas bonds or cost bonds, or bonds in garnishment or other like proceedings, without regard to the date of said bonds, or whether such bonds were furnished in actions or proceedings pending in this district or elsewhere, together with all debts and liabilities which the said receiver may incur in operating said road, including claims for injuries to persons and property as aforesaid, are hereby declared to be preferential debts, and shall be paid by the receiver as the same shall accrue, out of the earnings of the road if practicable, or out of any funds in his hands applicable to that purpose, and if not sooner dis-

charged, then the same shall be paid out of the proceeds of the sale of the said road, which shall not be discharged from the custody of this court until said debts and demands are paid.

The following extract from one of Judge Caldwell's decisions will show his attitude as between the corporations and the workmen : *

The court is asked to apply to the employees in its service the principles of the early statutes, which, by the imposition of heavy pains and penalties, forced laborers to work at fixed wages, and made it an offence to seek to increase them or to quit the service of their employer. The period of compulsory personal servitude, save as a punishment for crime, has passed in this country. In this country it is not unlawful for employees to associate, consult, and confer together with a view to maintain or increase their wages, by lawful and peaceful means, any more than it was unlawful for the receivers to counsel and confer together for the purpose of reducing their wages. A corporation is organized capital; it is capital consisting of money and property. Organized labor is organized capital; it is capital consisting of brains and muscle. What it is lawful for one to do it is lawful for the other to do. If it is lawful for the stockholders and officers of a corporation to associate and confer together for the purpose of reducing the wages of its employees, or of devising some other means of making their investment profitable, it is equally lawful for organized labor to associate, consult, and confer with a view to maintain or increase wages. Both act from the prompting of enlightened selfishness, and the action of both is lawful when no illegal or criminal means are used or threatened.

It is due to the receivers and managers of this property to say that they have not questioned the right of the labor organization to appear and be heard in court in this matter, and that what they have said about these organizations has been in commendation of them and not in disparagement.

Men in all stations and pursuits of life have an undoubted right to join together for resisting oppression, or for mutual assistance, improvement, instruction, and pecuniary aid in time of sickness and distress. Such association commonly takes place between those pursuing the same occupation and possessing the same interests. This is particularly true of men engaged in the mechanical arts and in all labor pursuits where skill and experience are required. The legality and utility of these organizations can no longer be questioned.

Thus has this judge, with a nerve of the right temper and a heart in the right place, "established justice" in the federal courts of the Eighth Circuit.

* Extract from Judge Caldwell's opinion in case of *Ames vs. Union Pac. Ry. Co.*, 62 Fed. Rep., page 14.

THE TELEGRAPH MONOPOLY.

BY PROF. FRANK PARSONS.

VII.

EVILS OF THE PRESENT SYSTEM (*continued*).

Misgovernment and political corruption are evils to which the private telegraph contributes. Long ago the president of the Western Union said :

The franks issued to Government officials constitute nearly a third of the total complimentary business. The wires of the Western Union Company extend into 37 States and nine territories within the limits of the United States, and into four of the British Provinces. In all of them our property is more or less subject to the action of the national, State, and municipal authorities, and the judicious use of complimentary franks among them has been the means of saving to the company many times the money value of the free service performed.¹

This is a clear confession of deliberate and systematic and successful effort to influence legislation and administration through personal favors granted to legislators and public officers — in other words, a plain confession of habitual bribery, stated not in penitence, but in pride and boastfulness. One who has studied Western Union history is not surprised that it should resort to bribery to accomplish its purposes; but that it should deem a public statement of its crimes consistent with its safety is suggestive of startling inferences concerning

¹ Report of 1873. See also Wan. Arg. p. 164; Creswell's Rep. 1873, p. 49; *Voice*, May 30, 1895, p. 1, etc. The passage is constantly cited by writers and speakers dealing with the telegraph, because of its astounding nature and implications. I have it on the authority of one of the most distinguished members of the United States Senate that "books of telegraph franks are tendered to every Senator and member of Congress, and most of them accept the favor." At the very least the situation suggests, as Judge Clark says, "that members of Congress and Senators having free telegraphing themselves are not as likely to be impressed with the iniquity of high rates as we who have to pay them, and that the monopoly is alive to the fact that the continuance of their monopoly depends more upon the good will of Congress than upon any argument they can make or any reasons they can give." The telegraph franks are worth hundreds, yes, in some instances thousands of dollars a year to the favored law-maker. The stoppage of this deadhead bribery would remove one of the great obstacles in the path of telegraph reform. A Congress that enjoys the privilege of free telegraphy will not be likely to vote down the system that gives them so valuable a privilege, in order to exchange it for a system under which they would have to pay for all telegrams outside of the Government's business. But pass a law declaring the acceptance of telegraph blanks a misdemeanor, and our Senators and Congressmen will be able to see the evils of the private telegraph. It would be perfectly right to make the acceptance of franks a cause of dismissal from the House or Senate and

the company's opinion of the people and their governments and its power over them. The telegraph franks are a very successful imitation of the political tactics of the railways with their free passes and rebates. But the railways have sense and conscience enough left to be ashamed of corruption, and seek to hide it, instead of openly exulting in it.

The Western Union does not confine its political efforts to the "judicious" issuing of franks. Congressman Charles A. Sumner of California when a candidate for re-election to Congress was defeated by Western Union influence because he had earnestly worked for a postal telegraph.² Victor Rosewater says that Jay Gould spent \$250,000 to defeat Wanamaker's postal telegraph.³ He says further:

The power which the lobby holds over Congress in such matters is proverbial. I saw clearly the hand of the Western Union when I appeared before the Congressional Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads March 18, 1890. There was but one member of that committee who was not already opposed to the postal telegraph, that being Mr. Blount of Georgia. The chairman was very plainly working in the interests of the Western Union.⁴

Mr. Gompers, speaking in 1894 of House Report 2,004, Bingham committee, 47-2, said:

This report of the House Committee, to which I have referred, reads really more like an indictment of an organized band or guild of robbers in the old feudal days rather than a reference to an organization for the purpose of transmitting hurriedly the necessary business of the country. Let me quote six lines of the committee's report. "Objection has always been made by the Western Union Telegraph Company to the establishment of a postal telegraph system controlled by the United States Gov-

forfeiture of office. If I employ an agent C to attend to my business with W, S, Z, etc., and C accepts a gift from W which tends to make him swerve from my interests and conduct my business with W with an eye to W's interests, instead of being wholly loyal to me, such acceptance is a breach of trust and good cause for revocation of the agency and dismissal of C,—that is law and common sense. If some strong Congressman will propose such a bill as we have mentioned respecting the receipt of telegraph franks, and show the matter up in its true light as a perennial mortgage of Congress to the Western Union, the bill will become a law, for very few of our representatives will be bold enough to put themselves on record as openly favoring such shameless wrong and manifest departure from their duty to the public.

In 1884 Vice-President John Van Horne of the Western Union testified before the Hill committee that the business franks issued in a year would amount to \$1,000,000, so that the franks issued to Government officials would amount to \$300,000 at least, if they bear the same ratio to the total frankage as in 1873. Recent presidents have not seen fit to bulletin their corruption funds. The amount of franking in any year is a matter of small importance compared to the momentous fact that the Western Union systematically and successfully relies on this insidious sort of bribery to influence legislation and administration in its own interests.

² Henderson Com., 1894. I. T. U. Hearings, p. 56.

³ The Voice, Aug. 29, 1895, p. 1.

⁴ Ibid. p. 8.

ernment in connection with the post office service of the country, and sundry attempts at the establishment of such a postal system have been defeated by the interposition of agencies and influences unknown by your committee." The inference is appalling.⁵

Prof. Richard T. Ely, discussing the postal telegraph in *THE ARENA* for December, 1895, page 52, declares that "it would remove a great source of political corruption; a source so powerful that it has been claimed that it recently defeated the election of a presidential candidate."

Mr. Sumner of California, in his speech of Feb. 28, 1885 (page 15), on the floor of the House, charged the Western Union with complicity in two efforts to steal the presidency (1876 and 1884), and said that "Mr. Hueston, the honest man connected with the telegraph and news monopoly in New York City," would confirm his statements if called to Washington to testify.⁶

The private telegraph has used its political power not merely to control legislation, defeat distasteful candidates, and secure the election of its allies, but is said even to have gone so far as to order a confiscation of the property of the United States to its own use. Such at least is Victor Rosewater's interpretation of the military order of Feb. 27, 1866, by which 14,211 miles of land line and 178 miles of submarine cable established in the South by the Government during the war, and worth between 2 and 3 millions, were turned over to the telegraph companies. The order was issued by Gen. Eckert, then acting Secretary of War and general manager of the Western Union. These lines were ostensibly given to the companies in compensation for lines seized by the Federal authorities, but Rosewater says that these latter lines had been used against the Government with as much effect as batteries of artillery and were contraband of war, not subject to compensation any more than horses, wagons, guns, and ammunition in use by the enemy and seized by our armies. I do not know the inner facts of the transaction well enough to judge of its motive.⁷

⁵ I. T. U. Hearings, p. 10.

⁶ Mr. Sumner said that "Mr. Hueston would testify to the shameless efforts of Jay Gould and others to misrepresent and misreport and otherwise give aid and comfort to a diabolical scheme for changing the true count of the ballots in the Empire State," which was the key of the whole election.

⁷ On general principles an effort to indemnify individuals against overwhelming losses thrown on them by war is commendable. The burdens of war should be distributed and should not fall with crushing weight on any individual or group. Whether Gen. Eckert really acted on this principle, honestly and consistently ap-

It is not surprising to find that the telegraph giant has fastened his grip on the throat of honest government. The telegraph is managed by the same class of men, and to a large extent the same individuals, who manage the railroads and colossal trusts. They are in the habit of buying legislatures and congresses in the interests of railways, sugar, oil, whiskey, etc., and it is perfectly natural that they should adopt the same policy in respect to the telegraph. The leaders and rulers among them are Wall Street gamblers and manipulators, and fraud is as natural to such men as water to a duck, stealth to a tiger, or an ambush to Indians on the war-path. P intrusts his affairs to C; W pats C on the back, treats him with great consideration, does him many favors, and finally suggests that C shall deed the rights and properties of P to W in consideration of past obligations and of W's promise to share with C the proceeds of the transfer. C yields to the tempting prospect and to the pressure arising from the fact that little by little he has already been led to act in such a way that W could ruin him by exposure,—the deed is made, W and C grow rich and P grows poor. P stands for the people, C for Congress or Legislature, and W for Wall Street, Western Union, wealth on the war-path. Money, lands, bonds, and franchises belonging to the people are transferred by their agents without consideration so far as the people are concerned, and the agents and transferees grow rich while the people grow poor. The people cannot have their rights because they do not elect enough men who had rather act honestly and justly than to share directly or indirectly in the proceeds of a steal. Seventy millions of people cannot have a postal telegraph to render them cheap and efficient service, because it would interfere with the profits of 3,500 stockholders whose agents are cunning enough to take the agents of the people into partnership—if the agents of the people were to vote a postal telegraph they would vote to destroy profits in which they themselves participate.

The twelfth evil that characterizes our present telegraphic system is *the dangerous concentration of power and wealth in*

piled so far as he could to all persons who had met with crushing losses, or merely used the plea of compensation in this instance as a cloak for an order securing special benefits for the telegraph interests with which he was connected, I am unable to determine from the testimony before me. (Bingham Com., Rosew. 2-3.)

the hands of a few irresponsible persons. Speaking of the fact that the Western Union in its compact with the newspapers had reserved to itself the exclusive right of furnishing commercial and financial news to individuals and associations, the Hill committee said :

For the purpose of giving fabulous fortunes to its inside managers and their friends, the Western Union need not send untrue market quotations. It has only to give the true quotations a single hour, or less than that, in advance to those whom it means to favor, and the work is effectually accomplished. No such power should be allowed to exist in this country ; the temptation to abuse it is enormous, and will, sooner or later, prove to be irresistible.⁸

The committee continues :

The Western Union collects the market news every morning in London and Paris, and sends it to New York, whence it is distributed to every mart and hamlet throughout the length and breadth of this land. A fraction of a penny on a pound of cotton is a fortune to any man. They admit no partnership in this part of their business. They tolerate no rival, no control in the supply of market reports to every part of this country. It is a power too important, too vast, to be intrusted to any corporation, to any set of men.

The telegraph company can raise or reduce the rates. Its control over the press is therefore absolute. It has the power of life and death, for the telegraphic news is the vital breath of the daily newspaper. Such a power cannot exist without its exerting a pernicious influence upon public affairs, and every observant public man has long perceived the demoralizing influence of this powerful but subtle agency.

Some years ago the following despatch was received on 'Change in Chicago, purporting to come from San Francisco:

North winds for past three days damaged wheat greatly. Prospects indicate about one third crop of this State. Market strong.

This despatch put up the price of wheat nearly three cents in the face of lower markets in Liverpool and New York. It is scarcely worth while to inquire what *grounds* there were for the sending of such a despatch. All seemed to disbelieve it, thinking the north wind no worse than the east or any other wind ; but the market went up notwithstanding, and

⁸ Sen. Rep. 577, p. 18. In reply to a question whether inaccurate reports might not be sent over Government wires, Gardner G. Hubbard said, " Yes, but there would not be this ability of persons owning the lines to confine information to A and B for 2 or 3 hours. Give me the advantage of a couple of hours over other people, and I can make a fortune every hour in the day." (I. T. U. Hearings, 1894, p. 27.) It is true that inaccurate reports might be sent over Government wires, but the temptation would be small, because their accuracy could be so easily and rapidly tested, and the author of a false report would lose future credit with small chance of present gain. It is the ability to discriminate—to send a false report and delay or color the messages sent to test it and the replies to them—to keep a true report from the public a little while after the masters receive it—it is this power of discrimination that gives the owners of a private telegraph their tremendous advantage in the market.

thousands of dollars were gained or lost through this telegram. The *reasons* for sending it were extensively canvassed on 'Change, and the cry which has been so often raised in the past was repeated, "*that the ostensible manager of the telegraphic system through which this despatch came is a speculator in grain and uses the wires to sway the market up or down, as best suits his own ends.*"⁹

John Wanamaker says :

The Western Union is controlled by an executive committee of 3 or 4 men sitting in their offices in New York. Its wires run all over the country, extending by their connections into every part of the globe. This company controls the market price of each article that is dealt in in every mart in this country. It controls to a greater or less extent all the news, social, political, and general, that is sent over its wires, and every important personal telegraphic communication. This corporation is uncontrolled by any law save the interests of its directors.¹⁰

The concentration of power does not always stop with a group of three or four of the heaviest stockholders or leading officers,— the absolute control of the entire Western Union system has been and may easily be again centred in a single will.

In 1884 Chairman Hill of the Senate Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads said :

It is a well-known fact that one man of those 2,900 stockholders owns more than half the stock of the Western Union.¹¹

The National Board of Trade said in 1882 :

This great system of the Western Union, as well as the ocean cables connecting us with the rest of the world, are now virtually controlled by one man, and this individual whose name has become a synonym for unscrupulousness and rapacity in common with a few others of similar character, now aims at and has largely succeeded in controlling the channels of intelligence, of thought, and of commerce in a nation of 50 millions of people.¹²

The report quotes United States Senator Windom as saying :

The channels of thought and of commerce thus owned and controlled by one man or by a few men, what is to restrain corporate power or fix a limit to its exactions upon the people? What is there to hinder these men from depressing or inflating the value of all kinds of property to suit their caprice or avarice, and thereby gathering into their own coffers the wealth of the nation?¹³

⁹ House Rep. 114, p. 11.

¹⁰ Wanamaker's Arg. p. 4.

¹¹ Sen. Rep. 577, Part II. p. 63.

¹² Report of Nov. 15, 1882, p. 11.

¹³ Ibid. Windom's words are also quoted in I. T. U. Hearings, p. 58, by Hon. John Davis.

The *Manufacturer* in its issue of April 1, 1890, remarked that:

The strongest argument for the transfer of this business to the post office is that it is now wholly within the control of one man. This individual possesses the power to inform himself of the nature of any intelligence transmitted over the wires, whether it refers to business, to family matters, or to politics. He also has the press of the country at his mercy. No daily newspaper could conduct its business if it should be denied press rates for its despatches while its rivals were accorded that favor.

Such a magnate holds the good name of every candidate and public man in the hollow of his hand. "The reputation of the ablest and purest public man may be fatally tainted in ever town and village on the continent by a midnight despatch."¹⁴

The Ramsey committee says:

The power of inspecting the correspondence of the nation, of affecting the markets of the country, of influencing public opinion and action in any important crisis, is possessed by those who control the telegraph.¹⁵

I have seen a presidential convention so completely demoralized by a telegram that the man who had the despatch dethroned the chairman and temporarily captured the convention.

On page 5 the report last cited quotes the New York *Tribune* as saying that the man who controls the telegraph (as Jay Gould did and as another equally dangerous man may come to do at any time) is "enabled to speculate on the prices of our leading staples in every market of the world. It will make him master of the press, for the press depends upon the telegraph, and enable him, if unscrupulous, to give to the news of the day such a color as he chooses, and thus fatally to pollute the very fountain of public opinion."¹⁶

Jay Gould is reported to have said that he had rather be president of the Western Union than President of the United States, and no wonder—the bond-issue-gold-reserve trick had not been discovered in his day and the chief executive's powers, except in time of war, and his chances at any time of fleecing the people to line his own pocket were insignificant compared to those enjoyed by the Czar of the Telegraph.

¹⁴ Sen. Rep. 577, Part II, p. 65.

¹⁵ Sen. Rep. 242, 42-3, p. 4.

¹⁶ During the Wanamaker investigation of the Postal Telegraph, the misleading testimony of Dr. Norvin Green, president of the Western Union, was telegraphed with all its errors and sophistries free of telegraph toll to all the newspapers of the New York Associated Press, and it was quite generally published in full. The facts and arguments adduced in favor of a postal telegraph had to pay for transmission and did not get anything like so full a publication. (Wanamaker's Arg. p. 140.)

Even in respect to filling offices the power of the Wall Street king is very great. Richard J. Hinton, a noted journalist, testifying before the Blair committee, said, "I think Jay Gould has more power to elect members of Congress than the President and the whole of his cabinet."¹⁷

The American people would be indignant if any one should charge them with favoring royalty, creating and sustaining dukes, marquises, lords, and earls, or meekly submitting to titled aristocrats of any grade. There would be a revolution if Congress should confer the title of lord, or duke, or earl, on Vanderbilt, Gould, Rockefeller, Morgan, Sage, etc. Lord Gould, Lord Rockefeller, Duke Morgan, and the rest would soon find the country too warm for their habitation. Yet the essence of royalty and aristocracy is not in the title but in the overgrown power which one man possesses over his fellows. The board of directors of the Western Union is as truly a body of aristocrats as the lords and dukes of England. A Congress that grants railroad, telegraph, and banking privileges to private individuals, establishes a far more powerful and therefore more dangerous aristocracy than any that could possibly be created by the mere bestowal of titles of nobility.

At the very start far-sighted statesmen clearly saw the danger of leaving the telegraph to private control. Postmaster-General Cave Johnson said in 1845-6: "In the hands of individuals or associations the telegraph may become the most potent instrument the world ever knew to effect sudden and large speculations — to rob the many of their just advantages, and concentrate them upon the few. If permitted by the Government to be thus held, the public can have no security that it will not be wielded for their injury rather than their benefit. . . . Its value in all commercial transactions to individuals having the control of it cannot be estimated." It is not an accident that the board of directors of the Western Union is a board of millionnaires and polymillionnaires — the bees know where to look for honey.

Postmaster-General Creswell speaks of the "abuse of the wires for personal ends by business men controlling them," and the vast and irresponsible influence of telegraphic managers over the press of the country."

Postmaster-General Howe, after speaking of the wastes and extortions incident to a private telegraph, continues :

¹⁷ Blair Com. Vol. II. p. 400.

But a stronger reason still why the Government should control the telegraph is found in the fact that it is as potent for evil as for good. Like Government itself it is too terrible to be wielded by other than representatives of the whole people. In the great commercial centres, public stocks, corporate and mining stocks, bonds, and the staple products of agriculture are bought and sold daily to the amount of thousands of millions. In all these markets one great telegraph company wags its tongue incessantly. For all these commodities it is the arbiter of prices. Prices go up and down according to its inculcations. Whoever controls its utterances may at pleasure buoy a market in which he wishes to sell, or break one in which he wishes to buy. That is an agency much too dreadful to intrust to private hands. I am far from asserting that a use so malign has ever been made of this agency. I speak of its capabilities, not of its history. Knowing that it can be so abused, it seems to be the dictate of prudence not to wait till it is so abused. It is manifest that even when the Government controls the telegraph a falsehood which may sink a stock or float it may still be sent over the wires. But truth will have equal freedom on the lines. In Government hands the telegraph will maintain an exact neutrality between the two fierce parties which, day by day and year by year, contend for supremacy in the markets. In private hands it may become the mere creature, as malignant as mighty, of that party which its owner from time to time chooses to join. If he choose, he may give free course to falsehood, and if he choose, he may imprison the truth. Who else can trade in a market dominated by such a power?

Congressman Gibson says:

The dangers and possibilities of evil resulting from private ownership of all the telegraph lines in the United States are appalling when considered in connection with times of financial, social, or political peril. No private corporation should have the power to pollute, pervert, or destroy the streams of information on which our people must depend and our Government act. The postal telegraph is necessary to the national welfare. A country that allows private ownership of all its telegraph lines is criminally indifferent to the machinations of fraud, the devices of selfishness, and the possibilities of prejudice, and wilfully tempts fate to strike in the crisis of danger.¹⁸

Henry Clay made the danger of private ownership an emphatic part of his splendid plea for a National Telegraph in 1844. He said:

It is quite manifest that the telegraph is destined to exert great influence on the business affairs of society. In the hands of private individuals they will be able to monopolize intelligence and to perform the greatest operations in commerce and other departments of business. I think such an engine *should be exclusively under the control of the Government.*¹⁹

Such is a part of the overwhelming testimony to the fact that our private telegraph is a gross disturber of the fair distribution of wealth and power. It is one of the big clubs that our modern bandits use to compel the people to give up their money. The great robbers of to-day are not satisfied with the capture of one or two travellers now and then on

¹⁸ Letter in the *Voice*, June 13, 1895.

¹⁹ Quoted by Postmaster-General Wanamaker, 1892, Rep. p. 27.

the lonely highway, — our broadcloth bandits must capture the nation *en masse*, — they want the world and they know how to get it. They have taken the law-makers into partnership and had their methods legalized, and called them “right” so long that they have actually persuaded themselves that they are not robbers at all, but “enterprising citizens,” and so they are able without a pang to use the railroads, telegraphs, banks, and trusts to fleece ten millions or a hundred millions of people at once, just as their ignorant, uncivilized, unevolved predecessors used a club or a gun to fleece two or three unfortunates. And the farmers and working people generally will have to keep on handing over their surplus wealth to the cunning schemers, until they (the workers) get sense enough to elect men who know what justice is and can remember the cardinal principles of virtue long enough after election to declare robbery to be robbery whether it be perpetrated with a six-shooter in a dark alley, or with a telegraph, a railroad, a bank, a bond scheme, or a trust in Wall Street, — and to take the telegraph and the rest of their weapons away from the broadcloth bandits and imprison them in just legislation at honest and useful labor, — the fortress of fraud could be carried if we could even elect men who would do no more than give us the Initiative and Referendum, — we can do the rest for ourselves if once we can get the right to vote on the law directly whenever our “representatives” do not represent us.

(To be continued.)

SHALL WE HAVE A NATIONAL SANITARIUM FOR CONSUMPTIVES?

BY WILLIAM THORNTON PARKER, M. D., MUNICH.

"COME in consumption's ghastly form" are the words our children are taught to recite at school before they are able to understand the real meaning of the scourge which carries off to an untimely grave so many of the brightest and best of New England's youth. It requires only a glance at the Registration Report of Massachusetts for the year 1891 to convince us of the terrible mortality from consumption in the old Bay State.

The number of deaths registered in 1890 from this, the most prominent cause of death in the list of diseases, was 5,791, of which number 2,717 were males and 3,074 females. The actual number of deaths from this cause was 210 greater than that of 1889, 63 more than that of 1888, and 80 less than that of 1887. The ratio of deaths to the total mortality was 13.30, which was less than that of 1889, and was also the least of any year yet recorded.

We see by these statistical reports that this scourge of consumption is worthy of our most serious attention. The enthusiasm which welcomed the promises held out by the treatment inaugurated by Koch indicated very clearly how widespread is the suffering caused by consumption. There is hardly a home where we cannot find the traces of its cruel influence; some relative or friend has succumbed, or is an invalid, on account of it. If consumptives are proverbially hopeful, the relatives and friends are also eager to provide every means possible to mitigate the action of the disease. Every climate is investigated, every possible health resort visited, and thousands of dollars wasted on patent medicines promising relief. Consumption is, generally speaking, a preventable disease, and is, without doubt, to be attributed, in most cases, to the neglect of the laws of hygiene. Its origin is to be sought for in weakened constitutions; in homes where sanitary conditions are more or less wanting; in habits which prevent the necessary amount of exercise required for the proper expansion of the chest. It is found

in homes containing air more or less vitiated, instead of the pure air abounding with the ingredients necessary for health and life. It depends largely upon improper food and clothing, and is frequent in unhealthy homes deprived of needed sunlight, and poisoned with damp and musty atmosphere unfit for people to breathe. It is found in those whose habits are sedentary, and in those exposed to raw and chilly winds whose circulation is not strong enough to react. Sanitary science has diminished very largely, within the past twenty-five years the mortality from what used to be the terrible scourge of consumption; but the science of climatology is needed quite as much in effecting a lasting cure. The climate cure is the only rational hope the consumptive has to-day. The wisdom of our best medical advisers, the most perfectly built and equipped sanitariums in regions where consumption is always present, can never equal the advantages to be derived from a residence in a climate suitable for the treatment of consumption. If the science of climatology had been recognized earlier in the history of medicine as one of the most important studies, it would have kept pace with other departments of medicine, where most thorough and careful attention and investigation have been rewarded with brilliant and oftentimes wonderful success. Therapeutics, surgery, ophthalmology, gynecology, and many other departments are considered of practical importance; but the study of climate is too often thought to be only interesting for fashionable invalids, or as a "*dernier r  sort*" for patients who are hopelessly diseased. Physicians sent away their patients suffering from diseases of the lungs on long journeys, and invariably to places where personal knowledge could have had little to do with the selection. Even at the present time these invalids are sent to Florida, to the shores of the Mediterranean, to Italy, to the Alps, to Southern California, and to many other places where a permanent cure is well-nigh impossible, and, worse than this, where despair and death are the only rewards for the difficulties and the expense of the fruitless undertaking. With all the light which patient research has yielded, medical men still persist in recommending these places of which they have so often absolutely no personal information. These unfortunate patients, in the eager longing for health, leave home and friends and comfortable care, only to attain bitter disap-

pointment. With many of these invalids it is a desperate move — perhaps a last chance. If the climate does not prove beneficial, then they must die there, for they cannot return home. Perchance all the means available for travel have been expended in reaching the health resort. There is no money left for the return trip; and oftentimes the physical resources have been exhausted, as well as the money, by the long journey. The physical forces of the patient have been sustained by the *hope* for a cure. What a responsibility the physician has assumed who has sent his patient away from home without the due consideration and personal investigation so requisite when giving an opinion as a climatologist! It is not reasonable for physicians to recommend localities they have not visited and carefully investigated. If the profession of medicine is threatened with serious and lasting injury from the great number of specialists who now appear even in our smaller towns, it is equally true that the specialist devoting his time to the science of climatology has a right to exist, and will prove a valuable member of the body medical. At present we expect our specialists in diseases of the air passages to be expert in climatology. Success in this study must depend largely upon the attention to what may seem minor and unimportant details. In sending a patient to any given place, we must know beforehand what he will find, when he arrives, to insure his comfort and protection. It does not suffice to send a patient to a health resort. The careful medical adviser follows him every mile of his journey, and sees to it that he is provided with comfortable quarters, sunny and dry; that he has suitable clothing; that he can obtain wholesome food, and that systematic bodily and mental exercise can be enjoyed. Hygiene and climatology are therefore inseparably united for the best interests of our patients. We can hope for little if one or the other is absent in the effort made to effect a cure. With all the advice we can offer, many of our patients cannot or will not attend to our directions, and guard against the dangers we are so willing to warn them against. It depends very much upon a man's bringing up as to his chances for getting well. There can be no longer any doubt that the only rational cure for consumption is the climate cure. We hear of the home treatment of consumption, of sanitariums near our Eastern cities, of rooms provided with an artificial tem-

perature supposed to be healing, of cabinets containing specially prepared vapors, of cylinders containing more or less of oxygen for inhalation, of sub-cutaneous injections like that of Koch's, of positive cures in the shape of remedies in smaller or larger bottles; but the result with all of them is the same—failure to cure the disease. There may be some transitory benefit from some of these treatments, but the best of them are only palliative. We have no right to make our patient or his friend believe that he is deriving special benefit from such treatment as a means of ultimate cure. Neither is it possible for chemical science to manufacture an atmosphere in any sense the equal of that found in our Western Health Section; and even if it were, contact with it could be but temporary, for, after leaving the rooms containing it, the invalid must return through the damp and chilly streets to the conditions previously existing in the home. It may be considered very unwise to remove an invalid from home at all, and especially so when there is no reason to doubt that consumption has already fully developed itself. It may seem not only cruel to the patient, but unfair to tax the anxieties and resources of friends in making the change. The cost is undoubtedly heavy, but the prize is often life. To stay at home in the East and have the frequent call of the doctor is a poor makeshift for rational treatment. What does such a course amount to? At most, to encourage, to hold out false hopes, possibly to benefit, or to make dying easier, but not to cure. If it be banishment to live in New Mexico or Colorado, certainly that is better than death at home in the Eastern or Middle States. A useful occupation and the pursuit of out-of-door pleasure, either for man or woman, is better than the imprisoned life in an Eastern home, useless to all, and oftentimes a care and expense to those who love us best. The Western Health Section is large enough to hold all the consumptives the East contains, and to cure hundreds who are to-day treading the downward path of despair.

We can readily see from the foregoing how many difficulties beset us in our efforts for the welfare, comfort, and cure of our consumptive patients. If we send them to foreign lands, we break up their association with home, subject them to a long and wearisome journey, expose them to the annoyances which invalids seldom fail to encounter among

strangers, and finally land them among inhospitable foreigners, who care for little else than what it is possible to obtain from their purses. The hoped-for improvement does not result; indeed, the patient may get worse. Any one who has witnessed the sufferings in foreign lands of American families which death has invaded, will hesitate a long time before exposing any one to the risk of such hardship. The English people have long ago found this out. Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall, the founder of the Royal National Hospital for consumption in England, recognized this truth in his efforts to mitigate the sufferings of this unfortunate class of patients. Consumption is the most prevalent and fatal of the maladies to which Englishmen are exposed. According to the returns of the register-general's office for the year 1887, forty-four thousand nine hundred and thirty-five deaths occurred in England and Wales from phthisis. Notwithstanding that consumption is the most frequent and fatal of diseases, even in England, less has been done to provide for the necessities, and to alleviate the sufferings of those laboring under it than from any other disease. "Owing to their protracted nature, and the consequent expense entailed, cases of consumption are, to a large extent, excluded from the general hospitals."

The climate of England, very much like that of our New England States in this respect, is favorable for the development of diseases of the chest; but there is one section known as the Under-cliff Region of the Isle of Wight, which is peculiarly suited for the successful treatment of consumption. It is not, however, equal to our Western Health Section for affording a positive cure. The Under-cliff Region of the Isle of Wight is unique. It rises above the ocean, its bright southern exposure bathed continually in the warm sunlight, and the atmosphere is filled with the health-giving properties of the sea. Rising behind it for a thousand feet are the massive "downs," which protect it perfectly from the bitter north winds. Here in this favored region, where out-of-door life can be constantly enjoyed, where the scenery is of surpassing loveliness, and where all the luxuries and pleasures of life can be obtained, Dr. Hassall founded the noble institution which has since its foundation been "the means, by God's blessing, not only of affording relief and comfort to, but also of saving, the lives of many of the deserving poor.

The hospital is erected upon the separate principle; that is to say, each patient is supplied with a separate bedroom. Thus the patients are distributed through a series of ten blocks of houses, situated in a locality well sheltered from unfavorable winds, the houses being designed in harmony with the surrounding scenery, constructed upon sound sanitary principles, and surrounded by gardens. In these houses the patients enjoy the advantages of large sitting and separate sleeping rooms, of a lovely landscape and sea view, of plenty of light and sea air, of effective ventilation and good drainage, and, as far as possible, of a regulated temperature. They moreover experience all the comforts and conveniences of home in place of being congregated in wards in one large building, and subject, in consequence, to many depressing and injurious influences. The results achieved have been most satisfactory.

"The hospital, as at present open, comprises twenty houses in ten blocks, with accommodation for one hundred and thirty-two men and women patients, and there is a chapel in the centre, the whole being connected by a spacious subway.

"Nearly nine thousand in-patients have already received the benefits of the institution (besides those who have been treated as out-patients), many of whom have been enabled to resume their occupations after leaving the institution.

"Sixteen of the houses have been erected by private friends, and they form so many separate and complete hospitals. Each house bears a distinct name, usually that of the donor or some relative whose name is associated therewith 'in memoriam.'" — *Report of the Royal National Hospital for Consumptives, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, 1889.*

With consumption so prevalent in the United States, is there nothing our government can do to mitigate the terrors of this disease? Is there any reason why we should not have a national sanitarium for consumptives? There are certainly *many* reasons why we should have such a humane institution, and it is the purpose of this paper to call attention to some of them at least! In the first place consumption is sufficiently prevalent and so disastrously fatal that it would seem to be a question of *national* importance. Indeed, it is one worthy of the consideration of our government, and one which has already been brought forward — first in the House of Representatives by General Cogswell of Massachu-

setts, in February 1891, and later by Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, March 22, 1892.

The first bill read as follows:—

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress Assembled

SECTION 1. That the establishment of a national sanitarium for the treatment of consumption be and hereby is authorized.

SECT. 2. That the president of the United States be and hereby is authorized to appoint a committee of three or more physicians to visit New Mexico and Colorado, to select a suitable site for a sanitarium for the treatment of consumption.

SECT. 3. That the travelling expenses and transportation, together with a reasonable "*per diem*" payment for services of committee, be provided by the government.

SECT. 4. That the committee so appointed present, within six months after their appointment, to the president of the United States a report concerning the best location for such a sanitarium.

SECT. 5. That the secretary of war be and hereby is authorized to furnish said committee a list of abandoned military stations in New Mexico and Colorado, and that one of these stations may be selected by the committee for the location of the national sanitarium.

SECT. 6. That the sum of fifty thousand dollars be and hereby is appropriated for the repair and maintenance of such a military station, to be used as a national sanitarium.

SECT. 7. That this act take effect immediately after its passage.

In preparing this bill for presentation, the writer had little or no experience in such matters; he only knew that a national sanitarium for consumptives was and is urgently needed, and that more than one of the abandoned military posts would be admirably suited for the purpose. These posts or "forts" consist of several separate buildings of different sizes, the larger having served as barracks for the soldiers, the smaller for officers and their families. These are usually grouped around or about a large square reserved as a parade ground. They have generally been well built, and have cost the government large sums of money. Their separate and convenient arrangements make them especially suitable for the purposes of a sanitarium on the cottage plan. Thirty or forty thousand dollars would provide for the maintenance of about two hundred patients and pay the salaries of the attendants for one year. This amount of time would be sufficient to demonstrate the value of the experiment. Where the need for such an institution is so urgent and where the posts are abandoned and falling into decay from disuse, it seems greatly to be regretted that the government cannot

make them serve the purpose of a national charity. Large two or three story buildings are not so desirable as the scattered quarters already referred to. The military buildings would be convenient, and much more healthy, and could be economically brought into practical use.

The following is the text of the joint resolution:—

JOINT RESOLUTION

Providing for the appointment of a commission to select a site for the establishment of a national sanitarium for the treatment of pulmonary diseases.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the president of the United States shall appoint a commission consisting of three persons, two of whom shall be physicians, whose duty it shall be to select a site, and make report thereon to the president, for the establishment of a national sanitarium for the treatment of pulmonary diseases, said location to be in some one of the territories of the United States, and upon such of the public lands as may be unoccupied.

SECT. 2. That the commission so appointed shall, within six months after their appointment, report to the president of the United States where, in their best judgment, is the proper place to establish said sanitarium, together with the boundaries of the land whereon to establish the same, and also rules and regulations suited for the government of the same.

SECT. 3. That upon the receipt of such report the president shall by proclamation withdraw the lands described in said report from sale, and from pre-emption, homestead, or other entry or sale, and shall reserve the same for the purposes of said sanitarium.

SECT. 4. That the surveyors-general of the several territories shall, under the direction of the secretary of the interior, make such surveys and render such assistance to said commission as the said commission may desire.

SECT. 5. That the travelling expenses, fares, and other expenses incident to the selecting and reporting upon such site shall be paid out of the Treasury of the United States, upon vouchers properly certified, and the said commissioners shall each be paid ten dollars per day for each and every day they shall be actually employed on such duty.

SECT. 6. That fifteen thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the payment of said commission, their expenses, fares, clerk hire, and all other matters connected with or growing out of the selecting and reporting said site.

The bill introduced by General Cogswell provides for the occupancy of one of the abandoned military posts—of which Forts Lyon, Colorado, Union and Selden, New Mexico, are

the most suitable. The twenty thousand dollars asked for to pay the expenses of a travelling commission would very nearly maintain Fort Union as a sanitarium for a year; and as the buildings of the post so recently abandoned would require only moderate outlay for repair, and could be at once brought into use, it would seem that *that* locality would be the most desirable.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the necessity for a national sanitarium has been recognized, and powerful agencies have been set in motion to bring about the desired action. Another reason why we should have such an institution is because we have, in what is known as our Western Health Section, a climate wonderfully suitable for the cure of consumption. It is doubtful if anywhere else a more perfectly aseptic atmosphere exists than in this health section which is contained in New Mexico, Southeastern Colorado, Western Kansas, and that portion of Texas known as the Panhandle. It is simply wonderful in its curative action on weak or diseased lungs. I have witnessed this repeatedly, and there are very many people leading useful, active lives in this section to-day who had been given up as incurable in the Eastern, Middle, or Western, or Southern States years and years ago. The writer visited these general health resorts as early as 1867—riding on horseback from Fort Riley, Kan., to Fort Cummings, N. M., very near the boundary of Old Mexico. Since then on several occasions he has visited the territories already referred to, and has frequently verified the facts concerning the wonderful climate which can be enjoyed there. At the present time accommodations are expensive and oftentimes very indifferent. There are a few well-managed hotels which deserve to be ranked as "first-class," but generally speaking, it is difficult to find suitable accommodations for the average traveller in good health; and to provide for the delicate invalid is not only very expensive, but at any cost almost impossible. There are many people in moderate circumstances who would be thankful to go to New Mexico or Colorado, and whose friends would provide the necessary transportation, if they could only secure good and wholesome shelter after arriving at their destination. There are others equally deserving and equally anxious to get well who would go if they had sufficient means to subsist upon after their arrival. In the latter

cases it would be very difficult even to obtain the necessary travelling expenses. These are additional reasons why we need a sanitarium in New Mexico. If Congress will provide for a national sanitarium, we can accomplish untold good for thousands of poor American invalids. Is it not a wonder that we have no national sanitarium for consumptives? We should have had such an institution inaugurated years ago; in fact, as soon as it would have been safe to inhabit the land. If, then, we secure the right to create a national sanitarium, where shall we locate it? In making a selection of a locality, we must bear in mind the following requirements: It must be near some great artery of communication with *home*; that is, generally speaking, with our important centre—in other words, it must be near a railroad, if not actually upon one. It must be near a town or village, affording opportunities to obtain necessary supplies of all kinds. It must contain or be accessible to agreeable society; and last, but not least, it must be able to provide suitable employment of mind and body for all its occupants. Purity, dryness of air and soil, moderate elevation, temperateness, sunshine—all these may obtain, and yet our patients mope and die in despair from homesickness merely because the mind and body are not occupied with wholesome normal *work*. Idleness kills more people every year than many so-called dangerous diseases, and yet its name never appears in the nomenclature of disease as a possible cause of death! We may calculate our returns, and decide wisely as to climate; but if the patient's bodily comfort cannot be assured and mental rest secured when he reaches his destination, our wise counsels will have been in vain, and idleness will have been the enemy to defeat all our best-laid plans for our patient's betterment. Occupation is, then, one of the remedies which must be provided at our national sanitarium, and this is the very thing needed to aid in making such an institution in part, at least, self-supporting. A wise administration will provide, in part payment for board, useful and regular daily employment for the men and for the women—the women about the houses or in the open sewing-room; the men about the grounds, gardens, stables, carpenter shops, etc. A busy hygeia could be created, peopled by patients on the road to happy recovery, who perhaps very recently had well-nigh abandoned the last hope for cure. What a noble char-

ity a few thousands could inaugurate! How many cheerless homes could be made happy if but the word could be spoken to open the gates of one of our frontier forts, and let these poor people inhabit houses which must soon fall to pieces from neglect, and which a very little money would easily fashion into homes where hope and life would dwell in grateful remembrance of a parental government with some concern for the lives and happiness of the poor! We see these costly lunatic asylums and prisons in our Eastern States and on government reservations, we see millions spent on war materials; and yet so far nothing has been done to mitigate the sorrows and sufferings which every home in the land has more or less dreadful knowledge of. The time has come for us to ask boldly, and with hope of favorable answer, for a *national sanitarium for consumptives*. Let every merciful man and woman urge upon their senator or representative prompt and generous approval of this humane measure for the mitigation of such widespread sorrow and suffering. How generously we are wont to provide for a few sufferers anywhere! but if we could collect all the consumptives in one place, how quickly we should stir about to extend our mercy to them! Scattered over this great land of ours from ocean to ocean, in every city, town, and hamlet, they extend their entreaty for help. They know not what to ask; but we should know enough, when a simple and reasonable request is made in their behalf, to instantly do what we can to aid in such a worthy cause. Let us contradict the heartless statement of the professor who, upon being asked what can be done for consumptive patients, replied, "There are but two remedies for such unfortunates — opium and lies." Consumption is, however, curable, and a national sanitarium for consumptives is needed. With the opportunity at present afforded for making use of one of our abandoned military posts situated in an ideal climate for cure, it would seem as if it were the duty of the government to make the experiment.

THE TREE OF EQUITY.

BY BOLTON HALL.

In the Garden of the King's palace stood a beautiful Tree; a fountain nourished it with the water of Love, and underneath the Children did their wholesome work and played.

Some of the King's Servants said: "This tree is good for shade; but in the world we have seen charitable trees which give food and drink and medicine and raiment as well as shade. Therefore we will plant such trees beside the other."

And these new trees grew up and shut off the winds of heaven from the Tree of Equity so that it grew twisted and waxed weak. Moreover, the water of the fountain was drawn off. Therefore the leaves of the Tree of Equity withered away.

When its shade was lost the fierce heat of Competition beat down and sucked up the springs of Love, so that the sap dried out even from the earthly trees, and those who sought shelter from the heat were mocked by withered boughs.

SOME OUTSPOKEN CHAMPIONS OF FREE COIN- AGE OF SILVER AMONG CONSERVATIVE AUTHORITIES OF THE EAST.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

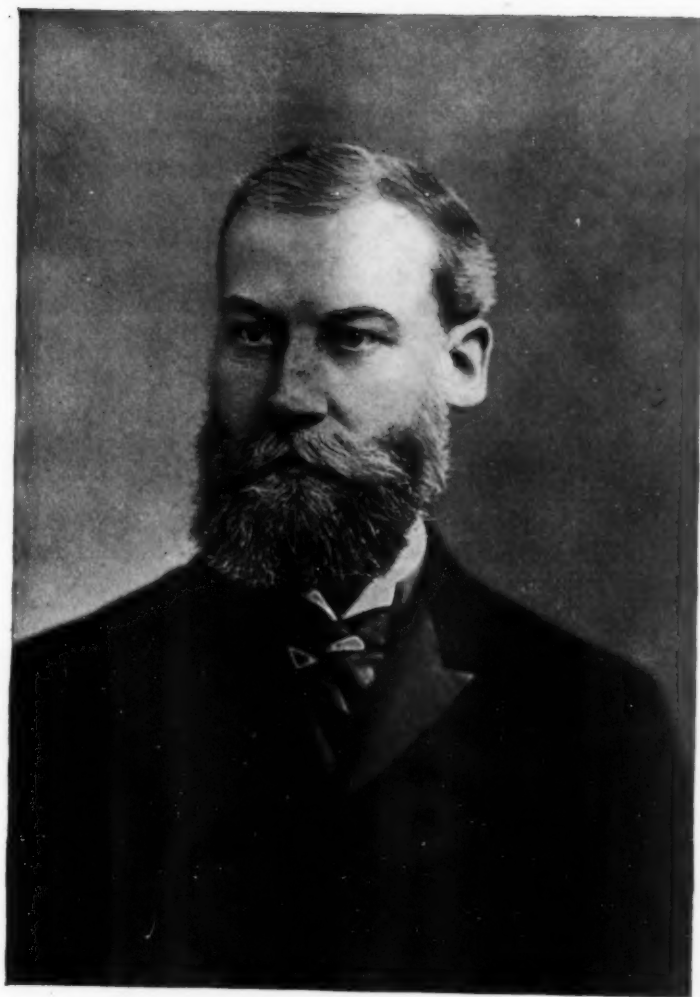
Nothing is more common than the employment by the special pleaders of the gold ring of abusive epithets, the charge of ignorance, or the imputation of selfish motives levelled against those who seek to restore the prosperity and happiness of our own nation through overthrowing the ruinous policy of the Bank of England and the American Tories. Hence I have deemed it wise to call attention to a few outspoken advocates of free coinage of silver among the most scholarly conservatives (using this much-abused term in its true sense) and authoritative thinkers of the East, who, if they could be seduced by the gold ring, would be exalted to the topmost rung as authorities by the gold press.

It is my purpose to confine myself in this paper to prominent thinkers among the most conservative authorities, such as bankers, financiers, and jurists, and also to notice only persons who have been life-long members of the Republican or Democratic parties, as I wish to show how absurd, *even from an ultra conservative point of view*, is the clamor of the special pleaders for the gold ring, that authorities in finance and careful jurists discredit the popular demand for the immediate opening of our mints for free coinage of silver at 16 to 1.

One of the ablest authorities on finance in America to-day is

MR. WILLIAM POPE ST. JOHN, M. A.,

president of the Mercantile National Bank of New York City and author of the proposed platform for American Independents published in our June issue. This prominent metropolitan banker was born in Mobile, Ala., Feb. 19, 1849, being the son of Newton St. John of the firm of St. John, Powers & Co., bankers, and for twenty-five years agents in the South for Baring Bros. & Co. of London. Mr. St. John's ancestors were intimately connected with the foundation and



Wm. L. Jones

political life of our government. His mother, Maria Pope, was a daughter of Alexander Pope and Dorothy Bibb of Georgia, the latter being a sister of William Bibb, the Territorial Governor and first State Governor of Alabama. The father of Alexander Pope, Mr. St. John's great-grandfather, was Charles Pope of Delaware, lieutenant-colonel of the Revolutionary regiment known as "The Blue Hen's Chickens," which constituted the first independent command of Lafayette. Mr. St. John's paternal ancestry also includes Revolutionary patriots, his paternal great-grandfather having been one of the twenty-five founders of the town of Ridgefield, Conn. Mr. St. John is thus eligible to membership in the New England Society and the Southern Society, and on his father's side is eligible to the State societies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York, and on his mother's side of Delaware, Georgia, and Alabama. He is therefore intensely American.

Mr. St. John's school days beginning in Mobile, continued in Germany and England and ended in Massachusetts. After terminating his education he entered the employ successively of several distinctly different kinds of business with houses standing first in their line. His last engagement prior to entering banking was in employment with the largest sugar refinery firm of our country, where he had full charge of the sales during four years. Some idea of the magnitude of its business can be gained from the fact that the sales for a single year aggregated \$5,000,000. In January, 1881, he was tendered the cashiership of the Mercantile National Bank of New York City, and two years later, on the death of the president of that institution, he was promoted to the first position in that bank, which office he has filled ever since. Under the presidency of Mr. St. John, during thirteen years, the Mercantile National Bank has trebled the volume of its deposits, and besides paying regular semi-annual dividends, has accumulated \$1,000,000 of surplus earnings.

Mr. St. John is also a director or trustee in other banks and institutions of New York, and has been a frequent contributor to financial literature. Williams College has conferred upon him the honorary degree of M. A.

In 1884 Mr. St. John was elected a member of the finance committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce, a position to which he was annually re-elected for a total period of eight

years. Upon his first election the chairman urged upon him, as the junior member, the obligation to devote research to the silver question. He began that research as a pronounced gold-standard man, and with all the prejudice against silver money which still prevails in that Chamber of Commerce. At a convention of bankers in 1883 he had asserted of the Bland Act, which provided a limited coinage for silver, that it was "dishonest in inception and vicious in its tendencies." The first six years of his research were devoted to a painstaking endeavor to substantiate with the facts of history his preconceived false notions, which he shared with his fellow members of the Chamber. After six years' research he began to differ from the conclusions of the finance committee, setting forth his views in a minority report. After nine years of research Mr. St. John advocated boldly the restoration of silver and its unlimited coinage in the United States. Thus in spite of his prejudices, his pride of opinion, and the restraints of his surroundings, Mr. St. John has become an outspoken advocate of equally unrestricted coinage for gold and silver into unlimited legal-tender money. *He asserts as his confident belief that there can be no return to a fairly permanent prosperity, either for the banks or for anybody else, without the restoration of silver, because we need a growing volume of money along with the growing volume of everything else. Prosperity must begin at its fountain head in order to be continuous, namely with our producers, primarily with the tillers of the soil.*

Among the great financiers of the New World perhaps no name stands so high as that of

JAY COOKE,

and his recent outspoken declaration, not only in favor of free and unlimited coinage of silver by our government, but his insistence that the only way to bring back the prosperity lost by the Republic through the "crime of 1873" is to *right the wrong as speedily as possible*, has set thousands of merchants, manufacturers, and other business men of the East to seriously examining this great problem in finance, who have hitherto been content to accept the various changes rung in by the gold ring and its special pleaders.

The views of Jay Cooke are specially valuable as coming from the fountain head of that source from whence nothing is expected to flow but special pleadings for the Bank of England's financial policy. Moreover, few men in the United States are more closely wedded to the Republican party than

is Mr. Cooke, owing probably to his intimate relationship to that party during its heroic days and long ere the glory of the principles for which it stood were exchanged for the wealth of the gold ring and the rule of bosses.

Mr. Cooke was born in Sandusky, Ohio, on the 10th of August, 1821. He is a descendant of Francis Cooke, one of the Pilgrims who reached this country in 1620, and who built the third house erected at Plymouth, Mass. The father of this great financier was a lawyer. He began practising his profession in Sandusky when it was a small village, and later he was elected to Congress by the Whigs of his district. Jay Cooke received an excellent education, and in 1836 went to Philadelphia to take a position with William G. Moorehead, who was interested in canal and railroad enterprises. A few months later, however, he accepted a position with E. W. Clark & Co. of Philadelphia, then the largest private banking firm in the Republic. One biographer observes that his "rare talent, excellent business ability, and good judgment were shown very early in life and he was thoroughly trustworthy." This was so markedly true that at the age of twenty-one he became a partner in the above-named firm and its active business manager, a position which he held for many years. In 1861 he started in banking business in a more independent way, under the firm name of Jay Cooke & Co. "At the commencement of the Civil War he obtained without compensation a large list of subscriptions to United States loans." He was the man of all men who stepped to the front in the floating of our bonds, being the sole financial agent for the government in placing the original 5-20 loan of \$513,000,000, the 10-40 loan of \$200,000,000, and the 7-30 loan of \$830,000,000. He also successfully negotiated other loans for the government during the darkest days of the Rebellion. These accomplishments have been termed "the most remarkable feats of financing known to history." Of Mr. Cooke ex Secretary Hugh McCullough observed that "a large part of Mr. Cooke's valuable services were rendered before I became Secretary of the Treasury, but I know that to him was the government greatly indebted for the success of the loans upon which it had to depend for the means to prosecute the war. I do not think that any responsible banker in the United States would have taken upon himself the responsibility which Mr. Cooke assumed in the negotiation of the first \$500,000,000 loan, and I am very sure that by no other

banker could the work have been so successfully accomplished. In this and in the other loans in the disposition of which Mr. Cooke's agency was required, he displayed extraordinary energy, ability, and zeal. To my predecessors, Mr. Chase and Mr. Fessenden, and to myself, his services were invaluable."

The story of Black Friday, in 1873, is too well known to the public to render it necessary to dwell upon it here. Sufficient to say that when the great firm of Jay Cooke & Co. was forced to suspend, the banks all over the country fell like card houses swept by a hurricane blast.*

In a recent interview with Mr. Cooke, the well-known newspaper correspondent, George Alfred Townsend, better known as "Gath," gave, in a concise manner, Mr. Cooke's views of "the crime of 1873" and his present attitude toward silver. From his letter which resulted from this interview I quote the following as being specially interesting in this connection :

PHILADELPHIA, March 27, 1896. — This is how it happened : Having known Jay Cooke, the seller of the government loans during the war, since he began that work in 1861, and having in recent correspondence discovered that he was not on the side of other bankers as to discountenancing silver, I went to his office by appointment and spent from 10 o'clock in the morning until 2 in the afternoon, obtaining his argument, together with interesting reminiscences of his great banking career.

Jay Cooke is seventy-five years old. He has the beautiful eyes of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, from whom he is descended, and which are repeated in the pictures of Priscilla Alden. Mr. Cooke has red cheeks, is to this day an active fisherman, and his hair and beard are all white.

"I have tried," said he, "not to figure as a disputant on this question. Letters come to me from all over the country since you printed the fact that I was dissonant with the banking world on the silver question, but I am too old to neglect my remaining business to lead any public cause. I don't want to get angry at my time of life, and I am sorely tempted to feel so."

*For many of the facts given in the above outline of the career of America's greatest financier, I am indebted to the *National Cyclopædia of American Biography*, vol. I, pages 253, 254 (published by J. T. White & Co. of New York, 1892), and also to Johnson's *Universal Cyclopædia*, vol. II, page 499.

"Have you any interest in silver in any way, Mr. Cooke, as a producer or dealer?"

"None."

"Dr. Lindermann, the chief of the mints at Washington, came from this State. About the time of this demonetization he went to London. He was particularly susceptible to the sort of flattery they throw around American officials. He went to many dinners, and was made to feel that he ought to fall in with the English standard. Had the American people, in their political conventions or in congressional debates, come to this question openly, they never would have consented to leave silver out of our coin standard. Lindermann had the revision of the money laws under his control. It was done without anybody's knowledge, and, notwithstanding the demonetization, even after it became known, silver continued to appreciate until the constant war against it by these railroad bankers, by the government, and the excessive energy of the silver-producers started its decline. We have, therefore, cut off an immense source of our wealth, as well as of our currency. *Do you mean to tell me that any nation but this on the globe, possessed of such valuable silver mines, would have disparaged that species of wealth voluntarily? And I tell you, sir, that it is going to make a great issue before the people. You can't keep it down.* Here is a letter from the State treasurer of Missouri, received in this morning's mail, telling me that the people out there are overwhelmingly for silver restoration. I get letters all the time."

"In a word, Mr. Cooke, you would restore silver at the old ratio of 16 to 1?"

"Yes, unless we should wish to oblige France and take her standard of 15½ to 1."

"Do you find silver a drug?"

"Just the contrary. I stayed at Atlantic City a part of the winter, and on leaving there yesterday to have my portrait painted for my family, I wanted to get some silver quarters to give the servants. All they could raise in the house was a dollar in silver in small pieces. Why don't this government use its mints and turn out quarter dollars?"

"Then you hold at least one of the questions sure to appear in the coming campaign is silver?"

"Silver and the tariff. They belong to each other. In both cases we dropped our Americanism and were misled by the parasites of England and her insidious policy, and in

order to maintain the credit of railroads, more or less broken already, we are running into debt, and with all our unfriendliness to silver are getting every day in a worse condition. This country is just ready for business. Look at these splendid facilities, such as these office buildings. Do you suppose that the men who framed this government out there would have tamely acquiesced in the British gold standard of money?" (He pointed to Carpenter's Hall, which I now observed to be right behind me in a courtway.) "There the Continental Congress met in 1774, with Washington one of the delegates.

"Men of that character," said Mr. Cooke, "would rise out of their graves, if they had the power, to reprove the state of things we see at Washington. Instead of putting the people on their feet and giving them money and avocations, they are trying down there to throw us into a war, first with England, next with Spain. I consider President Cleveland's Venezuelan message to have been next to a criminal attempt to disguise to the American people the absolute failure of his assaults upon the tariff and upon our money."

"You think this country with free silver coinage could easily handle all that coin?"

"Of course."

"Have you ever seen gold at a discount, Mr. Cooke?"

"Why, of course I have. Many a dollar have I made by shaving gold and sending it over to New York by special messenger. I have seen the two Drexels—Tony and Frank—bringing on their own shoulders over to our banking house of Clark & Co., bags of gold which we allowed them mercantile paper for."

"I suppose you have seen silver also lugged around in bags?"

"Why, in the days of Spanish and Mexican quarters, tips, levies, etc.,—for we rarely coined any dimes and half dimes—I have bought kegs of silver to be sent out to China for tea, silk, etc."

"How do you account for Germany's attitude?"

"Germany has always been a parasite of England. For centuries the Germans were subsidized by the British to fight British wars on the continent."

"They say that wages are going up in Japan, Mr. Cooke, on account of the skilled labor there getting the trades union wink."



J. L. C. Oke



Most Truly Yours
Halter Clark

"That is not true to any great extent. Wages started up a little in Japan and then they fell back again. These college professors and smart boy experts on the gold press will have to make a great many assertions of the kind to prove their syllogism.

"In the East in the large communities is the place to do missionary work. If I had a newspaper press, as I had in the Civil War, when I advertised the public loans and paid every bill without shaving it, paid the copperhead papers just as well as the union papers, why, I could have done anything in this country on a question like silver; it would have been the very easiest of all questions to convert men upon, through the press."

"I think you dropped the idea just now about the unconstitutionality of demonetizing silver, or rather, of destandardizing it."

"Yes, I believe that if we had an honest Supreme Court it would declare that closing the mints to silver coinage was unconstitutional."

In a letter to the writer of this paper dated May 13, 1896, Mr. Cooke reasserts his attitude in the following unequivocal words:

"I am not ashamed to appear as a conscientious advocate for the restoration of silver as an equal partner with gold at the old ratio, and I believe that the demonetization in 1873 was a conspiracy and a crime, as J. G. Carlisle said in 1878, from which there could be no recovery except by righting the wrong as speedily as possible."

I now wish to notice in a brief way another conservative thinker who dwells on the Atlantic coast, and who is no less outspoken than is Mr. St. John or Mr. Cooke in defence of free silver at a ratio of 16 to 1. From the consideration of one of New York's greatest bankers and America's leading financier, we turn to an eminent jurist,

JUSTICE WALTER CLARK, LL. D.,

of the supreme bench of North Carolina, a man eminent at once as an author of standard legal works, an essayist, and a prominent jurist.

Justice Clark has recently returned from an extensive trip through Mexico, where he made a careful study of the wonderful prosperity of our sister Republic, due so largely to free silver. Justice Clark is a man of too high standing to distort

facts as they exist, while his legal training enables him to carefully sift and weigh facts and conditions as they are. I therefore desire to preface the sketch of this eminent jurist with an extract of his observations relating to the great staple of his section of our country and a generalization referring to other real wealth products.

"I visited the Hercules cotton mill, two miles south of the city. It is a large establishment, with two thousand spindles and eleven hundred looms, and is admirably managed. It has the latest machinery. I inquired the price paid for cotton, and was told sixteen to seventeen cents at the factory. Up in the Mapimi country, in Durango, where it was produced, the price was thirteen and one half to fourteen and one half cents, and later on, at a cotton factory in the suburbs of Oaxaca six hundred miles south of this, the superintendent informed me that they paid eighteen to nineteen cents. In the United States Consular Reports for September last our consul at Matamoras reports cotton selling to the factories at Monterey at sixteen to eighteen cents. On investigation I found all the prices about equalled thirteen cents in New Orleans, the tariff, freight, and charges making it cost sixteen to seventeen cents at Queretaro and eighteen to nineteen cents at Oaxaca, and they pay the local producer the New Orleans price plus these charges. Mexico does not produce enough cotton to clothe all her population. Her manufacturers buy in New Orleans the quantity the country fails to produce. A few years ago, when their dollar and ours were equal, they paid on an average thirteen cents in New Orleans and in the very same money, but owing to the enforced enhancement in the value of our money, by manipulated legislation, this thirteen cents, instead of being equal as it should honestly be to thirteen cents in our money, is only equal to about seven cents in our 'increased value' money. The direct loss to the cotton planter of the South is, therefore, \$30 per bale, or \$20,000,000 annual loss to the South on this one crop. The same is true of the wheat and corn of the West and all other crops — corn and wheat being \$1 to \$1.40 per bushel in Mexico in their currency, which has remained in value unchanged by legislation. The assertion about overproduction is a myth, as the countless thousands of half-clothed and half-fed people in the United States know only too well. The trouble is in the legislative increase of the value of the dollar, made in order that those who live by

clipping coupons from Government, State, and other bonds, and on the public taxes, may be twice as rich as formerly without any additional exertion. They are twice as rich with the labor of clipping only the same number of coupons."

Justice Walter Clark was born in Halifax County, North Carolina, the 19th of August, 1846. He graduated at the University of North Carolina in June, 1864, at the head of his class. Between 1866 and 1867 he studied law in New York City and in Columbian College, Washington, D. C., and was admitted to the bar in 1868. In 1871 he travelled in California, writing a series of papers entitled "From Ocean to Ocean," and in 1881 was a delegate to the Methodist Ecumenical Council at London, travelling extensively in Europe after the Conference adjourned.

In 1885 he was appointed a judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina, and nominated and elected by the Democratic party for the same office in 1886, leading the ticket at the polls. He was appointed to the Supreme Court of North Carolina in 1889, and nominated by the Democratic party for the same office (to fill the unexpired term) in 1890, again leading the ticket. In 1894 he was nominated for the full term of the same office (eight years) unanimously by the People's, Democratic, and Republican parties of North Carolina, and elected unanimously by the people, receiving double the number of votes ever given to any other man in his State.

Justice Clark was married in 1874 to the daughter of the Hon. W. A. Graham (formerly Governor, United States Senator, and United States Secretary of the Navy). Since the date of his marriage he has resided in Raleigh.

As an author he occupies a high rank. Among his principal works may be mentioned "Clark's Annotated Code," which has been twice reissued in new editions, "Laws of Business Men," and "Overruled Cases." He has translated from the French Constant's "Private Life of Napoleon," three volumes. He has been a contributor to *THE ARENA*, *The American Law Review*, *The North American Review*, *The Magazine of American History*, *Harper's Magazine*, and several other leading periodicals. He is now compiling and editing, in addition to his judicial labors, for the State of North Carolina, "The State Records of North Carolina" in eight folio volumes, of which three volumes have been printed, and has in press a "History of North Carolina" to be issued by the University Publishing Company of New

York. He has always advocated the side of the people and the doctrine of "the greatest good to the greatest number." He has contributed articles to *THE ARENA* in favor of "Postal Telegraph," "Election of United States Senators and Postmasters by the People," "The Abolition of the Presidential Veto," and his articles on Mexico showing the benefits which would accrue from remonetization of silver from the experience of that country as an object lesson were completed in the June number of *THE ARENA*.

He is a magnificent representative of true Democracy, besides being a ripe scholar and a leading jurist.

These three authoritative thinkers from the most conservative positions and dwelling along what may be called the Atlantic coast district show how absolutely shallow and absurd are the hysterical claims of the special pleaders of the gold ring in America when they, after carefully excluding arguments from the other side, denounce as charlatans all patriotic statesmen and thinkers who insist on an immediate establishment of conditions which are conducive to the prosperity and happiness of America's millions.

THE KEELEY CURE FOR INEBRIETY.

BY WILLIAM G. HASKELL.

In a paper published some time ago in the ARENA by the eminent and scholarly author, Henry Wood, entitled "Does Bi-Chloride of Gold Cure Inebriety?" the assumption was that the gold remedies had nothing to do with the (undisputed) cures, which were brought about by some sort of psychic influence akin to hypnotism.

Two or three months later, in the pages of this magazine, Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, the originator of the treatment of inebriety and other diseases with the double chloride (not bi-chloride) of gold and sodium, presented an exhaustive paper on the scientific principles of his method of treating these diseases, and in the same number the writer of these lines set forth certain facts which had come under his own observation and out of his own experience, giving evidence that many cures of inebriety had been wrought which could be rationally accounted for in no other way than by the therapeutic action of the Keeley remedies.

It is the purpose of the present paper to give some idea of the present status of what Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., calls in the *Catholic Review*, "A New Phase of the Drink Problem." I have had exceptional facilities for obtaining reliable information, during the two and a half years since my former "notes" appeared in these pages, and it seems to me that the readers of the ARENA, who of all Americans are interested in the uplift of humanity, when they learn what has been and is being accomplished through this agency for the permanent cure of inebriety and for the permanent reformation of drunkards, will be glad to recognize in it the mightiest factor in the solution of the problem, "What shall we do with the drunkard?" which has ever been brought to notice. Few of these readers, when they know what has been done, will be likely to withhold their favorable consideration on the grounds offered by some of the "temperance reformers," of unwillingness to "endorse a proprietary medicine." Pray why not endorse even a proprietary medicine, if it has proved itself a specific for a disease hitherto unconquerable or at least unconquered by any means known to the medical world? There is a flavor of trades-unionism in this excuse, which hints at its origin.

It is claimed by Dr. Keeley, who has the data at hand to verify his statement, that during the sixteen years since he began the treatment of inebriety as a disease, something like two hundred and fifty thousand cases have been successfully treated by his remedies and his system, of which number only about five per cent have subsequently "lapsed," or in other words have recontracted the disease. He further claims that in no single instance has there been or can there be, when the remedies are administered in accordance with his own instructions, the least physical or mental injury resulting from their use. Both claims have been disputed; but so far as I know or have seen, in no case has the dispute come from the persons most likely to be competent witnesses, viz., the patients or their families. Their testimony is invariably in line with the claims of Dr. Keeley. Even a *pseudo* investigation, like that recently attempted by Rev. Dr. Buckley, of the *Christian Advocate*, who excluded from testimony any person who had been a patient, relying altogether upon the *ex-parte* statements of physicians and clergymen who were upon the subscription list of his paper, disclosed that not less than fifty-one per cent of the acquaintances of these subscribers who had taken the genuine Keeley treatment had been permanently cured. In a very careful and painstaking investigation conducted by myself, where the inquiries were made directly of the patients themselves, I could find but twenty-three "lapses" in four hundred and eighty-eight cases. To be sure, when conducting this investigation, I was the manager of an institute, and my testimony would have been ruled out by Dr. Buckley as presumably biased. I don't know that this necessarily follows. My opportunities were certainly quite as good for learning the facts as were those of the clergymen and physicians whom alone he admitted to the witness stand.

There is, however, testimony which is not open to such suspicion. By special arrangement with the national board of managers of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, the Keeley treatment has been introduced into most of the "branches" of the home, as well as into a number of the state soldiers' homes. The first to make trial of the cure was the Western Branch, at or near Leavenworth, Kan., where the first patients were treated in March, 1892. The experiment has therefore been tried at that branch for more than three years. The institutes at these homes are in medical charge of physicians who, as at all other institutions throughout the country, confine themselves solely to the treatment of the Keeley patients. The "members"

of these homes are for the most part men who are enfeebled by wounds or disease; their average age is not far from sixty; few of them have any of the inducements which younger and stronger men have, of "something to look forward to"; and those who have presented themselves for the Keeley treatment have been intemperate men for from twenty to forty years.

From the official report of Col. Andrew J. Smith, governor of the Western Branch, to Gen. William B. Franklin, president of the national board of Managers, it appears that from the introduction of the treatment at the date above named, to January, 1895 (two and three-quarters years), the number of patients had been 1,227. The ratio of lapses—and there can be no doubt that the governor of the home would know of all these—had been *ten per cent*. Of the whole number treated, 724 had left the home, thus relieving the government of the expense of their support, and gone out into the world, able, now that the accursed and before-time uncontrollable appetite for drink had been removed, to maintain themselves. Of this number, 182 were married men, who had rejoined the families from which habits of inebriety had separated them! The average cost of maintaining a soldier at these homes is about the sum named by Colonel Smith for the Leavenworth Branch, \$126.22. There has therefore been saved to the government through the departure of these 724 men, the very large sum of \$93,655 *per year*!

In an institution where it is possible to know the exact truth in the case of every man, the governor's official report to a board of which President Cleveland and Secretary of War Lamont are members *ex officio*, which report has therefore the force and weight of a national document, gives the number of "lapses" as only ten per cent! Remembering who and what these men are and have been, Dr. Keeley's claim that the average of lapses throughout the country will not exceed five per cent does not seem preposterous.

That nearly two-thirds of these men have found themselves able to take up the task of self-support (and in nearly two hundred cases the support of family as well) would appear sufficient refutation of the charge sometimes made that the treatment produces physical or mental injury. But we are not without evidence which is direct and positive, and which should remove the last vestige of doubt. Again we turn to the Leavenworth Soldiers' Home. If indications of ill effects were to be found anywhere, it would surely be in the persons of men already more or less invalids.

The surgeon of this institution is in no way charged with the administration of the Keeley treatment, which, as before said, is given by physicians having this as their exclusive work. Maj. D. C. Jones is the surgeon of the Leavenworth Home, and in the following quotation from a letter dated Sept. 4, 1894, it should be remembered that he speaks from his observation and experience of the results of another physician's work; and when he says "we have treated," he means only that these cases have been treated at the home over which he has medical supervision:

We have during the past year treated five hundred and eighteen men for chronic alcoholism and opium addiction, with less than nine per cent of lapses. Out of this number we have treated one hundred younger men belonging to the U. S. A., with only four lapses. I need not say to you that *this is perhaps the most nearly a specific medicine that we have any knowledge of in the treatment of disease.*

I would further call attention to the fact that *not in a single instance in all the men treated* (since March, 1892), now numbering nearly twelve hundred, *has a man died or his physical condition been injured*, but in many cases of rheumatism, neurasthenia and other nervous affections, great improvement has been noted. The men of our branch have been greatly improved in their moral and physical condition, so much so that it is apparent in every department of the home, and especially is it so in the hospital.

Evidence of such sort, and from such a source, is simply incontestable, and needs no comment.

During the year 1894, Hon. William H. Eustis, then mayor of Minneapolis, who had given much attention to the work of the local Keeley Institute, arranged for the experimental trial of the cure upon a class of men who would perhaps be regarded as the most hopeless cases which could be selected. They were the men committed to the city workhouse for minor offences, chiefly drunkenness. Most of them were old offenders. Nearly all had been previously committed, and one man had been sentenced *twenty-seven times!* No compulsion was used. The men were given the privilege of taking the treatment if they desired to make an attempt toward better things.

As to results, the following are Mr. Eustis' own words. When asked by a reporter of the Lowell, Mass., *Mail*, "Have you any special views as to what should be done with the chronic drunkard?" he replied: "Yes; I think more of an effort should be made to effect his reformation. Do you know that I got money enough from the saloon-keepers themselves to send seventy-five habitual drunkards to the Keeley Institute? Yes, I believe in the Keeley Institutes. Of this number sent by us, fully eighty-five per cent remained permanently cured."

Let none suppose from the foregoing that the great army of 250,000 ex-patients has been recruited chiefly or even largely from the classes here spoken of. They are from every profession and occupation. Seven per cent of them have come from the medical profession; the clergy have furnished no small number; lawyers, journalists, merchants, bankers, engineers, clerks, commercial travellers, farmers, mechanics, and laborers make up the list. Prominence has been given in this paper to the results upon two classes, for these reasons: First, to indicate that the results are nothing short of wonderful where there seemed small promise or hope for permanently successful issues; second, because in these cases it has been possible to keep exact account of the results.

In the face of these undeniable facts, there can be no question that the world has seen nothing in all its efforts at temperance reform which affords so good ground for belief in the possible overthrow of the most gigantic evil of our time. One would suppose that with such a record, there could be found no professed lover of his fellowmen, least of all a professed temperance worker, who would not be glad to be reckoned the firm friend of the Keeley Cure. That it is gradually gaining recognition is undeniably true. That candid investigation of its accomplishments is certain to increase the number of its friends is equally true. But I have found a surprising number of really philanthropic people who know next to nothing about it, as shown by their confounding it with the worthless imitations which have taken advantage of its record of good. I do not know of one of the many temperance organizations which has even taken the trouble to appoint a committee to investigate and report upon it. In my reading of the reports of temperance conventions, I do not remember to have seen any consideration of inebriety as a disease, to say nothing of its possible cure. Comparatively few clergymen seem to have taken the trouble to find out what are the facts regarding it. I have come in contact with hundreds of them, and in the great majority of instances have found them but slightly informed regarding this stupendous work. I have wondered much at this; for while it is to be expected that a degree of conservatism should characterize the occupants of our pulpits, they are as a rule the staunch friends of temperance; and a method of reform which is able to show as its results a quarter of a million former drunkards who have been restored to themselves, to family, to society, to industry, and in thousands of cases to the

church, might with reason be expected to command the serious consideration of the ministers of the gospel.

I have heard but one attempted explanation of the lack of interest in the Keeley Cure on the part of professed temperance workers, viz., that it is a business enterprise. It is that in the same sense that the practice of medicine is a business enterprise; in the same sense that the preaching of the gospel is a business enterprise. The business of the one is the saving of human life, when attacked by disease; of the other, the saving of human souls, if we may believe its advocates. The business of the Keeley Cure is the redemption of drunkards; the restoration to manhood and all that is implied in that word, of men who had long ago been given up by the honest and earnest temperance reformers as hopeless cases; at least, as beyond the reach of any agencies known to or employed by them. Can it be accounted for as a jealousy of methods which succeed where those with which they were familiar have avowedly failed?

And now, lest an ulterior purpose be suspected in the writing of these pages, let me assure the reader that I am not now connected in any way with the Keeley work, and have no interest in it other than that which any man must have, who knows from an experience of three years that it has made good its every claim in his own case, and who desires that the truth shall be more widely known, to the end that the victims of drink and drug, and all interested in their welfare and their possible salvation, may not only take heart of hope, but have assurance that a cure for their disease is at hand and available.

Since the above was written I have seen the report of Surgeon Jones of the Leavenworth Home, to June 30, 1895. The total number of cases treated at that institution since March 29, 1892, has been 1,301. The following figures will be of interest:

Ratio of lapses per 100 for whole number treated from establishment of Institute (March 29, 1892) to June 30, 1895.	11.82
Ratio of lapses per 100 for whole number treated from July 1, 1894, to June 30, 1895.	5.81
Oldest graduate, Home veteran.	80 years
Youngest " " " "	46 "
Average age.	61 "

TWO GOLDEN VOLUMES—POEMS BY ELIZABETH DOTEN.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

When books are brought out by publishers whose main business is to issue such works as favor or represent the views of any class or denomination, their readers are largely those whose affiliations are in the same range with those of the publishers. The literary and unsectarian publisher has a cosmopolitan constituency; the denominational publisher has a constituency mostly inside the borders of his class. In one important respect this is unfortunate. The great world thus misses a knowledge of inspired poetry and noble prose, of large thought and golden truth which transcend all sectarian lines, and would be helpful to all thoughtful persons and to all lovers of genius.

Two fine volumes are before me as I write, the career of which strikingly illustrates this statement. Their circulation has been large, but mainly inside a certain limit, while the outside world knows little of them, yet they well deserve a world-wide reading. "Poems of the Inner Life" and "Poems of Progress," by Elizabeth Doten, were published twenty years ago by Colby & Rich of Boston, a firm issuing works largely on spiritualism and kindred topics. More than twenty thousand copies have been sold, mostly to spiritualists, but the literary and reading world outside knows too little of this gifted woman, or of her poems, which should give her high place among her gifted sisters, who, in this "women's century," have won fame by their poetic genius.

Born in the old Pilgrim town of Plymouth, she is a direct descendant in the seventh generation, from ancestors who came over in the Mayflower—Edward Doten on her father's side, and William Bradford, second governor of Plymouth Colony, on her mother's side. Elizabeth (better known as Lizzie Doten, is daughter of Daniel Doten—a sea captain, a man of uncommon vigor and ability, a great reader, and an independent thinker—and Rebecca his wife, daughter of Nathaniel Bradford, a woman of clear intellect, mild, indus-

trious, domestic, and of strong religious tendencies. The father cheerfully sent two sons to do their duty to their country in the late civil war, both serving as captains. Thus much for heredity, the best of those days, a precious lineage from "the winnowing of the nation," who came from old England. At the age of seventeen Elizabeth enjoyed a year in a private school in Plymouth, her previous studies having been in the public schools. The seventh of nine children, she was of necessity self-supporting, sewing, teaching, and writing for sundry publications.

Early psychical experiences and other influences led to such interest in spiritualism that she was persuaded to go upon the platform as an inspirational speaker, and during some fifteen years she lectured in most of the leading cities and towns of New England and the Middle States. Then, with declining health, she retired to private life, enjoying its quiet, and doubtless, strongly individual as she is, its independence. For the last fifteen years scientific studies, more especially in chemistry, several journeys to California and elsewhere, personal pursuits and duties, and the society of beloved friends have filled the busy days of a useful life.

Whenever we have met I found her simple, sincere, personally attractive, easy in conversation, with clear convictions and spiritual culture when deeper matters were spoken of. An hour with her always gave a lasting sense of some gain in wealth of the inner life. Faithful to the truth as she sees it, no unpopularity, not even the estrangement of friends, swerves her from her chosen path. This steadfast following of the light gives resplendent beauty to her poems, which also show broad charity and a strong desire to uplift the fallen and give sight to the spiritually blind.

Of her psychical experiences, and her early views, and later modifications of them, extracts from prefatory prose articles in the volumes of poems, and from a late letter, will give some idea. She was never a professional medium, yet her lectures and the poems given with them, may be considered as results of a high phase of mediumship, or psychical impressibility and inspiration. Some of the first poems in these books were given on the platform at the close of a lecture, she being sometimes partially unconscious of outward things. They were not written out until after their delivery. Sometimes they came from no known outside personal source, but were inspirations, apparently uttered in an uplifted condition in which the soul was especially open to high truths. Sometimes, as she then believed, they came from Poe, Burns, and others, a belief which, as will

be seen, she has modified, not denying it but holding it "an open question." She did not ask audiences to give subjects for *impromptu* poems—"a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance."

In the prefatory articles she describes her experiences as a child, times of solitude and introversion opening into illuminated hours. Of later trance and poetic experiences we are told:

The avenues of external sense, if not entirely closed, were at least disused, in order that the spiritual perceptions might be quickened to the requisite degree, and also that the world of causes, of which earth and its experiences are but passing effects, might be disclosed to my vision.

In relation to the poems given under direct spirit-influence I would say, that there has been a mistake existing in many minds concerning them. They were not like lightning flashes, coming unheralded, and vanishing without leaving a trace behind. Several days before they were given, I would receive intimations of them. Oftentimes I would awake in the night from a deep slumber, and detached fragments of those poems would be floating through my mind, though in a few moments after they would vanish like a dream. I have sometimes awakened myself by repeating them aloud.

It is often as difficult to decide what is the action of one's own intellect and what is spirit-influence, as it is in our ordinary associations to determine what is original with ourselves and what we have received from circumstances or contact with the mind of others. Yet, nevertheless, there are cases where the distinction is so evident that it is not to be doubted.

In her "Word to the World" she says:

Aside from the external phenomena of modern spiritualism,—which, compared to the great principles underlying them, are but mere froth and foam on the ocean of truth,—I have realized that in the mysterious depths of the inner life, all souls can hold communion with those invisible beings, who are our companions both in time and eternity. My vision has been dim and indistinct, my hearing confused by the jarring discords of earthly existence, and my utterances of a wisdom, higher than my own, impeded by my selfish conceits and vain imaginings. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the solemn convictions of my spiritual surroundings, and the mutual ties of interest still existing between souls, "whether in the body or out of the body," have been indelibly impressed upon me. From such experiences I have learned—in a sense hitherto unknown—that "the kingdom of Heaven is within me."

In a late letter Miss Doten writes me:

Sincerity obliges me to say that, since those poems were published, my impression as to the particular influence under which they were given has been essentially modified. I find that by establishing a sympathetic relation between my own mind and the writings of many *living* authors I can take on a peculiar inspiration and fairly represent their style. This leads me to infer that, in the past, I might not have been as entirely under the direct influence of Burns or Poe as I had supposed. *It is an open question*, and prevents me from reaffirming

my past statements as confidently as I should desire. I am obliged to revise and correct my past opinions and statements, and, learning wisdom from experience, to wait patiently for more light. As intelligent human beings our possibilities are beyond all estimation, and it is neither wise nor well considered to ascribe to spirits the powers which we ourselves possess. The Intelligence of the Universe exists in us, and operates through us. As individual entities, and conservators of that great force, we stand co-related to it and to each other, and it is both a logical and legitimate conclusion that there should be a direct communication along the whole line, to the uttermost parts of the universe. Indeed there can be no question that such a relation and communication already exist. We only lack the ability to perceive and understand it. Science is slowly but surely pointing the way, and a scientific spiritualism will evidently be one of the established facts of the future. I still hold to the underlying facts and principles [of spiritualism] but am obliged to see the whole matter in a different light.

This much is needful to a clear understanding of the poems, as well as for a fair statement of the views of the author, and we are the better prepared to appreciate such quotations as space will allow.

In the poems there is no *dilettanteism*, but an earnestness which pulses through every line of these noble stanzas:

Reformers.

Where have the world's great heroes gone,
The champions of the Right,
Who, with their armor girded on,
Have passed beyond our sight?
Are they where palms immortal wave,
And laurels crown the brow?
Or was the victory thine, O Grave?
Where are they? Answer thou.

The earth is green with martyrs' graves,
On hill and plain and shore,
And the great ocean's sounding waves
Sweep over thousands more.
For us they drained life's bitter cup,
And dared the battle strife;
Where are they, Death? Oh, render up
The secret of their life!

* * * *

Lo! how the viewless air around
With quickening life is stirred,
And from the silences profound
Leaps forth the answering word:
"We live—not in some distant sphere,—
Life's mission to fulfil;
But, joined with faithful spirits here,
We love and labor still.

"No laurel wreath, no waving palm,
No royal robes are ours,
But evermore, serene and calm,
We use life's noblest powers.

Toll on in hope, and bravely bear
 The burdens of your lot;
 Great, earnest souls your labors share;
 They will forsake you not."

Even in the play of fine wit and humor there is a meaning and purpose that makes it all the finer. A wide range of thought, with fit poetic expression, from pathos to triumph, from tender emotion to the uplifting sway of noble inspiration, are rare and remarkable qualities of her verse.

Here is pathos leading to sweetest peace:

Margery Miller.

Old Margery Miller sat alone,
 One Christmas eve, by her poor hearthstone,
 Where dimly the fading firelight shone.

• • • • •
 Full eighty summers had swiftly sped,
 Full eighty winters their snows had shed,
 With silver-sheen, on her aged head.

One by one had her loved ones died —
 One by one had they left her side —
 Fading like flowers in their summer pride.

Poor old Margery Miller!
 Sitting alone,
 Unsought, unknown,
 Had God forgotten *she* was His own?

Ay, there she sat, on that Christmas eve,
 Seeking some dream of the past to weave,
 Patiently striving not to grieve.

Soft on her ear fell the Christmas chimes,
 Bringing the thought of the dear old times,
 Like birds that sing of far distant climes.

Then swelled the flood of her pent-up grief —
 Swayed like a reed in the tempest brief,
 Her bowed form shook like an aspen leaf.

"O God!" she cried, "I am lonely here,
 Bereft of all that my heart holds dear;
 Yet Thou dost never refuse to hear.

"Oh, if the dead were allowed to speak!
 Could I only look on their faces meek,
 How it would strengthen my heart so weak!"

Poor old Margery Miller!
 Sitting alone,
 Unsought, unknown,
 What was that light which around her shone?

Dim on the hearth burned the embers red,
 Yet soft and clear, on her silvered head,
 A light like the sunset glow was shed.

Bright blossoms fell on the cottage floor,
 "Mother" was whispered, as oft before,
 And long-lost faces gleamed forth once more.

She lifted her withered hands on high,
 And uttered the eager, earnest cry,
 "God of all mercy! now let me die."

* * * * *

Out of the glory that burned like flame,
 Calmly a great white angel came —
 Softly he whispered her humble name.

"Child of the highest," he gently said,
 "Thy toils are ended, thy tears are shed,
 And life immortal now crowns thy head."

She faintly murmured, "God's name be blest!"
 And folding her hands on her dying breast,
 She calmly sank to her dreamless rest.

Poor old Margery Miller!
 Her spirit had flown
 To the world unknown,
 Where true hearts *never* can be alone.

Here is part of an heroic version of an old Norse legend,
 bracing as the pure air from the northland mountains:

The Rainbow Bridge.

'Twas a faith that was held by the Northmen bold,
 In the ages long, long ago,
 That the river of death, so dark and cold,
 Was spanned by a radiant bow;
 A rainbow bridge to the blest abode
 Of the strong Gods — free from ill,
 Where the beautiful Urda fountain flowed,
 Near the ash tree Igdrasil.

They held that when, in life's weary march,
 They should come to that river wide,
 They would set their feet on the shining arch,
 And would pass to the other side.
 And they said that the Gods and the Heroes crossed
 That bridge from the world of light,
 To strengthen the Soul when its hope seemed lost,
 In the conflict for the right.

O, beautiful faith of the grand old past!
 So simple, yet so sublime,
 A light from that rainbow bridge is cast
 Far down o'er the tide of time.
 We raise our eyes, and we see above,
 The souls in their homeward march;
 They wave their hands and they smile in love,
 From the height of the rainbow arch.

Like the crystal ladder that Jacob saw,
Is that beautiful vision given,
The weary pilgrims of earth to draw
To the life of their native heaven.
For 'tis better that souls should upward tend,
And strive for the victor's crown,
Than to ask the angels their help to lend,
And come to man's weakness down.

The sweet singer of the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon"
seems to speak in these lines, which purport to come from
Robert Burns:

Fraternity.

You need not heed the gruesome creed
Which tells you o' God's anger;
On Nature's page frae age to age,
His love is written stranger.

God's providence, in ony sense,
Has never been one-sided,
And for the weal o' chieck or chiel,
He amply has provided.

The winter's snaw, the birken shaw,
The gowans brightly springing,
The murky night, the rosy light,
The laverocks gayly singing,
The spring's return, the wimplin' burn,
The cushat fondly mated,
All join to tell how unco well
God lo'es all things created.

Then dinna strive to live and thrive
Sae selfish and unthinkin',
But firmly stand, and lend a hand,
To keep the weak frae sinkin'.
'Tis love can make, for love's sweet sake,
A trusty friend in sorrow,
Wha spends his gear wi'out a fear
O' what may be to-morrow.

The preachers say there's far awa'
A land o' milk and honey,
Where all is free as barley brie,
And wi'out price or money;
But *here* the meat o' love is sweet,
For souls in sinful blindness,
And there's a milk that's guid for ilk —
"The milk o' human kindness."

Lo! Calvin, Knox, and Luther, cry
"I have the Truth"—"and I"—"and I."—
"Puir sinners! if ye gang agley,
The de'il will hae ye,
And then the Lord will stand abeigh,
And will na save ye."

But hoolie hoolie! Na sae fast;
 When Gabriél shall blaw his blast,
 And Heaven and Earth awa' have passed,
 These lang syne saints,
 Shall find baith de'il and hell at last,
 Mere pious feints.

Tak' tent o' truth, and heed this well:
 The man who sins makes his ain hell;
 There's na waurse de'il than himsel';
 But God is strongest:
 And when puir human hearts rebel,
 He haulds out longest.

Here is the weird and melodious rhythm of Edgar A. Poe:

Resurrexi.

From the throne of Life Eternal,
 From the home of love sapernal,
 Where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor—
 Mortals, I have come to meet you,
 Come with words of peace to greet you,
 And to tell you of the glory that is mine forevermore.

As one heart yearns for another,
 As a child turns to its mother,
 From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth once more,
 Where I drained the cup of sadness,
 Where my soul was stung to madness,
 And life's bitter, burning billows swept my burdened being o'er.

Here the harpies and the ravens, —
 Human vampyres, sordid cravens, —
 Preyed upon my soul and substance till I writhed in anguish sore;
 Life and I then seemed mismated,
 For I felt accursed and fated,
 Like a restless, wrathful spirit, wandering on the Stygian shore.

Tortured by a nameless yearning,
 Like a frost-fire, freezing, burning,
 Did the purple, pulsing life-tide through its fevered channels pour,
 Till the golden bowl — Life's token —
 Into shining shards was broken,
 And my chained and chafing spirit leaped from out its prison door.

* * * * *

O, my mortal friends and brothers!
 We are each and all another's,
 And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure hath the more;
 Would you lose your life, you find it,
 And in giving love, you bind it
 Like an amulet of safety, to your heart forevermore.

No sudden change from sin to grace is taught.

But, by earnest, firm endeavor
 I have gained a height sublime
 is the lesson given.

Here is a far different strain; its thought and merit unlike those of the preceding poem.

The Spirit of Nature.

"The bond which unites the human to the divine is Love, and Love is the longing of the Soul for Beauty; the inextinguishable desire which like feels for like, which the divinity within us feels for the divinity revealed to us in Beauty. Beauty is Truth." — PLATO.

I have come from the heart of all natural things,
Whose life from the Soul of the Beautiful springs;
You shall hear the sweet waving of corn in my voice,
And the musical whisper of leaves that rejoice,
For my lips have been touched by the spirit of prayer,
Which lingers unseen in the soft summer air;
And the smile of the sunshine that brightens the skies,
Hath left a glad ray of its light in my eyes.

On the sea-beaten shore — 'mid the dwellings of men —
In the field or the forest or wild mountain glen;
Wherever the grass or a daisy could spring,
Or the musical laughter of childhood could ring;
Wherever a swallow could build 'neath the eaves,
Or a squirrel could hide in his covert of leaves,
I have felt the sweet presence, and heard the low call,
Of the Spirit of Nature, which quickens us all.

This uplifting verse opens a poem entitled

Reconciliation.

God of the Granite and the Rose!
Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!
The mighty tide of Being flows
Through countless channels, Lord, from Thee.
It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
Till from Creation's radiant towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns.

Here are words that reach the deeps of the inner life:

By a power to thought unknown,
Love shall ever seek its own.
Sundered not by time or space,
With no distant dwelling-place,
Soul shall answer unto soul,
As the needle to the pole,
Leaving grief's lament unsaid,
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Never, till our hearts are dust,
Till our souls shall cease to trust,
Till our love becomes a lie,
And our aspirations die,
Shall we cease with hope, to gaze
On that veil's mysterious haze,
Or the presence to implore
Of the loved ones gone before.

Where shall we find such ample range of thought and feeling, in such fit and melodious rhythm and language? Emotion, tender or intense, has its melting words or its graphic power of expression. Pleasant memories are revived in measures soft and cheering as the strains of delightful music. Life's tragedies rise up and pass before us like wailing ghosts in mournful, measured procession. Illuminated visions are pictured in stanzas of delicate beauty. Messages from souls dwelling on serene heights come to us like the light of stars in the overarching sky. A divine philosophy permeates and unifies the whole.

All this we find in these excerpts, which give only glimpses of the value of the poems. These books, judged by the merits of their poetic contents, promise rich enjoyment and lasting benefit to a wide circle of readers, in our own country and in other lands, who should surely become familiar with their luminous pages.

THE MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER.

A PROPHECY.

BY CECELIA DE VERE.

She came before him in the simple guise
That decks the flowret of the field and wood,
But never fairer to his world-worn eyes
Had seemed the beauty of her maidenhood.
Yet missed he not sheen pearls nor vesture rare,
Till heavy tears with sudden rush came down
As summer cloud-gems start the dreamy air
When darting lightnings pierce the noonday's crown.

Awaked he then to note the boding change,
The utter absence of the girlish pride,
The earnest manner, the emotion strange,
E'en folly's ostentation cast aside.
"Why greet with tears," he said, "and why this dress?
In my long absence Fortune's wheel went round,
And only stopped at mountains of success,—
It was enough, my hopes were more than crowned.

"I may not guess my wealth; 'tis deep and high;
Its girt is in the years I shall not see,
Its gold horizons toward thy sunset lie,
For all my plans, my aims, are but for thee."
"Alas!" she cried, "appalling is success
That takes calamity to any heart,
That from the wheel—the rack-wheel of distress—
Flings dismal ruin as its counterpart.

"You question, whence this knowledge of the moil;
Your daughter's mind should never touch its rim;
You kept her far from grovelling hordes of toil,
Whose hands are smirched, whose savage souls are grim.
Finding by chance a truth-illuminated page,
I soon disguised, stood smitten 'mid a throng
Where want and slavery in every stage
Had crushed the weak and galled the brave and strong.

"Yet they portrayed less sharply than I felt:
Their souls had *lamps*, my soul had *sheets* of flame;
I could have there to any beggar knelt,
And asked forgiveness for my sin and shame.
Oh, father! they impeached such men as you
Whose force united might reclaim the world;
On friends I deem most noble, wise, and true
The plundering, murderous brigand's name was hurled.

"And I your idol, selfish, useless, blind,
Whose casket symbolizes woe of heart;
Whose wasteful wealth that keeps one life enshrined
Leaves shrinking pale ones passion's reeking mart;
Leaves famine to the mother and her brood,
And to half-famished manhood bitter thought
Of death's deep bed beneath the icy flood,
Or wild revenge by torch or dagger wrought.

"Through tear-lens of keen sympathy I trace
The matted wrongs that God with pity views;
The wrested heritage, the exiled race,
The reckless havoc speculation strews.
But mortgage rests on each inhuman claim,
No scheming magnates can remove its weight,
And swift foreclosure must result the same
As in the hosts and chariot riders' fate."

She paused, transfigured with o'erwhelming prayer,
That swelled for wretchedness throughout the earth,
Her soul-throbs knocking on the door of care
That shuts from mortals all that life is worth.
To him, as in the twinkling of an eye,
Stern Truth confronted ancient codes of fraud,
Of sanctioned wrongs, of crimes that underlie
Man's dire transactions—blasphemies of God.

Then memory turns the "volume of the Book"
That brands oppressors and defends the weak,
Whose holy inspirations never brook
The base achievements wily graspers seek.
Greed's condemnation stamped on every verse—
In vain the rich man scans the sacred word;
The plea, the mandate, prophecy, and curse
Once scarcely noticed, now like thunder heard.

Can *he* exclaim, "Who thwarts the Father's plan
Defeats the answer to the Saviour's prayer"?
The soul's Accuser cries, "Thou art the man,
Though of thy sin uncounted thousands share."
It is for him to take with spirit bold,
With patriotic fire and potent zeal,
Christ's golden rule for Mammon's rule of gold,
That henceforth he may work for human weal.

It is for her like Miriam by the sea
To lift her voice, not with triumphal strain,
But, with a Marseillaise the land to free
From hard Monopoly's imperial reign.

AN INTERESTING REPRESENTATIVE OF A VANISHING RACE.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

One of the most interesting characters at the World's Fair at Chicago was the simple-hearted and earnest champion of his people, Simon Pokagon, chief of the now small tribe of Pottawatomie Indians. This tribe, it will be remembered, sprang from the powerful Algonquin family.

There was a peculiar, if gloomy, interest attached to the appearance as well as the address of this chief of a vanishing tribe and race, owing to the fact that in the boyhood of this patriarch the very spot occupied by Chicago was the home of the Indian, and where to-day stand the palatial residences of such men as George M. Pullman, Marshall Field, and Philip D. Armour, was the scene of the massacre of the garrison of Fort Dearborn by the Pottawatomes. In this connection I desire to quote a graphic description of the past and present relating to this memorable place as given by Mr. W. T. Stead.*

On the rim of the shore of Lake Michigan, on a spot then a desolate waste of sand hills, but now crowded with palaces, stands, leafless and twigless, the trunk of an old cottonwood tree, which marks the site of the massacre of the garrison. Four score years and more have passed since the thirsty sand drank the life-blood of the victims of that Indian war, but still the gaunt witness of the fight looks down upon the altered scene. In 1812, when the British were at war with the French in Europe, our Canadian representatives were busy fighting and diplomatizing against the French and their allies on the Great Lakes. The Americans had struck in on their own account on the side of the French, and the British had just whipped them out of Detroit and Michigan. War is war, and British and Americans fought on, each using as best it could the Indian tribes which swarmed in the unsettled country. The British made allies of Tecumseh, the great chief of the Pottawatomes, and Fort Dearborn, the American outpost at Chicago, became the immediate objective point of the allies after the Americans had been driven out of Detroit and Michigan. The officer in charge, Capt. Heald, a weak incompetent, decided to evacuate by arrangement with the Indians. Whether this decision was right or wrong, he carried it out in the worst possible way. He first summoned the Indians to a council and promised them all the goods in the fort, including the ammunition and fire-water, and then broke his word by throwing all the powder and shot down a well and emptying the liquor into the river. The Indians, furious at

* "If Christ Came to Chicago."



SIMON POKAGON.

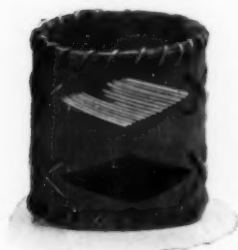
this breach of faith, waited until the little party had reached the open, a good mile distant from the fort, when they attacked and massacred all but twenty-five soldiers and eleven women and children. The scene of the massacre is marked by the venerable trunk of the cottonwood tree, while close by the genius of a Dane has commemorated, at the cost of a millionaire, the evacuation and the massacre, in a spirited group surmounting a pedestal with bas-reliefs.

The sculptor by a happy inspiration has selected as his *motif* the one incident of that bloody fray that possesses other than a gory interest. While the Pottawatomies were scalping or tomahawking the palefaces, regardless either of sex or age, Mrs. Helm, the daughter of Mr. Kinzie, the patriarchal settler of early Chicago, was rescued from imminent death by Black Partridge, an Indian chief who had long known and loved her father. The group on the summit of the pedestal represents Mrs. Helm desperately struggling to seize her assailant's scalping-knife, while the splendid chief, Black Partridge, intervenes to snatch her from her impending doom. The surgeon, who was slain, is receiving his death-blow at her feet, while a frightened child weeps, scared by the gleam of the tomahawk and the firing of the muskets. The bas-reliefs, which are not in very much relief, tell the story of the evacuation, the march, and the massacre, and enable the least imaginative observer, as he looks out over the gray expanse of the lake, to picture something of the din and alarm of that bloody August day, and to recall, too, something of the elements of heroism and of humanity which redeemed the grim tale of Indian war.

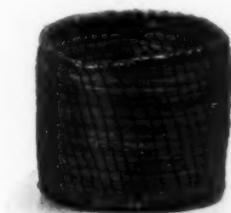
With the mind full of the Pottawatomies and their tomahawks, pondering upon the possibilities of latent goodness surviving in the midst of the scalping-knife savagery of the redskin tribes, you tear yourself away from the traditions of Black Partridge, the Kinzies, and the rest, and find yourself confronted by the palaces of millionnaires. Mr. George M. Pullman's stately mansion stands in the shade of the cottonwood tree, his conservatory is erected upon the battle-field, and he lives and dines and sleeps where the luckless garrison made its last rally. Prairie Avenue, which follows the line of march, is a camping-ground of millionnaires. Within an area of five blocks forty of the sixty members of the Commercial Club have established their homes. Mr. Marshall Field and Mr. Philip Armour live near together on the east side of the avenue a little further south. Probably there are as many millions of dollars to the square inch of this residential district as are to be found in any equal area on the world's surface. It is the very Mecca of Mammon, the Olympus of the great gods of Chicago.

What strange instinct led these triumphant and militant chiefs of the Choctaw civilization of our time to cluster so thickly around the bloody battle-field of their Pottawatomie forbears? "Methinks the place is haunted," and a subtle spell woven of dead men's bones attracts to the scene of the massacre the present representatives of a system doomed to vanish like that of the redskins before the advancing civilization of the new social era. Four score and two years have hardly passed since the braves of Tecumseh slew the children in the Dearborn baggage wagon; but the last of the Pottawatomies have long since vanished from the land over which they roamed the undisputed lords.

Long before four score years have rolled by the millionaire may be as scarce as the Pottawatomie, and mankind may look back upon the history of trusts and combines and competitions with the same feelings of amazement and compassion that we now look back upon the social system that produced Tecumseh and Black Partridge. How the change will come we may not be able to see any more than the Pottawatomies were able to foresee the value of the real estate on which Chicago was built. They parted with it in fee simple for three cents an acre, and did not get



INDIAN NAPKIN RING MADE OF
COLORED QUILLS AND BIRCH BARK.



INDIAN NAPKIN RING MADE OF
SWEET GRASS.

even that. But the Pottawatomie passed and the millionaire will pass, and men will marvel that such things could be.

On Chicago Day Liberty bell was rung for the first time during the Exposition,* and Chief Pokagon was selected to ring the bell and also to deliver an address. During the course of his remarks, which were delivered in the presence of more than half a million people, he made the following touching and suggestive utterances :

Through the untiring efforts of a few friends of another race I greet you. If any of you, my countrymen, feel the sting of neglect because your rights have been ignored in taking part in the World's great Fair until now, I beseech you to lay aside all bitterness of spirit, and with hearts so pure and good that these noble mothers and daughters that have so labored in our behalf for this may rejoice that the kind seed they have sown has not fallen on dry and barren ground.

Let us not crucify ourselves by going over the bloody trails we have trod in other days ; but rather let us look up and rejoice in thankfulness in the present, for out of the storm-cloud of darkness that is round about us we now see helping hands stretched out to aid and strengthen us, while above the roar and crash of the cyclone of civilization are heard many voices demanding that to the red man justice must be done.

In my infancy I was taught to love my chief and tribe ; but since then the great West has been swallowed up by the white man, and by adoption we are the children of this great Republic, hence we must teach loyalty to this nation to our children, and solemnly impress them that the war-path leads but to the grave.

The question comes up to us again and again, "What can be done for the best good of the remnant of our race?" The answer to me is plain and clear, and it matters not how distasteful it may seem to us. We must give up the pursuits of our fathers. However dear we love the chase we must give it up. We must teach our children to give up the bow and arrow that is born in their hearts ; and in place of the gun we must take the plough and live as the white men do. They are all around about our homes. The game is gone never to return ; hence it is vain to talk about support from game and fish. Many of our people are now

* The *News of Plymouth, Mich.*, on Feb. 8, 1893, observed editorially that "the elder Pokagon was one of the chiefs to whom was ceded by treaty the ground on which Chicago now stands, and which was afterward conveyed back to the government through conniving of the swindling agents, for a consideration that amounted to about three cents per acre."

By The Author.

My purpose in publishing the "Red Men's Greeting" on the bark of the white birch tree, is out of loyalty to my own people, and gratitude to the Great Spirit, who in his wisdom provided for our use for untold generations, this most remarkable tree with manifold bark used by us instead of paper, bark of greater value to us as it could not be injured by sun or water.

Out of the bark of this wonderful tree were made hats, caps, and dishes for domestic use, while our maidens tied with it the knot that sealed their marriage vow; wigwams were made of it, as well as the canoes that outrode the violent storms of lake and sea; it was also used for fuel at our war councils and spirit dances. Originally the shores of our northern lakes and streams were fringed with it and ever-green, and the white charmingly contrasted with the green mirrored from the water was indeed beautiful, but like the red man this tree is vanishing from our forests.

"Alas for us; our day is o'er
Our fires are out from shore to shore;
No more for us the wild deer bounds
The plow is on our hunting grounds.
The pale man's ax rings through our woods,
The pale man's sail skins o'er floods;
Our pleasant springs are dry,
Our children—look, by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west—
Our children go—to die."

FAC-SIMILE OF PREFACE OF "RED MEN'S GREETING" PRINTED ON BIRCH BARK.

successful in raising grain and stock. What they have done we all can do. Our children must learn. They owe no allegiance to any clan or power on earth except the United States. They must learn and love to wear the stars and stripes, and at all times to rejoice that they are American citizens.

Our children must be educated and learn the different trades of the white men. Thanks to the Great Spirit, this government has already established a few schools for that purpose, and to learn of the success you have but to visit the Indians' school in these grounds, examine the work of the children, see the different articles they have made, examine their writing-books, and you will be convinced that they will be able to compete with the dominant race.

I was pained to learn that some who should have been interested in our people discouraged our coming to the Fair, claiming openly that we are heartless, soulless, and godless. Now let us all as one pray the Great Spirit that he will open the eyes of their understanding and teach them to know that we are human as well as they; teach them to know that

Within the recess of the native's soul
There is a secret place, which God doth hold;
And though the storms of life do war around,
Yet still within His image fixed is found.

I am getting to be an old man. I often feel one foot is uplifted to step into the world beyond. But I am thankful that the measure of my days has been lengthened out, that I am able to stand before you in this great congress of people, in this four hundredth year of the white man's advent in our fathers' land.

The breadth of thought and the innate spirituality which permeate this address are no less marked than the stoical acceptance of conditions with an earnest determination to make the best of circumstances as they exist.

Some months prior to the opening of the Exposition Chief Pokagon published a little booklet entitled "The Red Men's Greeting," printed on the bark of the white birch tree. This "Greeting" was pitched in a minor key. The plaintive note of the representative of a warrior race who had beheld the glory of his people vanish characterizes it throughout. It is so entirely out of the ordinary in all particulars that I reproduce in this paper the author's preface enlarged and photographed from a leaf of the birch bark on which it is printed.

Mrs. Flower reviewed this work in *THE ARENA* on its appearance, which called forth an interesting letter, from which I quote the following extract:

I have written especially for you a brief article on "Geese," hoping the reading of it will please you. Of course you know our race love the chase, which leads our minds to see many strange things in the brute creation that awaken our mirth. If the article does not interest you, receive it and think of it as the author wrote it and sends it to you.

The enclosure referred to above is one of the most characteristic, and in some particulars unique, sketches I have read in years, simple in treatment and revealing in a marked degree the child mind, while carrying with it the keen perception of the true son of the forest, coupled with ethical deductions as relating to man's life which suggest the ancient stoic philosopher, as will be seen by the copy given below.

AN INDIAN'S OBSERVATION ON THE MATING OF GEESE.

Having studied the habits and languages of beasts, birds, and insects of forest and field since early childhood, I have obtained a knowledge of them not learned in books.

In this article I shall present a few interesting peculiarities of the goose family. In springtime of each year these fowls have their courtship and marriage. All the geese-men select the oldest goose-woman of the flock or society, age being admired above all other qualifications for a good wife. Hence, in view of so many suitors for the oldest goose-woman, it can only be settled in a fair field fight in single combats. Everything must be fair on both sides. Two men geese march out in front of the flock, straighten up in front of each other, firmly grasping in their bills the feathers on each other's necks, while they commence pounding each other with their wings in a most brutal manner, being cheered by the flock in wild strains of admiration. When one gives up the contest, another takes his turn, and so on until there is but one acknowledged hero, and he, amid cheers and shouts, marches off with his choice, the oldest dame goose of the flock, who congratulates him on his success, telling him how long and well he fought, and how proud she is of him; promising how she will strive to be a good wife, on account of

Eastford, Mich., Sept 12 1895.
Mr B. O. Flowers

My Dear Sir. yours of the 7th
at hand, As I read what you said
of your wife illness, My heart
responded "How very sad it is that
one so young, so fair and wise should
suffer so. I am perhaps it has all been
brought about in labouring for others"
I am fully satisfied to accept her
intentions for all she intended to say of
me - I am getting to be an old man
passing over the threshold of my home here
into the great Wiganan beyul where
there are many rooms I trust & pray
that your wife may fully recover & that she
may live & spend many years to benefit her race
If you think it will not disturb her, say to her she has my
best wishes & the prayers of my heart
Very respectfully Yours S. Okagon

FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER WRITTEN BY THE CHIEF OF THE POTTAWATOMIE INDIANS.

the great sacrifice he has made for her, while he joyfully drinks in all her flattery, smiles and laughs, and, puffing, chats, telling her how he would sooner have died in the fight than to have lost her, his first and only choice. And so the contest goes on, until each man goose in turn is the acknowledged hero of the remaining flock, and marches in turn with the oldest woman goose as his bride, all of which laugh and chat together, apparently well satisfied with the result; when all have paired off but the remaining woman goose, who may be a handsome bright-eyed maiden, the last man goose takes her as his bride with a disappointed heart, while she, poor maiden, accepts him through force of circumstances, with saddest of feelings, cheered by hopes alone that the time will come when on account of her age she will be sought for as her older sisters have been.

After the last pair have reluctantly agreed to become man and wife,



INDIAN MAT MADE OF BIRCH BARK, COLORED QUILLS, AND SWEET GRASS, AND
PRESENTED WITH NAPKIN RING TO MRS. FLOWER BY CHIEF PORAGON.

if there are any left of the flock of either sex unprovided for, they tag around after the last pair as mourners of the unhappy marriage. I have closely watched these husbands and wives as they have commenced housekeeping, have seen them pluck the down from their bodies and line their nests, talking over with each other the prospects of the future, and when the eggs were laid amid the softest down, have seen both man and wife guard them with equal care. In childhood, I thought this mode of securing wives would lead to disagreement and discord; yet not having known of a case of divorce among them, I watched them still closer and have not heard an unkind word or seen an unkind look. Have watched them when their gosling children were first hatched, and seen each guard them with greatest care, and with their bended necks stretched over their little brood, with chats and laughs tenderly lead them to some pond or river side, then into the water with them swim.

I have admired the first opening flowers of spring, and joyed to see young lambs skip and play, yet never has my admiration with joy been so moved as when I've seen these infant goslings by their parents led into the waters of some stream or lake, and gently, with their parents, float about as if moved by some power divine, the very semblance of themselves just beneath the surface of the rippling waves.

And to myself oft have said, "How strange it is!" Before the marriage vow is said these geese-men select their wives without their consent and fight it out against all rivalry, but when settled down in life all "man's rights" are laid aside and "woman's rights" are never born, but "equal rights" are all in all.

CHIEF POKAGON,
Author of "Red Men's Greeting,"
Hartford, Mich.

Mrs. Flower had prepared notes for a sketch of the life of this venerable head of a once powerful tribe, when she was stricken with a severe illness from overwork. I communicated these facts to the chief, and received the following touching and appreciative letter, which is elsewhere reproduced in fac-simile:

HARTFORD, MICH., Sept. 12, 1895.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your favor of the 9th at hand.

As I read what you said of your wife's illness my heart responded, "How very sad that one so young, so fair and wise, should suffer so, and perhaps it has all been brought about in laboring for others." I am fully satisfied to accept her intentions for what she intended to say of me.

I am getting to be an old man, passing over the threshold of my home here into the wigwam beyond where there are many rooms. I trust and believe that your wife may fully recover, and that she may be spared many years to benefit her race. If you think it will not disturb her, say to her that she has my best wishes and the prayers of my heart.

Very respectfully yours,

S. POKAGON.

This noble representative of the red man has been a strenuous advocate of temperance and virtue. On one occasion he wrote:

When I am gone I wish no stone to rise above my last resting-place as oft is done, to tell, not what men were, but what they should have been. However, I desire to leave upon the printed page an epitaph which all

may read. That shall be my most solemn protest and prayer against the introduction of alcohol in any form among my people; and to accomplish that desire of my heart I see no hope except by the complete overthrow of the rum-shop and the destruction of all that can intoxicate, together with cigarettes, the father and mother of palsy and cancer.

In touching upon the subject of the Indian, even in a cursory manner, I cannot forbear expressing my strong convictions in regard to this race, which, as it appears to me, has been so ruthlessly treated by our civilization, — a civilization claiming to be based on a universal brotherhood. To me few subjects are at once so humiliating, pathetic, and essentially tragic as the history of the Indian so rapidly disappearing from our continent in the light of the treatment received by him from a civilization which claims to follow the meek and lowly Galilean.

It has been observed that the early Spanish conquerors of the Western Hemisphere used the sword and the cross; the writer sagely remarking that after the sword had done its work the cross was raised over the lifeless form. Nor have we of the more northern climes much to boast of over the Spaniards. It is true that the treatment meted out to the Indians by such Christ-like souls as William Penn and Roger Williams stands in bright relief against the inky background of betrayal, appropriation of the Indian's land and slaughter of his people; but such instances, while revealing the potentiality of conquest on the spiritual plane, its feasibility and its practicability, are merely the exceptions to the rule which mark the savagery of a civilization which claims to follow the mandates of the Sermon on the Mount. It is true that the Indian retaliated, and was in many cases the aggressor, *if we can call people the aggressors* who object to having their native land taken from them by aliens. This sentiment has been well put from the Indians' point of view in the following stanza:

Shall not one line lament our forest race,
For you struck out from wild creation's face?
Freedom! — the self-same freedom you adore —
Bade us defend our violated shore.

Of the savagery and brutality exhibited by the Indian in many cases, I would merely observe that it is manifestly unfair to judge them by the standards of a people who have enjoyed Christian civilization for many centuries and who have behind them the lessons and warnings, the glory and the gloom of Roman, Grecian, Syrian, Chaldean, and Egyptian

civilizations. Moreover, if one calls to mind the methods which marked the terrible religious struggle of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Europe, and will remember how human ingenuity was taxed to its utmost to devise methods of horrible torture which were remorselessly meted out by those claiming to be Christians to others claiming to be Christians, he will, I think, feel it wisest to pass very lightly over the charge of excessive cruelty on the part of those he flippantly terms savages. Had the Indian submitted more tamely he would have been characterized by this same self-engrossed class, who delight in echoing the brutally false phrase that "there is no good Indian but a dead Indian," as cowardly and unworthy of the land which for unnumbered generations had been the land of his fathers.

AMERICAN FINANCIAL POLICY.

BY H. F. BARTINE.

In the December number of the *Forum* appears an elaborate article from the pen of Paul Leroy Beaulieu on the financial policy which America should pursue.*

When he says that "there is not a single European country, in a normal financial condition, that attaches the slightest importance to bimetallism," to put it mildly, it is strongly suggestive of a belief on his part that the masses of the American people are unable to read.

When he attempts to belittle the bimetallic theory by disparaging such men as Balfour, Cernushi, and Emile de Laveleye, he should at least accompany the disparagement by some argument showing the unsoundness of that theory.

When, referring to issues of paper money, he says, "It is only professional bankers, constantly mingling in the daily current of the country's business, who can with competency and tact acquit themselves of the task of furnishing this substitute for money in the proper proportions, varying as these do from day to day," it reads as if some "professional banker" had been whispering in his ear as he wrote.

M. Beaulieu claims that the "conditions for American financial supremacy" are the following: First, that all issues of paper money should be made by the banks; second, that we should establish the gold standard pure and simple, using silver only in a subordinate way.

In support of these contentions, as before stated, M. Beaulieu presents nothing that is new and nothing that reaches the heart of either question.

BANK ISSUES OF PAPER MONEY.

On this point about the substance of his claim is that a bank can protect its gold reserve by raising the rate of dis-

* There is nothing in the article that should disturb the mind of a bimetalist, but some of them have feared the effect of anything from the pen of a French writer of some repute who assumes the rôle of a disinterested and sympathetic adviser.

It is only in the latter view that the article merits consideration, for it is essentially and intrinsically weak. It contains nothing by way of argument that could not have been gleaned from the editorial columns of a few of our leading gold-standard newspapers published any week during the last two years.

If it had been written by plain John Smith of New York or Chicago, it would have attracted no attention whatever. In truth, the general tone of the article is disappointing to one who naturally expected to see the subject placed upon a rather elevated plane of discussion when handled by M. Beaulieu.

count, while a State cannot. Hence, that a bank is better prepared to redeem its notes with coin than a State can be.

Concede that for the sake of the discussion, and it still falls a long way short of covering the problem.

In the first place he ignores what ought to be obvious, the fact that there is a great deal more necessity for a bank to maintain a strong reserve than for the Government of a powerful and wealthy State to do so. A bank has nothing behind its notes but its own resources. The Government has the resources of the entire country at command through the power of taxation. Again, banks are engaged in all sorts of speculative ventures, and they are so largely interdependent that a failure of one frequently involves the failure of many.

In times of panic the credit of no private bank is above suspicion. No bank can maintain a sufficient reserve to meet *all* of its outstanding obligations. And hence, in seasons of financial disturbance, many a perfectly solvent institution has been forced to the wall by runs that are simply the result of causeless fright. The only run upon the United States Treasury that is ever likely to occur is to satisfy a demand for gold for export. Gold is not withdrawn from our national treasury because of waning confidence in the Government's solvency, but merely because it is needed for export and can be obtained there more easily than in any other quarter.

If the banks were issuing our paper money it would not make the foreign demand for gold any weaker. Consequently the banks would have to respond not only to the demands of the exporters of gold, but to those of frightened depositors and the timorous holders of their notes as well. Nor is there any reason to believe that the financial wisdom of the bankers would enable them to furnish the notes in "proper proportions," thus giving the people a flexible currency in accordance with their needs, varying from day to day. In the issuance of circulating notes banks are governed by their *own* interests. They will expand the volume when they can profit by doing so, and contract it whenever *their* necessities demand, regardless of the effect upon others. It is a matter of common, every-day knowledge, that as an almost invariable rule banks restrict their credits at the very time when an enlargement is most needed. The raising of the discount upon which M. Beaulieu relies for the protection of the reserve is itself nothing less than a contraction of the currency,

always depressing prices to the injury of the producer and the advantage of those who control the money supply.

On this point he makes a banker's argument in the most ultra sense. He sees nothing but the maintenance of their reserves and the consequent preservation of a parity between their notes and coin. Whether the people have many dollars, few dollars, or no dollars at all, like some of our American economists he seems to think that national prosperity is assured if one dollar can only be kept as good as every other dollar. And while assuming this to be the prime essential, he offers no proof whatever of their ability to maintain specie payments, and knowing that the moment they failed to redeem one of their own notes in gold on demand, they, the notes, would depreciate, and we would be confronted by all the evils of the "wild cat" money which beset the country prior to 1860.

If it be said that their notes would be secured by United States bonds, it may be replied that bonds are not *money*, they are simply collateral security. When a note is presented to a bank and the gold demanded, presumably it is because the gold is wanted, and not bonds. The bonds are surely no better than the Government itself which issues the bonds; and yet we are assured that United States notes will depreciate the moment the Government fails to redeem in gold on demand. Besides, if notes are to be issued solely on the basis of United States bonds, it involves not only a perpetuation of our interest-bearing debt, but a vast increase of it in order to keep pace with the ever-increasing needs of the people for currency.

If other securities are to be issued as a basis of circulation, then the uniformity of the security would be lost. Different banks would be issuing notes based on bonds differing in character and value, which in seasons of distrust might very seriously affect the notes themselves.

M. Beaulieu contends that as our paper currency was created to meet the exigencies of war, it should have been retired as speedily as possible after the return of peace; but the only reason he gives is that other countries have generally done so. That, however, is no reason at all. If every other nation in the world should deliberately engage in the work of oppressing the debtor for the benefit of the creditor, it would not justify the United States in doing so.

And that is exactly what the retirement of paper currency

so issued does. When a nation under financial stress issues a large amount of paper money, the expansion of the currency always raises prices to a higher level. Contracts are made and the business of the country is adjusted to that price level. Creditors are paid in cheaper money than the money of the contract, but as a rule they find more than an equivalent in the general prosperity that comes from rising prices.

But when the currency is contracted by the calling in of the war issues, prices fall and the pinch upon the debtor and producer is terrible. The fall of prices not only increases the burden of debt, but frequently so paralyzes business that hundreds of thousands and millions of people are forced into idleness, and either consume the savings of former years or become a charge upon others. In short, a rise of prices nearly always stimulates business, while a fall of prices has a depressing effect.

Hence comes the question: The money supply of a country having been largely increased, prices having risen to a higher level and business having adjusted itself to that level, why should the paper currency be retired and prices once more driven down to a lower plane? Who is benefited by it? Not the man loaded down with debt. Not he who is engaged in any legitimate productive enterprise. None, in fact, realize any advantage but a few creditors and holders of fixed incomes. Even of these many have other interests through which they are injured more than they are benefited by an appreciation of money.

When a certain price level has been attained, either by large additions to the stock of metallic money or by paper issues, no good reason has ever been given why that price level should be arbitrarily lowered. Such a lowering has never taken place save for the benefit of those whose interests as creditors predominate over all of their other interests.

This is a phase of the question that has never received adequate consideration at the hands of monetary writers, and it is one of the greatest importance. In a loose, general way, Government issues of legal tender paper have been classed as ordinary debts, to be paid off at the earliest possible moment. The distinction, however, is very broad. If a private individual owe a hundred dollars represented by a promissory note, it is to his interest of course to pay it and be rid of the burden. In doing so he harms nobody, because his note concerns only himself and the holder.

But Government legal tender paper, while in a sense representing a debt, is also a part of the money supply of the country, helping to measure the value of every piece of property within its borders. Therefore every dollar of such paper redeemed is just so much money withdrawn from circulation, with the effect of lowering the money value of property, which always bears heavily upon the producers and those in debt.

M. Beaulieu entirely fails to make it clear why the greenbacks, which enabled the Government to fight to a successful issue one of the greatest wars of history, and which have perfectly performed the duty of money for nearly thirty-four years, should now be treated as an element of danger and retired, either to leave the currency depleted, or to be supplanted by bank notes of more than doubtful value.

BIMETALLISM.

His treatment of this most important of all monetary questions is even more unsatisfactory than his manner of dealing with paper issues. About two thirds of his entire article is devoted to this theme, but he does not discuss the principles involved at all. He simply tells us that the leading nations of Europe have permanently advanced it, and that "*the financiers and capitalists—that is to say, the only persons competent to express an opinion—are almost unanimously for the single gold standard.*"

I desire to be highly respectful to M. Beaulieu, but there is nevertheless a strong temptation to say that any man who will endeavor to dispose of a great economic question which affects every civilized being on the surface of the planet by declaring that nobody is competent to express an opinion upon it but financiers and capitalists, furnishes at least presumptive evidence of his own unfitness to deal with the question. If the issue could be disposed of in that easy way, the "financiers and capitalists" would certainly be in clover.

All men who are engaged in any kind of business in which terms of money are employed are interested in money, its quantity and its character.

The man whose work is of a productive nature is certainly interested in the price which he is to obtain for his product, whatever that product may be. This price necessarily depends upon the amount of money which is available for the purchase of the particular product. All business being done on the

basis of "price," the question of money concerns everybody who is connected with business either as an employer or employee. Whether a man be competent to express an opinion upon it, depends entirely upon his intelligence and the extent of his research.

Why a man who is raising potatoes to be sold for "money" cannot study the subject of "money" in its relation to potatoes quite as intelligently as the man who simply loans money, charging interest for its use, M. Beaulieu makes no effort to explain. He simply elevates his financier and capitalist upon a mountain height of assumed superiority, and in effect tells all other men that it is useless for them to study the monetary question, for they will not be able to understand it if they do.

M. Beaulieu's fitness to discuss the question of bimetallism is further impeached by the fact that he begins his argument with a reference to the insignificance of the silver product of the United States compared with other products, as if the struggle for the restoration of bimetallism involved nothing more than a raising of the market price of silver for the benefit of the miner.

It is essentially a Wall Street argument (?), one of those crafty plays by which the real issue has been obscured and millions of honest men deceived.

If silver is to be destroyed as money because the market value of the annual product of our mines is only thirty-seven and a half million dollars, as he says, why would not a similar argument apply to gold? From 1873 to 1893 the average annual production of the gold mines of the United States was considerably less than that figure.

The value of our silver product or of the gold production to the miner is only an infinitesimal part of the question. It must be borne in mind that they have both, from the earliest ages, been treated as money metals, — agencies by which the values of other things are determined. The effect of practically destroying one of them as a measure of value and devolving the entire function of standard money upon the other is scarcely noticed by M. Beaulieu.

And yet what he says concerning the market price of silver bullion does possess a certain value in the discussion as it has been conducted in America. Many of the advocates of the gold standard have quite persistently claimed that the demonetization of silver has had no effect upon its value.

Even Mr. Carlisle has declared that silver fell, not because of demonetization, but as a result of "enormous over-production." M. Beaulieu tells us that if all civilized nations should adopt the gold standard, silver would probably "fix itself between twenty-five pence and twenty-eight pence per ounce," at which price "it would be nearly stable."

By what method of calculation he arrives at these figures, or by what process of economic reasoning he reaches the conclusion that at those figures the price would be nearly stable, he fails to inform us. Had he attempted a demonstration, he would have at once realized the vast difference between glittering generalities and rational deductions.

In fact, the statement is not only a mere arbitrary assumption on his part, but, speaking with all due respect, it is absurd. No human being is competent to say what the gold price of silver would be under the conditions he names. Unless there should be a very marked falling off in the production, it is morally certain that the price would be considerably lower than it is now. Beyond that no economist mindful of his reputation would feel safe in going.

The statement is wholly unimportant except in the admission that a further demonetization of silver would lead to a still further shrinkage in its market price. M. Beaulieu probably did not realize the significance of this admission, because, when analyzed, it goes to the very core of the question, which his own argument fails to touch.

How would the adoption of the gold standard by all civilized nations affect the price of silver? In two ways. First, it would lessen the demand for silver for monetary use, and, second, it would increase the demand for gold for that same use.

Unless production should increase *pro rata*, — of which a little later, — an increased demand for gold to be coined into money would necessarily enhance its value.

This means a still further fall in the prices of commodities and property. It is scarcely conceivable that any writer will seriously argue that the value of gold can rise without a corresponding fall in the prices of those things which gold measures.

If M. Beaulieu is prepared to make such a claim, his friends in all kindness should advise him to permanently retire from the field of economic literature. So the concession that silver will fall in price as a result of further demoneti-

zation carries with it the corollary that under normal conditions of production gold will rise in value, and this simply means that the prices of commodities and property measured by the gold standard must fall.

M. Beaulieu does not deny the great fall in prices that has taken place during the last twenty-two years in countries that use gold as their standard money, but he denies that it has been caused by an appreciation of gold. Technically he may be right. A fall of prices cannot be fairly said to have been *caused* by an appreciation of gold. It *is* an appreciation of gold. Value is merely a term of relation indicating the rates at which two things will exchange for each other. Hence, when wheat falls relatively to gold, the latter must rise relatively to the wheat.

Whatever the cause may be, the fact is that an ounce of gold will now exchange for nearly twice as much of commodities in general as it would twenty-two years ago. If that does not indicate that gold is more valuable than formerly, then there is no meaning in words.

A man who had \$100,000 in gold in 1873 and has it now, can buy with it nearly or quite twice as much of the products of other men's labors as he could at the former date. In effect, he is twice as rich, and still we are gravely assured that there has been no appreciation of gold.

M. Beaulieu repeats the well-worn claim that prices have fallen because of "considerable increase of production, the progress in industrial methods, and the application of science to this production." Briefly, this is increased production and nothing more, because improved methods can only affect prices by increasing production.

He glides smoothly over this point, asserting dogmatically that increased production has been the cause, but making no effort whatever to prove it. Even within the limits of a magazine article, he might have found space for a few specifications. Surely, if he had been in possession of any proofs, he would have presented some of them. He was keenly on the alert to give figures on points altogether prophetic and almost immaterial, but upon the vital claim of over-production he contents himself with a mere general assertion, leaving the bimetallist to prove the negative.

It is a well-known fact that between 1850 and 1870 wholesale prices rose upon an average about twenty per cent. It is equally well known that since 1870 they have fallen

nearly fifty per cent. Such a change is nothing less than phenomenal. Something of an extraordinary character must have occurred to produce it. What was that extraordinary thing?

We know that in 1873 the monetary system of Europe and America was revolutionized by the practical abandonment of silver as standard money.

Can M. Beaulieu suggest anything in the way of mechanical improvement that will compare in importance with the virtual destruction of nearly one half the metallic money of Europe and America? The opinion is respectfully ventured that he cannot.

Money is one side of every business transaction. Consequently anything which affects the supply of money must affect the prices of all things that are measured by money.

We *know* that silver has been demonetized. We do not know of any unusual increase of production. On the contrary, the best attainable evidence is the other way. Prof. Sauerbeck is the highest living authority, and his carefully prepared tables show that the increase was much greater from 1850 to 1870 than it was from 1870 to 1890. He states that during the first twenty years production increased two and three quarters per cent annually, while during the latter twenty the increase was only one and one sixth, — less than half as much.

Still in the face of a vastly increased production prices rose twenty per cent during the former period, while with less than half the increase during the latter they fell twice twenty per cent.

The economic writer who denies that the demonetization of silver has lowered prices is simply closing his eyes to what ought to be self-evident, and seeking blindly for purely theoretical and speculative causes.

Not only does M. Beaulieu ignore the obvious cause of falling prices, but to the distress resulting therefrom he appears to be entirely oblivious, for he makes no mention of it. That falling prices continuing over a long period of time have the effect of increasing the burden of debt and benefiting the non-producer at the expense of the producer, is too plain to admit of discussion.

It tends to check industrial enterprise, leading to business depression, enforced idleness and suffering among the masses. That such conditions have existed for more than

twenty years is recognized by almost every reputable economist, and the causes have been made the subject of several laborious official investigations.

The United States is the greatest debtor and producing nation in the world. The demonetization of silver necessarily lowers the prices of what we have to sell, increases the burden of our vast debt, and thus injures this country far more than it does any other.

Moreover, our great agricultural staples are being sold in the closest competition with silver-standard countries which have the benefit of both cheaper labor and cheaper money. Thus they are enabled to force the prices of those staples even lower than the mere destruction of silver, standing by itself, would carry them.

This whole question of prices, deeply involving the happiness and prosperity of seventy millions of American people, — the very germ of the entire bimetallic problem, — M. Beaulieu completely ignores.

He advises the adoption of the gold standard as a mere abstraction, wholly regardless of its probable effects. The greatest producing nation in the world is urged to establish a monetary policy which will certainly lower the money value of its salable products. The greatest debtor nation is told that it should bind itself completely to a monetary system under which the dollars that we have to pay are constantly growing more valuable and more difficult to get.

We are suffering from competition with silver-using countries, intensifying the difference in exchange between gold and silver, and he asks us to pursue a policy the effect of which must be to further enhance the value of gold, lower that of silver, increase the difference in exchange, and give the silver countries a still further advantage.

In short, that because we are a rich nation, full of resources, we must submit to be plucked, bled, and robbed at every turn, in order to attain financial supremacy.

His estimates of future gold production can scarcely be considered legitimate economic discussion. They are mere guesses. No man is justified in attempting to decide a great question of political economy by blindly guessing at the future production of gold. All human experience proves that in such cases, when excitement is rife, as at present in Colorado and South Africa, the tendencies are strongly in the line of exaggerated estimates. In 1857 the gold fields of California and

Australia were believed to be inexhaustible, and greater men than M. Beaulieu advised the demonetization of gold. In fact the work was begun, and if France had yielded to the clamor, the relative positions of gold and silver might now be completely reversed.

In 1873 the most marvellous tales were floating in the air of the fabulous wealth of the Comstock lode, and probably no one thing contributed more largely to the demonetization of silver than the belief that the Nevada mines were about to "flood" the world with that metal. To-day they are almost exhausted.

Even if his estimates be approximately correct, they prove nothing in favor of the gold standard. He does not claim that the increase will be sufficient to cause a decided advance in prices, or in fact any advance. He thinks it will merely have the effect of steadying them. When a writer dealing with a future production that must necessarily involve much uncertainty, arrives at the conclusion that it will not be sufficient to cause a decided advance in prices, but will be sufficient to "steady" them, it should be apparent that he is drawing the lines of conjecture with a very delicate pen.

He is probably right, though, in the opinion that there will be no decided advance of prices consequent upon the enlarged output of gold. Not for the reason which he gives, *i. e.*, scientific progress in methods of production and the smaller increase of population in most countries, but because of the vastly greater amounts of gold being steadily absorbed by the arts and the constantly increasing need of more money with which to transact the rapidly augmenting volume of the world's business.

With great nations and great banks swelling ever their hoards of gold, and more and more countries planting themselves upon that standard, it is morally certain that gold will continue to rise in value, which is only another way of saying that prices will continue to fall.

The "scientific progress" of which M. Beaulieu speaks, also enormously increases consumption. Therefore its probable effect upon prices is very difficult of determination.

It is a most remarkable thing that all "scientific progress" should operate to the disadvantage of the producer and for the benefit of the moneyed classes. But that is the inexorable logic of the whole argument based upon the theory of over-production.

Whatever improvements may be made whereby production is increased, the man with the fixed amount of money must have the entire benefit.

It never occurs to the gold advocate that money should increase *pro rata* with other things, so as to maintain stability of price. The sole remedy possible under his system is to *limit production*, which means more idle labor, more business depression, and more suffering among the toilers and producers.

Therefore in an essay written for the sole purpose of demonstrating the conditions of American financial supremacy, he leaves us without a glimmer of hope.

The only way the American people can reach that supremacy is by getting fair prices for what they have to sell. No individual ever got rich working for nothing. No more can a nation. No person of good common sense, heavily in debt, ever attempted to improve his condition by making it more difficult for him to pay that debt. No more should a nation. But that is exactly what M. Beaulieu advises as a sure road to "American financial supremacy."

WOMAN IN SOCIETY TO-DAY.

BY ANNA EDITH UPDEGRAFF HILLES.

There is perhaps no sign of the times so full of promise, so inspiring to effort, and so helpful to right living as the enlargement of the opportunities of women. And this the world over; for not only is it specially true in our own blessed land, but in England, in Australia, in New Zealand, in Hungary, in Germany, in Italy, in Iceland, in India, in Syria, in China, and even in Russia, doors whose bolts and bars have been covered by the rust of centuries are to-day being pushed open by the united efforts of women. On all sides it is agreed that there is just now a great awakening among women.

As to their attributes and capabilities, we are told that they are seriously inquiring for the roads that will conduct them to their largest and noblest development. Prof. Mason, the curator of the United States National Museum, in his scholarly essay on Applied Sociology which he calls "Woman's Share in Primitive Culture," declares that "no study can lead them to truer success than a careful review of those activities and occupations through which they have contributed so much to the general sum of happiness." Prof. Mason in this book proves by her works woman's share in the culture of the world. He calls five witnesses to the stand: History, Language, Archæology, Ethnology, and Folk-lore are examined for data respecting the primitive woman's activities. He learns of her as food-bringer, weaver, skin-dresser, potter, Jack-of-all-trades, burden-bearer, artist, linguist, as founder of society and patron of religion; in a word, the inventor of all the peaceful arts of life. This book is called by a critic "a record of honorable achievements, stored capital, accumulated experience and energy."

It is well worthy of its prominence as leader of the new scientific series. If woman, the founder of society in its beginnings, its mainspring through all the ages (often hidden, it is true, but steadily keeping time for all humanity), becomes to-day the vital force which is to make society morally purer and intellectually broader, surely it is most fitting that we look for a little upon her privileges, her responsibilities, and her use of both.

On the 19th of November a representative gathering from eighty-nine clubs of women in the State of New York held a meeting in New York City to harmonize the different elements that tend to develop and educate her sex and to unite in common interest women of all ranks, professions, industries, and faiths, the main idea of this call to organize a New York State Federation being to organize in groups literary, educational, scientific, professional, industrial, reform, philanthropic, political, and village improvement clubs.

The president of Sorosis said two things worthy of mention :

First. — "The practical interests of woman are multiplying so rapidly that only in this way can we follow them and give their value to the world." Second. — "She who stands alone to-day — be she woman or an organization of women — is missing her place in the great accordant note of the century."

On Nov. 3 Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson said to the three hundred and fifty women composing the Civic Club in Philadelphia :

When this club came into existence last January, we publicly pledged ourselves to promote "by education and active co-operation a higher public spirit and a better social order." Our broad and flexible organization, divided into four departments covering Municipal Government, Education, Social Science, and Art, clearly defines the scope of our work and at the same time gives ample freedom to individual ability and to personal preference. "Mutual love represented by mutual forbearance and mutual service" is the law of social organism. We have already held meetings in co-operation with the Municipal League, with the Public Education Association, with the Permanent Relief Fund and the Charity Organization.

She goes on to say :

The unfortunate condition of municipal politics is after all but the outcome of our general social condition. I am firmly convinced that much of the present evil may be traced to the thoughtlessness of the so-called thinking classes, to our own indifference, self-indulgence, and self-righteousness. I take it that the conscience of the average councilman fairly represents the ethical development of the average citizen. A people, it has been said, generally has the government it deserves. The task before us to-day, as I see it, is not to wield weapons and to slaughter men and parties who do not happen to think or feel as we do, principally, perhaps, because their training has been different, but to show the way to higher standards and to help those about us to see, to know, to aim at the intangible something that, to those who possess it, is worth more than money, patronage, and preferment, — the self-respect that brings with it the respect of others, and the unselfish devotion to certain ever-broadening ideals that leads a man to take a disinterested interest in the advancement of his town, his country, and, finally, his kind.

In line with this we hear much also of the "fine example of the Woman's Club of Chicago, through which splendid individual work has been accomplished, with the full backing of hundreds of loyal women, thus presenting the soul-stirring

spectacle of a huge piece of human machinery in which individual ability is the sharp cutting edge driven through the hardest metal by the powerful force of a united sisterhood."

As nineteenth-century women, with our multiplied means of organized effort in every direction, we are possibly in danger of forgetting all that is due to one pioneer woman, a contemporary of Defoe, Mary Astell. It is but two hundred years since she dared to plead, and to be the very first to plead, for just this thing, — social equality and the necessity of a thorough education. It is but one hundred years since Mary Wollstonecraft was persecuted beyond measure for believing the same thing. It is within the memory of women like Harriet Judd Sartain and Mary Mapes Dodge that when these sister friends sought to fit themselves for their chosen fields of medicine and journalism their own families and relatives became their most persistent and discouraging opponents. Dr. Sartain has repeatedly said that the insults and derision, the jealousy and unmanliness of the students in the clinic and lecture room were as nothing to her (so determined was she to ignore them, even though the only woman among scores of hooting and hissing men), but the criticism and doubting of those who were near and dear to her — this was the sorest trial of that day of unbelief in the *union* of career and character in *any woman*. More and more does the public opinion which moulds society see that the only way to have absolute freedom is to establish one standard by which men and women shall be judged. Dr. Coit asserts that every restraint put upon man's laxity means added liberty for woman. Happily it is now the fashion for women to become workers and to engage in any honorable occupation for which they can fit themselves, whether it be trade, manufacture, a profession, the public service, or any other career for which they are competent. The New York *Sun* said recently :

Women are now successfully pursuing *every* department of business and professional industry in numbers so great that their appearance in competition with men no longer attracts attention and they suffer nothing in public or private estimation in consequence of this; now, having won their social rights, now, having demonstrated their ability to compete with men in private business, they are growing confident of their ability to join with them in the management of the affairs of the State. They are calmly organizing to influence the reason and the justice of the coming Constitutional Convention. It is noticeable, too, that the headquarters of the committee of ladies who sent out the circular which follows are at a resort of fashion in Fifth Avenue and not at a place with which radicalism or eccentricity is associated. This indicates that the present movement expects to receive aid and impulse from social forces which hitherto

have turned with indifference or revulsion from efforts to obtain woman suffrage. Therein consists its great significance. This circular reads as follows :

A committee of ladies invite you and all the adult members of your household to call at Sherry's on any Saturday in March or April, between nine and six o'clock, to sign a petition to strike out in our State Constitution the word male as a qualification for voters. Circulars explaining the reasons for this request may be obtained at the same time and place.

Signed to this circular are the names of seven women prominent in society, beginning with Mrs. Lowell, the chairman of the Municipal League, — Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell, Mrs. Joseph H. Choate, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, Mrs. J. Warren Goddard, Mrs. Robert Abbe, Mrs. Henry M. Saunders, Miss Adele M. Fielde.

The *Sun* adds :

Undoubtedly if this committee represents the sentiment of a great body of the intelligent women of the State, its petition to strike from the State Constitution the word "male" as a qualification for voters will not go unheeded. Whenever women generally want the suffrage, and make known their want, they will obtain it.

He would be a brave man indeed who denied to woman to-day her equality of education and social position. In addition, conservatives like Cardinal Gibbons and Dr. Parkhurst freely admit the inability of men to cope with the evils of the times unaided by the mental and moral strength of women. These men and a host of others have publicly besought the co-operation and influence of women to bring about a new order of things, especially in New York, in Chicago, in Kentucky, and in Colorado. The quick and effective response of an immense majority of the women who lead in society is an omen of good not to be under-estimated, and one of many things which may make us exceeding glad to be women at the close of this nineteenth century.

Mrs. Lowell's selection of ladies for the Municipal League was a wonderful committee. Probably none more representative could have been chosen from the Four Hundred. The twenty-five women composing this committee were said to be worth \$20,000,000 in their own right and to have husbands whose aggregate wealth was over \$100,000,000. But it was not so much their wealth as their social distinction which impressed the city. If they had done nothing else, they have accomplished a weighty fact in stamping the movement with the seal of fashion.

The *Tribune* says :

Women have now a new title in New York to respect and praise by their fidelity to principles they were urged to defend everywhere except at the polls. With an enthusiasm and persistency that did them infinite

credit, they contributed their influence to the cause of good government. We trust that they will derive great satisfaction from the assurance that they were powerful allies even without the ballot.

The Boston *Advertiser* says :

The unquestionable sentiment of women and of the majority of thinking men is that there is no reason why a woman, on account of her sex, should be shut out from participating in municipal affairs. Such being the case, the eternal justice of not raising any distinction of sex in regard to voting is none the less established, and we believe the advent of women in the consideration and discussion of public questions is always uplifting and improving.

By the admission of the Associated Press we learn of the recent election in Denver that "nothing since the adoption of the Australian ballot system has more contributed to quietness than the presence of women at the polls. Men who shrank from the bustle and uproar of the contending partisans at the polls came with their wives to-day, so that the male vote is much larger than usual." A significant fact in connection with the registration of thirty thousand women in Chicago is brought out by the papers of that city. "As in Denver and Boston, so in Chicago, the registration of women voters is largest in the best wards and smallest in the ignorant and degraded parts of the city."

Frances Willard, in her annual address before the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, evidently agrees with the little girl who, when asked how Eve was made, responded, "Out of Adam's backbone, and I guess it took it all," for she says:

The moral backbone of this nation is its womanhood. In twenty-two States women now vote on the school question, and following the lead of their brothers in Wyoming, the men of Colorado have placed the women of their State beside them on the throne of popular judgment. The municipal ballot has been given to women in Kansas, and has proved the right arm of the enforcement of prohibitory law.

In New Zealand men have given the full ballot to women, and the dominant issue is the prohibition cause.

(Women delegates have been welcomed from Wyoming to the Republican National Convention, and for the first time in the history of the world have cast their ballots in the election of a national ruler.)

In Iceland, since 1882, widows and all self-supporting women over twenty years of age have had the right to vote at municipal and vestry-board elections, and a movement is on foot to make them members of the National Assembly, or Parliament.

In England, the women have been specially working for the passage of the Parish Councils Act. This gives woman the power to vote on the same terms as men and permits her

election on the Board of Councils. Heretofore the parson and the 'squire have controlled the affairs of the laboring classes. "Now for the first time," writes a relative, "they will have a chance to show their power if they can be made to understand. But their sodden darkness and ignorance is immense. Most of the people in our village did not even know that there were to be any Parish Councils at all, until we went around and distributed leaflets on the subject. Now, however, we hear that they are all stirred up by our leaflets, and we hope that they will have the courage to shake off the tyranny of the 'squire and the parson."

WHAT THE COUNCIL WILL DO.

The chief work will be:

1. The appointment of overseers and assistant overseers, whose duty it will be to collect the poor-rates, levy the rate required for education, put every person qualified to vote on the proper register, and in cases of "sudden" and "urgent" emergency, to give relief to the poor. (A woman can be an overseer.)
2. The holding of property for the benefit of the poor.
3. The purchase and hiring of land for allotments and other purposes (under certain conditions compulsorily).
4. The entire or partial control of parish charities (generally not ecclesiastical) by the appointment of charity trustees.
5. The removal of nuisances.
6. The obtaining, by agreement, of a proper water supply, and bringing it to the houses.
7. The erection of a village hall.
8. The protection of village greens, rights of way, and roadside wastes, and the repair of footpaths.
9. The carrying out of any of the "Adoptive Acts" if they be adopted by the Parish Meeting:
 - (a) The Lighting and Watching Act;
 - (b) The Baths and Washhouses Acts;
 - (c) The Burial Acts;
 - (d) The Public Improvements Act;
 - (e) The Public Libraries Act.
10. The power of appeal if the Rural District Council does not fulfil its duty as local sanitary authority, or its duty of protecting public rights of way, etc.

A veteran statesman, Sir George Grey, has watched with interest the triumphant consummation of women's suffrage in New Zealand, and in a speech of great weight made the other day he assured Englishmen "that if the women of Great Britain have the franchise given to them they will bring mildness into severe laws, promote temperance to a great degree, and that their interest in their husbands and children will be greater because they will possess more power to do good to those they love." This is the view that earnest and thoughtful people are everywhere taking.

A comprehensive work now in course of publication in Berlin is entitled "Woman's Struggle for Existence in Modern Life." The first part, "Woman in the Service of the State," has just appeared. It notes the remarkable fact that while three of the rulers of Europe—the Queen of England and the Queens Regent of Holland and Spain—have displayed capacities which put them quite on a level with their masculine contemporaries on European thrones, neither of them, if she had not been called to the very first place in the Government, could have obtained even the lowest employment in the administrative service of the country.

The *Critic* adds:

This concrete instance appeals to the mind more powerfully than volumes of abstract discussion. Does our present system of exclusion really deprive us of the services of what is, on the whole, by far the better half of humanity?

But while it is true that in America, in England, in Australia, and even in far-away little Iceland, woman is a large and influential factor in society, that her horizon is constantly widening so that her dreams and desires of yesterday are being crystallized into realities to-day, on the other hand let us for a little glance at the condition just now of women in Germany and in India, especially, the better to appreciate their despairing and degraded state. Can we for a moment doubt that if the Empress of Germany were in any degree able or willing to see beyond her own luxurious and safe environment, her countrywomen would be suffering as they are to-day? The Kaiser has declared more than once that he prefers a wife who can make jam to one who can discuss a constitution. In the last issue of the *Woman at Home* we read that she is called the "Patron Saint of the Three K's," and a favorite saying of the Emperor is that he could wish nothing better for the welfare of his nation than that the girls of Germany should follow the example of the Empress and devote their lives as she does to the cultivation of the three K's — *Kirche, Kinder, und Küche*. With such a combination of conservatism at the head of this great empire, is it any wonder that in all civic and social duties, in all just recognition of the work and wages of women, in all educational rights and advantages which they are still struggling to grasp, German women to-day are whole centuries behind in position and privilege? Can it be a matter of wonder that four millions of these women are doing the

scavenger work of the streets, winding coal up from the mines because woman-power is cheaper than steam-power, mixing the mortar for the building trades, and living under conditions, even in the rich city of Frankfurt, that, as Edward Atkinson says in the last *Forum*, "are so abject that the water in which one man's sausage is boiled can be sold to him who has no sausage to give a little flavor to a starvation diet." If that German Empress and the women of her court believed "that the end of creation is not the happiness but the virtue of rational souls," would their days and nights be given up to selfishness, ease, and pleasure, while wrongs and cruelties and oppressions are rife about them? I hope to live to see the day, and I have full faith in its speedy dawning, when these high-born women will become aroused and awakened as from an awful nightmare of lethargy and sloth, becoming a mighty moral force which shall right these monstrous wrongs. For nowadays the moral force is the prevailing force, and sooner or later legal action is bound to follow persistent and united effort, the unanimous sentiment of society.

In a lecture heard a short time ago I was told that there are in India one hundred and thirty millions of women. They are by no means the savages we imagine, but polite, extremely intellectual, and deeply religious. The most appalling feature in work among them is their ignorance, and their ignorance of their ignorance. Many, most, indeed all, of the millions of women in the zenanas know less than our little children, and are absolutely shut in one or more rooms from the age of seven or eight until they die. One aged woman told a zenana worker that she had never seen a tree since a little child and had quite forgotten how it looked. In all their religion—and one might add religions—is that sort of fatalism which gives them that patient endurance of their lives and burdens so characteristic of the Eastern woman. Yet their strength of intellect and character is such that the Christianizing of scores and hundreds of villages depends upon the women in these villages. They are followed, not led, by the men in all matters pertaining to religion, in giving up their idols, renouncing caste distinctions, and so forth. When these women are permitted to take their proper places in society, what will be the inevitable result? Will the world not take a great stride toward that millennium we all desire?

In looking up the achievements of many hundreds of

women representing all classes of society, I think nothing has given me more genuine pleasure than to learn that in the car-shops of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, in Wilmington, is an Irish-American girl who has been for some time the head designer in car decoration, earning her \$54 each month. Her father for forty years was an Irish laborer in the P. W. & B. R. R. yard, but by her energy, ability, and the atmosphere of privilege and opportunity she has breathed, this girl has risen step by step to the top in her department, and has recently been given charge of it. In the Pullman car works in Wilmington are employed many women under a woman foreman in the upholstery, car-decorating, designing, and glass-embossing departments. The only woman now taking a course of mechanical drawing in the Institute night drawing-school is one of these glass-embossers, who is hoping thus to train herself for a higher position in this glass work, all of which has heretofore been done by men.

A valuable report has recently been issued by the Department of Labor at Washington which gives personal statistics of 17,427 wage-earning girls in twenty-two different cities. The largest proportion of these began to support themselves at fourteen. Miss Dodge, who has learned to know about the lives of over 11,000 of these girls, says that "nowhere else can be found in greater degree the noble impulses of heroism, self-sacrifice, patience, cheerfulness, and aspiration. Thousands gather every night in working girls' societies or other rooms opened to them, where they can study and improve themselves." Our present factory system began only at the latter part of the last century. In 1836 only seven vocations were open to women, chief of which were factory hands and household servants. In 1884 no less than 354 sub-divisions of industry were open to them, into which more than 2,600,000 women had entered. Out of a million population in the Australasian colony there are 114,222 women wage-earners to-day, of whom 30,924 are under twenty years. The State Factory Inspectors report last week that in the State of New York in 11,000 factories and workshops are employed 412,237 persons, of whom 138,708 are women. The total number of children under sixteen employed was 13,864. During the year 2,580 children were discharged under the law (passed in 1886) restricting the employment of illiterate children or those under fourteen.

At the opposite end of the social scale we are told that Jay

Gould's daughter Helen spends every possible dollar of her \$6,000 a month in charity, so that with \$15,000,000 at her command, she decided not to take a box at the opera the past winter that she might have the extra sum for some coveted charity. It is said that twelve of the fifteen girls entering society in New York this winter are millionnaires, two being wealthier than Miss Gould.

In a recent number of the *North American Review* there is an article by a young woman, Elizabeth Bisland, setting forth the opinion that the average woman is totally ignorant of fundamental economics, though she is the spender and distributor of the money the men accumulate. The *Working Woman's Journal* lately presented a striking instance of ability in this direction, which may be interesting in this connection.

Mrs. Harriet W. R. Strong of Ranchito del Fuerto, near Los Angeles, Southern California, had seven exhibits at Chicago — oranges, lemons, and walnuts in the Horticultural Building, and others in the Mining and Agricultural Buildings. A model of a restraining dam for hydraulic mining took a prize at the Exhibition. A system of storage reservoir for mining débris was highly indorsed by practical men of experience. She is a member of the Chamber of Commerce in Los Angeles, and the other day, in conjunction with Miss Kelso, the City Librarian of Los Angeles, voted on the question of a deep-water harbor for Los Angeles. She has also just given bonds to the amount of \$100,000 as treasurer of an irrigation district. Mrs. Strong is one of the many women who have been thrust into the business world without preparation for it. Her husband, Mr. Charles L. Strong, was the first superintendent of the Comstock mine. He died ten years ago, leaving his wife and four daughters only a small life insurance, which was soon swallowed up in litigation. Mrs. Strong was under Dr. Weir Mitchell's care in Philadelphia when the news of her husband's death came to her. Returning to Oakland, her home in California, she took her young children to the South, where she had an interest in an entirely uncultivated ranch of 320 acres. Against the persuasion of all her friends, Mrs. Strong determined to cultivate this ranch. She borrowed \$4,000 and set to work. Every one thought she was demented and would die in the attempt. To-day, 225 of the 320 acres are under cultivation — 75 acres are in English walnuts and 75 in oranges of the finest species; 35 acres are waving with pampas grass, hundreds of dollars' worth of which she sells in Europe every year.

In a large number of manufacturing concerns in Massachusetts the affairs of which are covered by the latest report of the State Bureau of Labor statistics, there were 43,803 partners or stockholders in 1893 against 42,735 in 1892. The number of men included in the total for the latter year was greater, however, than that which was covered by the larger figures for 1893. There were 27,325 male partners or stockholders in 1892 and 27,211 in 1893. On the other hand, the number of women who had an interest in the manufactories dealt with by the report was 16,592 in 1893 against 15,410 in the year preceding. The partners or stockholders were 63.94 per cent men in 1892 and 27.56 per cent women. In 1893 the proportions were 28.38 per cent of women and 62.12 per cent of men. The change thus shown to have taken place in one year is regarded by the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* as a curious hint of the tendency of the times to place more and more of the property of the world, and especially

of the United States, in the possession of women. It looks as if the weaker sex, which must hold its goods and chattels in a sense by virtue of the forbearance of the stronger, were destined to become the moneyed part of the human family.

Gen. Booth, the founder of that marvellous organization, the Salvation Army, has directed that at his death its vast financial interests be put under the entire control of his daughter, not his son, and why? Because, as he is wise enough to see and just enough to say, "a woman is far better fitted to deal with and to control either vast numbers of people or vast sums of money than a man." And this, like Col. Higginson, he finds in the very constitution and lifelong habits of women. In his book on "Men and Women" Col. Higginson says :

Every one who has served on public boards or charity organizations with women is probably familiar with this trait. Their memory for small details, too, is more formidable than that of men. The late Miss Abby May, when a member of the State Board of Education, could at any time send a thrill of anxiety through the board by quietly taking from her pocket a certain inexorable little red memorandum book.

It will be found in almost any American city, on comparing the list of officers in the charitable societies of fifty years ago with those of to-day, that whereas they found it necessary to begin with having men as treasurers, women now usually keep these financial affairs in their own hands. This results in a detailed accuracy which is heroic and sometimes pathetic.

A careful statement of the real estate and moneys at interest upon which the women of Philadelphia pay interest has been prepared by the Woman's Suffrage Society of Philadelphia County. It sets forth that in the thirty-seven wards the whole amount of taxable property owned by women is \$153,757,566 in real estate and \$35,743,133 in money at interest. The proportion paid by them is 20 per cent of the entire amount of taxes on real estate in the city of Philadelphia. In the State of New York 350,000 are engaged in industrial pursuits; yet these women and all the women holding property and paying taxes are denied the ballot, while male occupants of almshouses have it. The wittiest woman I know (Kate Field) says : "Reason is said to be a goddess; perhaps this is why there is so *little* of reason in politics. It has never had a chance, owing to sex." The negro and the alien may vote, no matter how ignorant; but woman, no matter what her position or intellect, may not. What a delightful satire on republican institutions!

For myself I do believe, with Frances Power Cobbe, "that any woman worth her salt sooner or later takes an interest in some question which involves legislation, and however much

they may recoil from political duties, women begin to ask themselves, 'Why should I, because I am a woman, be forbidden to help to achieve some public good or to redress some flagrant wrong?'" She herself has given to all women an example for all time, of one woman who, though utterly without wrongs of her own to redress, yet stirred into action by reading in a newspaper a whole series of assaults upon wives, rose from her arm-chair and saying, "I will not rest until I see what I can do to stop this," did stop it. For in 1878, when sixty years of age, she succeeded in having Parliament pass the Matrimonial Causes Act, a law it had year after year refused even to consider, "whereby about one hundred women a year are released from what is practically slavery plus torture and the constant fear of murder, who would otherwise have been still living in that condition."

Some of us may need light on this, that, and the other phase of this wonderful woman-movement as much as that university student who had listened for an hour and a half to the professor of the chair of political economy. "I think I understand the most of your lecture, Professor," spoke up the deeply interested young man, "but I'd like to know whether this *ad valorem* you've been talking about is a man or a woman?"

Nevertheless, with sixty-one new books published this autumn on economics and social problems; with Vassar College raising its standard of scholarship higher than ever before and introducing a new course in money and banking; with women's Municipal Leagues in both the East and West arranging for classes in politics and social science, we surely *need* not and we *will* not remain longer in ignorance concerning those problems which are confronting every thinking mind. With Frances Willard urging that the National Women's Christian Temperance Union create a new department, that of politics; with Miss Jane Adams, the founder of the first social settlement (that woman whose financial ability is as unquestioned and quite as remarkable as is her knowledge of political economy), with this woman presiding over the Arbitration Labor Congress which convened Nov. 14,— with all this and much more that cannot now be named, we are gladdened by the conviction of the speedy enlightenment of women along these lines.

One can study no finer setting forth of this interesting woman-movement concerning both her position and her duty

in society to-day, than in Lady Henry Somerset's paper on the "Renaissance of Women" in the *North American Review* for November. And since I brought to the reading of it an inherited conviction of the natural equality of the sexes, she, like Frances Power Cobbe, seems to me "to be the pioneer and prophet of the widest and most far-reaching manifestation of the divine thought in this our day and generation." I cannot close this paper without repeating some thoughtful words which thrilled me strangely as I read them. They are taken from the *Century Magazine* for December and are these:

Whatever be the future history of woman suffrage, the recent widespread agitation is sure to develop a greater interest on the part of all serious-purposed women in public affairs, and to awaken in them a keener sense of personal responsibility to the community at large.

The effect of the movement upon the State, it is to be hoped, will be a more frank and generous recognition of the women who possess strength, ability, and leisure to serve the public good. Without "erasing the word male" from the Constitution—startling phraseology!—the State has ample power to-day to enlarge the scope of their work. In the expenditure of the vast sums of public revenue, to which women largely contribute, there are many directions in which their watchfulness would tend to increase honesty and economy. In the management of State hospitals, asylums, and prisons, women should be allowed an influential voice. Over public schools there should be the supervision of properly qualified women. In municipal matters that concern health, comfort, and cleanliness, the purifying and beautifying of waste places, the enforcement of tenement-house and poor laws, and in the regulation of the rules that govern the employment of women and children in factories and shops, the woman's hand should be felt and her special knowledge utilized.

In all these directions the best qualities of mind, of heart, and of consecrated service could find ample outlet without any infringement or strain on the natural laws that govern the relation and divide the world's work between the two sexes.

May the State be induced, through enlightenment or pressure, to take these important matters into consideration and to act upon them. And may all women, be they suffragists or anti-suffragists, appreciate that the best promise for to-morrow lies always in the best use made of the opportunities of to-day.

These earnest words seem to contain in a nutshell all that is needful for us as women to know concerning the open avenues of usefulness and service that lie before us to-day,—open avenues that wind away into the sun-rising and whose perspective is lost in its light, a light that is to illumine a new day wherein righteousness shall reign.

THE IMPERIAL POWER IN THE REALM OF TRUTH.

BY PROF. JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

The imperial power in the sphere of truth is undoubtedly God, the imperial power of the universe and author of all truth. And in the Bible we may see certain supreme truths. Likewise in yonder mountain there is gold. It came there during the wild reign of fire. The fire has vanished, but the gold remains, and science, which is from God, will bring forth the gold from the concealing earth.

The truth was sublimely expressed by St. Paul to the Athenians at Mars Hill, when he told them of the "*unknown God*," — the Lord of heaven and earth, who dwelleth not in temples made with hands, who is not far from every one of us, for in him we live and move and have our being, as we are his offspring.

And of this God St. John, the profoundest thinker of antiquity, because most godlike in his sentiments, being the beloved disciple, said, "In the beginning was the law, and the law was with God, and the law was God," — a sentence which demonstrates his inspiration, being the profoundest of truths, foreign to the thought of his age. And so it stood in his writings until juggling priests substituted for "law" the unmeaning mysticism of "the Word" or the "Logos,"* converting profound wisdom into mere empty verbiage, adapted to empty minds, who speak of the *Word* that was God, and similar inanities.

Of this God, the God of law as well as love, St. John has spoken wisely, and as it is known that man was developed in His image, man is the Lord of earth, as an infinitesimal representative of the Lord of the universe.

But man is the Lord of earth only in proportion as God is represented as dwelling in him, — for God is the sole light of the universe, and as St. John said, "That was the true

* Hereafter I shall vindicate St. John from the libel that connects his honored name with that production of a young lunatic, the Apocalypse, which has muddled a million brains in the attempt to find some meaning in it, since it was wrongly placed in the Bible after being decisively rejected by those who, during the first four centuries, were competent to judge, and by the churches to which it was addressed.

light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world ;" and as the divine element is lost man becomes a savage, no better than a wild animal, or a grovelling idiot, or a miserable criminal, sunk in the purgatorial hell of his own debasement.

These self-evident propositions are the substance of all philosophy, for in them we find the entire code of life, if we understand that God is love as well as power, to which we owe unlimited devotion, as Jesus taught and as man has forgotten.

Yes, the world has forgotten God and lost the sacred truth which came with Christ. He came when all seemed going down into a moral abyss — when the basest criminals of all the earth not only ruled in servile Rome, but were deified when they died, and worship demanded for their infamy.

He came to an inevitable death, to flash the divine light upon a world of gloom and misery. He died, and that gloom has never been lifted ; and now the same abyss yawns before us as in the dread years of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, and Titus, — sixty-five years of terror, ending in the bloody destruction of Jerusalem, predicted by Christ, and the sudden burial of Pompeii and Herculaneum by Vesuvius — a mournful period, contemporaneous with the saddest and sublimest of earth's tragedies — the dawn and the destruction of visible Christianity by the deaths of its founder and its heroes.

The modern Pharisee may deny the destruction of Christianity in that awful time when, as Jesus predicted, there were wars and rumors of wars, earthquakes, famine, pestilence, nations rising against nations, the ocean raging and Jerusalem destroyed ; but if he can point to a single nation or a single year in any nation, or a single community in which Christianity has existed as in the Pentecostal days or the days when the Master washed the feet of the disciples in a humble apartment, instead of dwelling in a bishop's palace, exacting the last dollar of tithes from impoverished and ignorant toilers for his own splendor, and giving commands or inspiration and blessings to answer for their bloody work, as when they inspired and prayed for the Hessians sent to conquer our ancestors, and the bloody hordes of Louis XIV sent to exterminate the Albigensian and Waldensian Christians, then it might be admitted that latent Christianity has had some small and limited growth in earth since its apparent destruc-

tion in the first century, as the grass may sometimes have a green spot in winter.

But looking at the entire world, we see all nations trampling on the overthrown principles of Christianity, which is the religion of peace and brotherhood — brotherhood being treated as the dream of a visionary, and war as the normal condition of humanity, as Von Moltke maintained, and as all great statesmen practically agree — ten millions being ready armed for slaughter, and uneasily anticipating when it will begin; Christian Armenia devastated by the Turks, with the full consent of all European nations, so farcically called Christian; Christian Abyssinia murderously invaded by the desperado government of Italy, which has nearly enslaved and bankrupted itself to attain the rank of a bully among bullying nations; and struggling Cuba threatened with extermination to enslave it by a realm which boasts of its fidelity to what it calls a Christian church, which never objects to such wars, with a Christian (?) nation looking on which could end it in a month if it cared.

And whether we look back into the centuries or look around the globe, we find no brightness anywhere, but only deeper and denser darkness, as we look into the gloomy past beyond which we see where the light of Christianity was extinguished at the end of the first century.

How daringly absurd then to speak of Christianity surviving the first century, because human virtue has not been and cannot be extirpated entirely, and a few good men in every age have raised their voices in earnest protest, often at the risk of the loss of life, and many good women obey their natural inspiration of love, for God cannot be entirely walled out from humanity by any brazen dome erected either by a false theology or by governments and armies. And we must not forget that many good people have sought God not in vain; many lives have been devoted to the work of salvation as they understood it, and there have been many times of glorious outpourings of the Spirit of God and of marvellous works. When the sun is gone we have the moon and stars to relieve our night.

But the Christianity of Christ has been so effectually walled out — *how and why is the great question* — that society illustrates well the Cain and Abel story by its intense, unvarying war of social selfishness, against which a few followers struggle in vain. Selfishness is eternal war — the war of the

fortunate and unfortunate, of wealth and poverty—the upper ranks on the social ladder kicking down all below them, wealth ever pushing poverty to the desolate border of starvation, and poverty angrily defiant until it is conquered and becomes pitifully abject—a condition concisely described by Carlyle as a “*hell-scramble*,” a continuous war, the annual result of which in the United States is a murder for every hour of the day and night through three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, and about two thousand more for the holidays and mobs.

Our Christianity is the bedfellow of a social system organized well to divide mankind into two classes, of lords and serfs,—the oligarchy and the laborers,—the eighteen hundred years of the prolonged crucifixion of Christ,—for as he said, what is done to the humblest is done to him.

But Christianity is not a corpse, for *it can never die*. It lives in the bosom of humanity as the seed that falls in summer lives in the cold ground through the winter.

The continents have had their ice age, we know not why, and in the progress of old humanity has had its moral age of ice, upon which the sun is now shining, and along its thawing margin the hardest mountain growth, the tree of liberty, appears,—a hardy forest. Though half stunted, even on the American continent, we know that when full blown it will shelter justice, brotherhood, and love, all of which will come with Christianity.

From this digression, looking at falsehood, let us return to the imperial power of the truth that is to save the world. It is the divine light of which St. John spoke, and it is the highest achievement of theosophy to have demonstrated in the constitution of man the influx of that light and the wonderful structure by which it is received. The brain is the centre of life, in which the power of Him in whom we live and move and have our being controls the apparatus that it needs for fifty or a hundred years to achieve the conquest of the earth, which is destined in other ages to grow into the likeness of heaven, as foreshadowed in the prayer “thy kingdom come.”

In the long darkness that has followed the first century, so fatal to religion, man, becoming ignorant of God and ignorant of the higher laws of life, knows not that he has in himself the divine element that dwells in humanity, and when first informed of this he is as helpless in its development and use

as the babe just learning to use its muscles and unconscious that it can ever learn to walk.

In the essay on Scientific Theosophy I have endeavored to show that man carries in himself the potentiality of all wisdom—the divine power that may lead him out of all ignorance, discord, misery, and crime to the fulfilment of the loftiest aspirations and attainment of the most perfect happiness—not by the old scholastic cramming methods, but by the culture of his inborn powers.

The sudden presentation of so great a truth, though it be the result of sixty years' investigation of the temporal and eternal worlds that are ours, by all the methods known to scientists and by methods not heretofore in use, cannot at once command implicit confidence (it certainly would not formerly have commanded mine), for it needs to be preceded by the volumes of recorded investigation and experiment by which this result has been reached. Had the world been more hospitable to revolutionary truths, all this would now have been in print, as well as the five thousand pages already issued and circulating among advanced thinkers while the remainder has been waiting the progress of the public mind. What I am offering now through a magazine is like offering a summary at the end of a volume the contents of which have not been read. In the two volumes now in preparation the scientific and the religious consummation of theosophy will be presented.

The most essential proposition is the existence in man of divine elements, heretofore unrecognized by colleges and churches (though very dimly perceived by mystic philosophers of antiquity), capable of coming forth to practical utility if cultivated, as the healing fountain of Lourdes began to flow when the obstructing sand was removed.

In this evolution there comes the absolute unity of science and religion. Their antagonism heretofore has been due to the blindness and the narrowness of each. True science in its highest sphere is as inseparable from *true* Christianity as the light and warmth in the sun's rays, for each is absolute truth, and the summit of the sciences reaches the sphere of Christianity, which is the one sole, absolute, and complete religion, alike for the sage and the saint.

The tendency of fashionable science as expressed to me by an eminent college president is to seek for all things a complete expression in number, quantity, and dimension—a style

of thought which excludes both the soul and the deity from the human mind, and therefore harmonizes well with the kingdom of Mammon and the reign of plutocracy. But even to the materialist whose mind is not sealed by dogmatism, I would be pleased to show the material laws, the anatomical mechanism in which the highest truths of theosophy are demonstrable, and I feel eager to teach my readers, through the works now being prepared, and show the physical basis and demonstration of all transcendent truths—the absolute unity of the physical forms and forces of the earth and other planets with their unseen life and the soul of the universe.

Theosophy is therefore an eminently practical science, or group of sciences, leading to the true hygiene and spiritual development of man, as I have realized in my own health and happiness under its guidance, while my contemporaries have left their worn-out bodies long since under the sod. It leads us to the true condition of prosperous society and government—to all the reforms which *THE ARENA* seeks to establish, and to the true methods and laws of progress in all science, for it relies on the imperial power in the realm of truth, the divinity in man, so unconsciously neglected, so feebly, accidentally, and sporadically developed in the present stage of evolution, that it requires some courage to announce and maintain its existence.

Sixty years ago this would have been a strange and mysterious doctrine to me. It has been reached only through these sixty years of continual, steady, and experimental investigation, and having reached it by the methods of the sciences, I perceive that Jesus Christ was its inspired exponent, who needed no long years of research, for he was born into the sphere of wisdom, and laid aside the ceremonial superstitions of Egypt, of his own Palestine, of Persia, and of India, with all of which he was familiar (for I have traced his unknown history), to present to us in its majestic simplicity the truth of heaven.

To present the “new world of science,” which embraces the entire existence of man, temporal and eternal, requires the grasp of cosmic laws heretofore unknown, controlling the physical and the spiritual man,—the body filled with nerve structures and spiritual energies, the brain, the wonderful centre in which millions of fibres and cells unite the powers controlling matter with the eternal life and divine light from God,—every convolution, fibre, and cell from the *gyrus*

fornicatus and *septum lucidum* to the *cuneus*, the *crura*, the *pons*, the cerebellum, the pineal gland and *gyrus angularis*, being organized and located with the majestic simplicity that organizes its complexity, or as Pope expressed it, "a mighty maze, but not without a plan," — and in this wondrous maze holding the still more intricate and wonderful life — the life eternal that begins on earth, but continually ascends through the ages toward the divine.

This is the new world of science which connects man with God and leads to the divine life on earth which will expel all ancient ignorance and ancient forms of tyranny and fraud and force. *But this is religion*; for divine wisdom contains all that is beneficent, from the mother's love to the patriot's and the martyr's heroism; and this was the religion that Christ came to announce and to present in living embodiment.

But as already stated, Christianity is externally dead — unable as it was to survive the apostolic age, existing only as the divine fountain flowing from inspired life, yet is it latent in humanity and in the divine purpose.

What was its early history in the first two centuries? is a question which the ablest theologians confess they cannot answer. It was a time of myth, of legend, of wild tradition, and of pious fraud and forgery. But if primitive Christianity is to be restored in its purity, we must know what it was in the time of Christ, and how much authority there is in what has been accepted as the gospel. The question of their authorship has never been settled. Theological scholarship struggles in vain to ascertain where or by whom the canonical Gospels were written, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica* confesses that these questions are unanswerable, saying: "It is very doubtful whether the most searching investigation will ever determine with certainty the name of the author or authors of any one of the synoptic Gospels." Nor does it recognize the authenticity of the fourth Gospel, but gives a muddle of opinions in which it is refuted by Baur, Zeller, Helgenfeld, Schenkel, Keim, Réville, Scholten, and Davidson, and commends as most correct the sceptical views of Rev. George Sanday.

Their existence cannot be traced to the apostolic age, nor even to the first century by any fair examination of the facts. We know only that they were brought out by the Church of Rome a hundred years after the deaths of the apostles, without a particle of evidence, for no gospel manuscript has ever

been produced or even heard of. Judge Waite of Chicago, who gave several years of honest investigation to this question, could find no evidence of the existence of the New Testament prior to A. D. 170; and Rev. Dr. Davidson, in his introduction to the New Testament, gives it even a later date. He says: "No canon of the New Testament, *i. e.*, no collection of New Testament literature, like the present one supposed to have divine authority, existed before A. D. 200."

The general conviction of advanced scholarship that the Gospels of the four Evangelists were not written in the first century deprives them of all real authenticity by destroying the possibility of apostolic authorship, though partisans make plausible stories by suppressing important historical evidence.

Bishop Faustus in the fourth century said it was well known that they were not written by the apostles. Rev. J. T. Sunderland, in his careful work on the origin of the Bible, says that the Gospels had no authors in the sense in which that word is now used, for they were only compilations or "mosaics;" and Prof. Schleirmacher, the greatest theologian of Germany, said that the Gospel of Luke was a compilation from six different manuscripts; but all the manuscripts of that time which might have been used are now rejected as apocryphal for their falsehood and almost forgotten.

The defence of the authenticity of the New Testament is so hopeless that an Episcopal clergyman of San Francisco, Rev. Mr. Moreland, said in a sermon published last January that the Gospels were written by "churchmen" for the church "many generations" after the church had been established; but he gave no excuse for attaching the names of the apostles to the names of Roman priests whose names are unknown. Mr. Moreland's name is not quoted as an authority, but as an illustration of the loss of faith in the New Testament.

In quoting these opinions *I do not indorse them*, but use them to show that while true Christianity has disappeared, all faith in its records is dying out among scholars, and we are threatened with the loss even of the counterfeit of Christianity.

The religious records of the first two centuries are regarded by scholarship as of little or no value. What is preserved comes from a sphere of delusion. The forty gospels and other apocryphal literature of the first and second centuries are recognized as worthless, and critical research leaves the canon-

cal Gospels no more authentic than some of the apocryphal which in the second and third centuries held their ground against the canonical.* If we believe Rome we must accept whatever she gives, but if we have left the Papacy we must demand its credentials.

Gibbon speaks of the "dark cloud that hangs over the first age of the church," and the Rev. Robert Taylor says, "The most candid and learned of Christian inquirers have admitted that antiquity is most deficient judicially when it is most important; that there is absolutely nothing known of the church history in these times on which a rational man could place any reliance; and that the epoch when Christian truth first dawned upon the world is appropriately designated as *the age of fable*."

The credulity and fraud of that age taint everything coming from it, and we cannot get from the blundering interpolated Scriptures even a correct list of the names of the twelve apostles, which I have been able to ascertain only from other sources. The three lists given differ each from the other and all from the truth. The lives of the apostles handed down are half mythical, indefinite, and fictitious. We have the wholly mythical stories of the reverse crucifixion of St. Peter (head downward) at his own request, and of the boiling of St. John in oil without doing him any harm. But theologians do not know where he lived and died, Ephesus and Patmos having presented fictitious claims, and it is still discussed whether St. Peter ever was in Rome. The Cyclopædia professes not to know how, when, or where he died.

Through the entire thousand years of forced credulity when theologians reported Lot's salt wife to be still standing on the shores of the Dead Sea the age of church fables continued, which has been happily portrayed by President Andrew White in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

But the *apostolic age of Christianity* is guiltless of all this. The frauds and forgeries, the corrupted and interpolated Testament and papal despotism but prove the external death or disappearance of Christianity. But even in its mangled remains, which have been given us by Rome upon its own worthless authority, there is life enough to prolong the existence of the church after its historical foundation has crumbled away. The evidence is really gone,

* Many of the apocryphal gospels had the confidence of second-century Christians of high standing in the church, and I could refer to one which upon the whole is more correct and less interpolated than either of the four canonicals.

though not forever lost. It was destroyed when the Gospels were embezzled and hid for interpolation and forgery. But if the original Gospels, as they came from the hands of the Evangelists, were presented now, they would need no historical evidence for their genuineness and authority, for they are beyond comparison with any other literature or history of expression of religion. As Washington would take his rank above common men, as Jesus Christ was recognized in Jerusalem even by the hostile multitude, so will the purified Gospels be recognized, which are doubted by the intelligent and good only because they are corrupted.

To explore the history of imposture tends to destroy one's faith in humanity and impair one's faith in God, as I have painfully realized. Nevertheless, I have undertaken this unpleasant task, scrutinizing dishonesty and honesty alike,—to penetrate the darkness and corruption of the first two centuries with the indispensable aid of the honest scholarship of the nineteenth century, to rescue Christianity from the grasp of fraud and despotism,—to show what it was once and will be when it appears again, believing that mankind is capable of receiving the divine truth in the coming century, and that it will be accepted, for such truth is irresistible in its divine beauty, and that it will ultimately cover all continents and islands where man abides, as the waters cover the limits of the sea.

The task is almost accomplished,—the essential truth is rescued from the thick darkness,—but the fascination of the task still holds me to look farther into the *dawn of Christianity*,—communion with which and with the lives of its heroes is like the communion with God which was a reality in the apostolic age, filling the soul with that undying love with which St. John has looked down upon us for nineteen hundred years.

ARE WE BECOMING A HOMELESS NATION?

BY JOHN O. YEISER.

In 1891 the Legislature of Nebraska enacted a law requiring registrars of deeds to keep a "mortgage indebtedness record" in which should be noted each day the number and amount of mortgages filed and also the amount of and the number of releases of mortgages.

It appears from the passage of a law upon this subject that at least some of the members of the Legislature were beginning to suspect that harm instead of good might result to the citizens of the State from the extensive loans of money advanced to them upon real estate security, and it is also evident that the Legislature intended by the act to procure statistics upon this dangerous business. However, either by stupidity or design the worthy intention of some of the members was foiled by the following provision in the law:

All sheriff's, special master's, or other deeds which are based upon foreclosed mortgages *shall be considered as releases* of the corresponding number and amount of mortgages for the purposes of said record, and should be counted in making up the totals for each day's entries [what an absurdity it is to consider forfeitures as payments or bankruptcy as prosperity!], and the aggregate number [bear in mind that it is "number" and not amount] of such sheriff's or other deeds so considered as releases shall also be separately noted on the record.

This provision of the law serves to cover the damnable results of the business by leading people to believe that decrees of forfeiture and eviction are receipts for large amounts of money earned upon the mortgaged premises and voluntarily paid in discharge of the mortgage.

Newspapers commenting upon the "fact" that we were paying our mortgage indebtedness faster than we were contracting it, seems so preposterous that it is a great wonder such mischief has so successfully escaped a just rebuking.

Upon investigating this law one cannot fail in arriving at the conclusion that our representatives were guilty of either stupidity or knavery in making such a provision in this law as might only be used for the silly purpose of assisting to determine the number of mortgage conveyances on the total abstracts of all the land in the State. We would naturally

suppose that the compilation of mortgage statistics was for the purpose of determining the condition of the men who own the real estate rather than the bare legal condition of the land.

If the law provided that the number of deeds executed in pursuance of foreclosures should be accompanied by the *aggregate amount of their considerations separately added*, it would have been valuable and honest, and moreover would have shown a shocking condition of the country. It would have shown how the land of the pioneer citizens of the State is being systematically taken from them at a tremendous rate.

From June 1, 1891, the date this law went into effect, until Nov. 1, 1895, the time of examining that record, such record shows one thousand five hundred and thirty deeds of property in Douglas County, Nebraska, executed by order of courts in real estate foreclosure; one thousand five hundred and thirty homes sacrificed; one thousand five hundred and thirty families turned out of home in but one county of a single western State.

There are no means by which it can be ascertained how many more persons voluntarily deeded their property to mortgagees to escape annoyance of litigation, deficiency judgments, and attorney's fees. In all such cases an ordinary release was probably filed to clear the title. This manner of voluntary sacrifice and surrender adds to the false amount of payments and further conceals the amount and number of forfeitures. The records fail to disclose the amount of the deficiencies for which the mortgagors were liable when their property was sold for less than the debt. All of these facts are lost in the sea of oblivion. But notwithstanding this, the record of Douglas County, Nebraska, poor as it is, discloses one thousand five hundred and thirty forfeitures within the short period of investigation reported.

It is commonly known that western loans were made for not more than forty per cent of the value of the property mortgaged. Therefore every forfeiture means that the mortgagee by a proceeding in "equity" takes not only an equivalent value to the money loaned of the security, but that he also confiscates the other sixty per cent of the value, which transaction would be estimated by a broker as an investment of one hundred and fifty per cent clear profit. Very often before foreclosure suits were begun, interest had been paid, and in such cases, after the mortgagee had collected

interest, foreclosed for the balance of the interest and principal, and bought in the mortgaged property, he pursued his debtor to destitution with a claim for deficiency. In these cases, God pity the man who is forced to seek chattel loans upon exempt property to obtain money on which to exist a few weeks longer in the vain hope of obtaining employment by which he may support his family.

It is utterly impossible to guess reasonably near the number of people in the Western States who have been deprived of the use of the earth the last few years and made tramps by the recent financial manipulation of loan company manipulators.

What other result than tenantry and feudalism can we conclude will be our misfortune from such practices when we read the calculations of the amount of one cent compounded annually at six per cent interest from the birth of Jesus Christ to the present time; when we observe the extent of loaning money for interest upon real estate mortgages; when we notice the gradual increase in our percentage of tenant occupants of land; when we read of the results of opening Indian reservations to white settlement; and when we are aware of the thousands of courts over the country entering decrees of foreclosure?

The skeleton of Rome should be continually held up before the people and attention should at all times be directed to the fact that Rome gradually reduced her currency from \$1,800,000,000 to a less volume and a finer metal, amounting finally to only \$200,000,000. Very soon after the commencement of this contraction the manipulators procured all of the land, and ninety-nine per cent of the people had none. The results were that the bone and sinew of the country was impoverished by the greed and avarice of the consciencelessness of the few, and the masses of the population having no country to defend, could not and would not resist the unscrupulous barbarians who robbed and laid them waste.

We do not know how many nations have risen and fallen on the sands of Egypt. Neither do we know when the Egyptian nation began its ascendancy, but we have an account of its decline and fall. At the time Egypt went down two per cent of her people owned all of the land.

Babylonia, to-day a barren waste, once supported a magnificent city of buildings and palaces of marble and stone, enamelled brick, and bronze castings. Artificial mountains

were reared in that city, and a river was made to run smoothly therein between banks of masonry. If property in land was not one of the causes of the destruction of beautiful Babylon, it was a coincident with Rome and Egypt that when she went down only two per cent of her population owned all of the land.

Persia had so far advanced in agricultural development two thousand years ago that irrigation was a potent factor in its pursuit. Chosroes caused the rivers and torrent courses to be cleared of obstruction, and stored the superfluous water of the rainy season, which he meted out in the spring and summer with wise economy to those who tilled the soil. Property in land was the probable cause that prevented a continuance of such prosperous pursuits, and, strange to say, only one per cent of the people owned all of the land at the time Persia went down.

The fate of these countries has been the fate of Greece and other countries. It has been the fate of Florence, Carthage, Tyre, Sidon, Jerusalem, and Nineveh, and will be the fate of this country unless the coming generation steps between the landlord and tenant.

History repeats itself because human nature remains the same. That is why we are travelling in the same road and to the same grave that the countries mentioned travelled. Just how far we have travelled can be estimated with reasonable accuracy. And indeed it is not so far beyond the sight of the "conservative" that he has no interest in ascertaining how much more of this great strain can be borne by human endurance.

Having shown by a local example the manner in which land is being absorbed from the many by the few, an effort will be made next to show the extent, not only locally but generally, of the absorption. This investigation is not to group the great landholders and show the vast number of acres which a very small per cent of the people own and the large per cent of the people who own only a few acres each or even none; but it is an effort to show the result of speculation in depriving the masses from owning the particular spots they call their home. All of the virtue that ever was claimed for the institution of property in land was on the theory that the first land a man would own would be his home, and having that sacred spot securely as his own, he would lavishly spend his surplus labor upon its development and adornment.

To state it more particularly, this research was made to ascertain the number of those sacred spots in the State of Nebraska and also in the United States in proportion to their population.

As an average proposition we can reasonably assume that a man will purchase land for a home before purchasing it for non-use or speculation or for another person's home. Therefore if men do not own their homes it is fairly safe to say as a general rule that they do not own any other land.

From the eleventh census we find that there are 206,820 families in Nebraska and that the average number of these families are 5.12 members. Calculating from these figures and this estimate furnished by the United States, we find that Nebraska's population would be about 1,055,840, which is very near the exact number reported.

Of the 206,820 families in Nebraska only 66,071 occupy their own farms or homes clear of encumbrance, while 82,291 families rent the farms or homes which they occupy. There are not only 82,291 families who rent the farms or homes they occupy, but also 58,458 more families who are listed as owners of the farms and homes they occupy that should be considered as tenants because the farms or homes they occupy are mortgaged. Whoever is obligated to pay tribute upon his home is a tenant, whether the receipts for such payments are dignified by the amount of money they acknowledge to have been paid as "interest" or whether it plainly recites "for rent."

Grouping the two last classes together as tenant families and the number of individuals represented in the 140,749 tenant families of this State aggregates 720,834 homeless persons whom it will be reasonably safe to designate as our landless population. And yet that is not all, because of the 66,071 families who occupy and own their own farms or homes clear of encumbrance, only one member, or usually the head of the house, owns the farm or home, and the rest depending upon him are homeless and landless, living upon the land of relatives by their sufferance — even the wife's dower interest or part of it never attaches until after her husband's death. On account of this extra number of landless people we may add 227,208 more to the homeless class, making the total landless population of Nebraska 993,042 as against 66,071, the number of the other class.

In view of the foregoing estimates the landowning popu-

lation of Nebraska ought not to be considered as being over about six and one half per cent of the whole population.

Making the same calculations from the figures of the United States furnished in the census of 1890 for the first time, and the result is we find that only about seven and one half per cent of the people of the United States own the land on which they live.

The history of the past is accessible to you, and the Government has compiled statistics of the present which you may study. From these make your own comparisons and draw your own conclusions. The fact will become apparent that the legions of those who were once known as American landlords are rapidly becoming mere tenants, and some day soon will be counted with the legions of European tenants unless the present generation abolishes both public and private property in land.

THEOSOPHY AND H. P. BLAVATSKY.

BY KATE BUFFINGTON DAVIS.

The unique personality of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky must remain a psychological problem to our day and generation. Yet after all the small talk shall cease and the prejudices of the hour have passed into history, a clearer, more impersonal judgment of her work must crystallize.

She, like many famous characters in the world's history, came on to the stage of action in the last quarter of a century; at the close of a period, too, that must be acknowledged a history-making epoch. For the cycle closing with the year 1899 has so revealed to man mysteries of nature as to create almost a new environment for the human race; one enabling man to experience in the course of his four score years and ten a wider knowledge of material life than centuries of time could give him when nature hedged him in, with space a barrier to communication and the elements not yet subject to his bidding.

I do not by this mean to claim that the present is the first and only time in the world's history when civilization has encircled the globe and man has had dominion over natural forces. But within the generally accepted historic period there is no record equalling the present for luxury and learning. This rapid development of material science has riveted man's attention upon the nature side of life and wedded him to sensuous enjoyment, while this focalizing of man's attention on the objective manifestations of life has dimmed his perception of the eternal verities of spiritual existence. His attention thus held with the glamour of transitory phenomena, man loses sight of the fundamental truth of all life, that out of the unseen come all things seen. This objective world, that is so worshipped, is only a plane of effects wrought from the unseen world of causes. Man as a thinker becomes a power in this phenomenal world by the exercise of those intangible forces called mind and will. But when man creates for himself an idol out of his works and, fascinated by the toys of sense, steepes himself in the pleasures of material life, he has passed the summit of his achievement and civilization

begins to wane. And it is because man no longer realizes his spiritual nature. He no longer serves as a conscious creator in the world of his habitation, because he ceases to exercise the divine powers that alone make him a son of and a coworker with the infinite Creator.

The great need of the last quarter of the nineteenth century was not a warrior bold to conquer the nations of the earth, but a spiritual awakening. A great class of mankind had drifted apart from all crystallized forms of religion, and it needed new expressions of the ever-existent truth to bring home anew to the heart of man the knowledge that he is a child of spirit and the universe as well as of earth and of passion. In various ways have enlightened souls striven to gain the attention of the sense-enthralled multitudes. Logic and assertion received some attention. Spiritualistic phenomena obtained a measure of recognition, and turned many aside from worldly pursuits to listen and investigate and thereby sense again the unseen side of life; the shock of death claiming a loved one brought many to this door of learning. Christian science has also proved an open door to metaphysical wisdom. But still among the great mass the tide was unstemmed. Each could reach only a measure of accomplishment in the task of reawaking man to his great heritage of spiritual consciousness. Among the laborers to this end was Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. She dazzled, mystified, antagonized. But she made men *think*. And she gave forth a philosophy of life that harmonizes the great thought of the ages.

"Charlatan," "Adventuress," and like names have been freely showered upon her, and few save those who have studied under her know whether the accusations are true or false. Let us consider facts. Born in a favored class of society, with wealth and high position at her command, why should she resign these worldly advantages, that were hers beyond dispute, and devote her life to incessant toil and hardship merely to become an "adventuress" and a "pretender"? Charlatans and adventurers generally have some selfish end in view, some worldly gain after which they strive. There is always a selfish motive at the root of fraud. No one can find a true incident in Madam Blavatsky's much-ventilated career to show that she ever asked or would accept money — other than what she legitimately earned in the literary mart of the world — for her personal use. Instead of gaining what the

world values, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky renounced her inherited advantages to carry out her work. Mere accusations cannot endure without sustaining evidence.

Another favorite term of reproach flung after her is that of "plagiarist." Taking Webster's definition, we find a plagiarist is "one who purloins the writings of another, and puts them off as his own." Turning to the introduction of "Isis Unveiled" we will find she said:

It is offered to such as are willing to accept truth wherever it may be found, and to defend it, even looking popular prejudice in the face. It is an attempt to aid students to detect the vital principles which underlie the philosophical systems of old.

Again, in the introductory chapter "Before the Veil," page xiv:

Before closing this initial chapter, we venture to say a few words in explanation of the plan of this work. Its object is not to force upon the public the personal views of the author; nor has it the pretensions of a scientific work which aims at creating a revolution in some department of thought. It is rather a brief summary of the religions, philosophies, and universal traditions of humankind, and the exegesis of the same, in the spirit of those secret doctrines, of which none, thanks to prejudice and bigotry, have reached Christendom in so un mutilated a form as to secure a fair judgment. . . . Deeply sensible of the titanic struggle that is now in progress between materialism and the spiritual aspirations of mankind, our constant endeavor has been to gather into our several chapters, like weapons into armories, every fact and argument that can be used to aid the latter in defeating the former. Sickly and deformed child as it is now is, the materialism of to-day is born of the brutal yesterday, and unless its growth is arrested it may become our master.

From the Introductory to "Secret Doctrine," vol. I, page xlv, edition of 1888, we quote as follows:

To my judges, past and future, therefore, whether they are serious literary critics or the howling dervishes in literature who judge a book according to the popularity or unpopularity of the author's name, who, hardly glancing at its contents, fasten like *lethal bacilli* on the weakest points of the body, I have nothing to say. Nor shall I condescend to notice those crack-brained slanderers—fortunately very few in number—who, hoping to attract public attention by throwing discredit on every writer whose name is better known than their own, foam and bark at their very shadows. These having first maintained for years that the doctrines taught in the *Theosophist* and which later culminated in "Esoteric Buddhism" had been all invented by the present writer, have finally turned round and denounced "Isis Unveiled" and the rest as a plagiarism from Eléphas Levi, Paracelsus, and *mirabile dictu!* Buddhism and Brahminism. As well charge Renan with having stolen his "*Vie de Jésus*" from the Gospels, and Max Müller his "Sacred Books of the East" or his "Chips" from the philosophies of the Brahmins, and Gautama the Buddha. But to the public in general and the readers of the "Secret Doctrine" I may repeat what I have stated all along, and which I now clothe in the words of Montaigne: "Gentlemen: I HAVE HERE MADE ONLY A NOSEGAY OF CULLED FLOWERS, AND HAVE BROUGHT NOTHING OF MY OWN BUT THE STRING THAT TIES THEM."*

*The emphasis in the quotation is madam's own.

Why the omission of a few inverted commas should be held important after such clear acknowledgment, and be made the basis of a serious and degrading charge, is more than I can understand. No canon sanctioned by art or justice will maintain the charge. In the books referred to she gleaned from both ancient and modern writers and the folk-lore of various nations. She always preferred the expression of a fact through the words of another to asserting herself. Only a generous soul would willingly adopt that method. She tried to bring forward every fragment of wisdom with which the thinking world was familiar, thus leading the student by known paths to the higher perception brought about by what she did that stands apart as a marvel in literature, the synthesis she gave us of the religions, philosophies, and science of the age. It was the few words here and there of added wisdom that indicated the unity underlying the apparent diversity of the great systems in the world's thought. There was the original work, the "string that tied them." To this she also added suggestive hints for new and valuable lines of research. Members of the theosophic school of thought who are truly students will bear witness to this. When in the coming century the aid she has rendered the student bears its legitimate fruit, justice will be done the worker who fearlessly faced the contumely of a cold and arrogant world with a message of wisdom. In those days the ponderous volumes of "Isis Unveiled," two in number, and "Secret Doctrine," in four volumes, — only two of which are published as yet, — will be acknowledged as marvels of erudition and the world of scholars will do them honor; while the little book entitled "The Voice of the Silence" will live like a song of the angels in the hearts of her pupils, to whom it is dedicated. The sublime ethics of this little volume can best be indicated by a few quotations :

If through the Hall of Wisdom thou wouldst reach the Vale of Bliss, Disciple, close fast thy senses against the great dire heresy of Separateness that weans thee from the rest.

Strive with thy thoughts unclean before they overpower thee. Use them as they will thee, for if thou sparest them and they take root and grow, know well these thoughts will overpower thee and kill thee. Beware, Disciple, suffer not e'en though it be their shadow to approach. For it will grow, increase in size and power, and from this thing of darkness will absorb thy being before thou hast well realized the black foul monster's presence.

Let thy Soul lend its ear to every cry of pain like as the Lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun.

But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain; nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed.

Desire nothing. Chafe not at Karma, nor at nature's changeless laws. But struggle only with the personal, the transitory, the evanescent, and the perishable.

Thou canst not travel on the Path before thou hast become that Path itself.

These few quotations serve to indicate something of the moral quality required in an aspirant for the Divine Wisdom. To the pupil who is in earnest, making theosophy the unfaltering motive of his life, scientific instruction is also given, whereby he can develop the two additional senses said to be latent in man, and a practical knowledge of occultism. The following testimony to the truth of a measure of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky's teaching will interest even the general reader; it is taken from No. V of the "Theosophical Manuals" issued by the society, which treat of "The Seven Principles of Man," "Death and After," "Reincarnation," "Karma," and the one quoted from, "The Astral Plane," wherein Mr. Leadbeater says:

We must note first that every material object, every particle even, has its astral counterpart; and this counterpart is itself not a simple body, but is usually extremely complex, being composed of various kinds of astral matter. In addition to this, each living creature is surrounded with an atmosphere of its own, usually called its Aura, and in the case of human beings this Aura forms of itself a very fascinating branch of study. It is seen as an oval mass of luminous mist of highly complex structure, and from its shape has sometimes been called the Auric egg. Theosophical readers will hear with pleasure that even at the early stage of his development at which the pupil begins to acquire this astral sight he is able to assure himself by direct observation of the accuracy of the teaching given through our great founder, Madam Blavatsky, on the subject at least of the seven principles of man.

The writer then goes on with an analysis of the Aura, too long to quote here.

I want to emphasize an important fact indicated in Mr. Leadbeater's words, and that is, while as students we love and honor the advanced pupil of the master who heroically fulfilled her difficult mission of pointing anew the way to wisdom, yet no theosophist pins his faith to the personal dictum of any teacher. The teachings of the Theosophical Society do not indorse credulity or personal authority. If every leader in the organization, from Madam Blavatsky down through the entire membership of all the international councils from the period of its organization to the present hour, should falter on the path and through the weakness inherent in human nature should stray into the byways of error, it would make no difference to the genuine student who

has acquired any degree of perception of the priceless wisdom held in the esoteric philosophy, a philosophy that treats of man and his relation with the infinite.

So letting the world say what it will in its idle talk of the puzzling personality of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, while we make no infallibility her crown of glory, and worship not at the shrine of any idol, still every sincere student in the school of her founding will feel his heart thrill responsively to the following words of her most brilliant and progressive pupil, Annie Besant, recently published in *Lucifer* :

For myself, I may say, — as I see in many papers that I am going to leave or have left the Theosophical Society, — that since I joined the society in 1889 I have never had one moment's regret for having entered it, nay, that each year of membership has brought an ever-deepening thankfulness, an ever-increasing joy. I do not expect to find perfection either in the outer founders of the society or its members, any more than to find it in myself, and I can bear with their errors as I hope they can bear with mine. But also I can feel gratitude to Col. Olcott for his twenty years of brave and loyal service, and to H. P. B. for the giant work she did against materialism, to say nothing of the personal debt to her that I can never repay. Acceptance of the gifts she poured out so freely binds to her in changeless love and thankfulness all loyal souls she served, and the gratitude I owe her grows as I know more and more the value of this knowledge and the opportunities to which she opened the way.

So too, in my limited way, would I bear witness to the world of the truth of the message brought, and the trustworthiness of the messenger who was known in the closing years of the nineteenth century as Helena Petrovna Blavatsky.

THE GENERAL DISCONTENT OF AMERICA'S WEALTH CREATORS AS ILLUSTRATED IN CURRENT CARTOONS.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

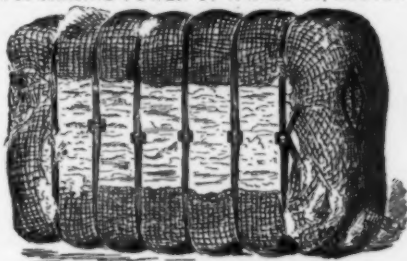
The general discontent of the present manifested among wealth creators from the Atlantic to the Pacific suggests to the student of history the Corn Law agitation in England, which triumphed in spite of the cruel punishment meted out to the leaders of the great agitation in its early days, together with the fact that for a long time the leading newspapers of Great Britain resolutely refused to permit the cause of the people



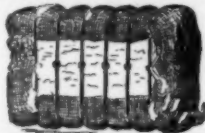
The Work of the Gold Bugs; or "Where He's At."

to be heard in their columns. Moreover, it will be remembered that at that time both the great parties controlling the government were equally opposed to the people in their mighty uprising; but the justice of the cause, the poverty of the multitude, and the fact that the people who were denied intelligent recognition by a subsidized press devoured with avidity the multitudes of pamphlets and leaflets with which it was said England was literally sown at that time, and also that they were enlightened through great political meetings which resembled in many instances religious revivals and at which such men as John Bright, Richard Cobden, and other illustrious statesmen, who in those elder days were abused as roundly and as unscrupulously as were Whittier, Sumner, Lincoln, and Phillips some years later, compelled the people to think for themselves and thus rendered the machinations of the two dominant parties, though intrenched behind the bulwarks of government and the great press of the land,

PURCHASING POWER OF A BALE OF COTTON



Money Value of 500 lbs., 1865 at \$0.8338 per lb. \$416.90.



Money Value of 500 lbs., 1870 at \$0.2398 per lb. \$119.90.



Money Value of 500 lbs., 1875 at \$0.1547 per lb. \$77.30.



Money Value of 500 lbs., 1880 at \$0.1151 per lb. \$57.55.



Money Value of 500 lbs., 1885 at \$0.1045 per lb. \$52.25.



Money Value of 500 lbs., 1890 at \$0.1107 per lb. \$55.35.



Money Value of 500 lbs., 1894 at \$0.0738 per lb. \$36.90.

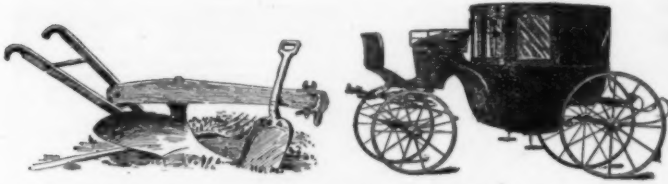


Uncle Sam's "Crown of Thorns."

How long, O Lord! How long wilt Thou forget me? How long wilt Thou hide thy face from me? How long shall I take counsel in my soul having sorrow in my heart daily? How long shall my enemies be exalted over me? Consider and hear me, O Lord, my God: lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death.

— *Psalms, xlii. 1, 2, 3.*

absolutely powerless before the aroused indignation of an awakened people. In many respects the symptoms of the Corn Law agitation as it neared its triumphant close are markedly present to-day. Not only have the people been slowly educated through the systematic betrayal of their interests by both the great parties, through broken pledges

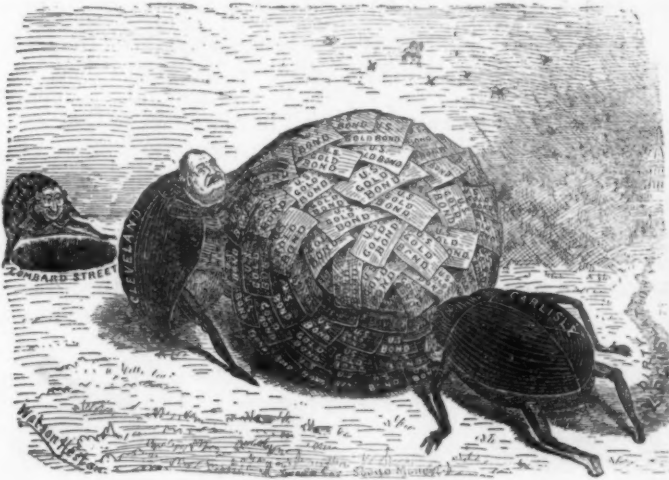


Why should these be Emblems of Poverty?

And this of Patriotism?

and the domination of the gold ring's influence on the administrative and legislative departments of government, but the metropolitan press has been so overawed by the handful of multi-millionnaires known as "financiers," that the reading public have been compelled to look to other sources for anything like an impartial or intelligent discussion of financial problems, precisely as they were at the time when the Whigs and Tories in England were pitted against the people, vainly believing that they could continue forever to play fast and loose with the populace and imagining that by traducing every bold, able, and unpurchasable friend of the people they would be able to continue their dominion indefinitely.

A significant symptom of the wide-spread and incontrollable discontent of the present hour is strikingly illustrated in the successive Waterloos encountered by the two dominant



The Work of the Gold Bugs.



A Cartoon for the Times, with lines adapted from Shelley.

parties during the past twelve years, no less than in the steady rise of an independent or non-conformist press which has fearlessly and frequently at a great cost to its proprietors, owing to the increased poverty of the masses, stood for fundamental justice and social reformation. This press, which at first numbered a few scores of papers, has now increased to something like three thousand journals.

Another very positive symptom of the general discontent has been the call for cartoons which have expressed the sentiment of millions of America's wealth creators. These cartoons have frequently been wretchedly executed from an artistic point of view. If the gold ring, the railroad monopoly, the standard oil, beef, whiskey, sugar trusts, or any other of the vast corporations had been behind this mighty uprising of the people, we should have had all the artistic results which money could procure; but these cartoons,



Did God Put All the Brains Under These,

And All the Power of Suffering Under These?



"Thou art the Man."

crude as many of them have been, are valuable as illustrating the pronounced and wide-spread and rapidly accelerating discontent of the American masses; a discontent which, as I have before observed, has been for a quarter of a century assuming greater and greater proportions alike under Republican and Democratic rule, under the "McKinley war tariff" no less than under the "Wilson tariff," and which the people at last recognize as due to the fact that both the great parties have pursued substantially the same financial policy and for the spoil of office have surrendered the interests of the nation no less than the happiness of the masses and the prosperity of business interests to England's financial policy and the American Tories.

In this paper I have reproduced a few cartoons and object lessons which were drawn for *Vox Populi*, *Sound Money*, and other non-conformist papers, and which have been copied in hundreds if not thousands of journals. They are especially interesting as being symptomatic of our times as well as carrying with them suggestive thoughts and forcible truths which are carefully barred from the columns of the plutocratic or gold press.



The Two Old Parties as the "Two Dromios."

"Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother."—Comedy of Errors, Act V., Scene I.

THE VALLEY PATH.

A NOVEL OF TENNESSEE LIFE.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

CHAPTER XI.

The clock above the mantel monotonously ticked off the time; the wounded hand, sponged and bound, lay on the doctor's knee; the strong clear profile of the guest shone with cameo effect against the crimson firelight as the owner turned his face from the physician's. Suddenly he faced him; in the clear depths of his eyes the tears were shining.

"And you didn't *kill* him?" he said, — "you didn't kill him, like you would kill a dog?"

"No, he lives yet; she is dead, though, years ago."

"You ought ter 'a' killed him. He ware not fittin' to live."

"Would his death have restored to me that which her perfidy had lost me, — my peace, my faith, my mother?"

"Well, no," said Joe, "but I'd 'a' killed him. I'd 'a' had my satisfaction that far."

"No," said the doctor; "I chose the better part, I hope. I gathered my burden to my shoulders as best I could, and for thirty years almost I have stumbled along with it in the dark. But, Bowen —"

He leaned forward, placing a hand upon either knee of his visitor, compelling his strict attention — "I resolved with God's help and man's strength that I would never be the despoiler of any man's happiness. That is why I called you in to-night."

He got up hastily, and began to walk the floor. Joe regarded him steadily a moment, then he too arose.

"Doctor Borin'," he said, "I have been a fool: I have been a great fool. I'd like to ask yo' —"

"It was granted long ago," said the doctor. "Look at the clock, — twelve. That is your candle on the mantel. Aunt Diley built your fire two hours ago."

The mountaineer regarded him stupidly; he had a faint suspicion that the rehearsal of his wrongs had unsettled the old man's mind.

"If Zip don't min' lettin' me have that hat o' mine he's made his bed in, I'm goin' home," said he. "I reckon my nag is in an' about froze by this time."

"Your horse has been in the stable for hours, ever since you came. You are not going away from here to-night. The guest chamber is waiting for you. We are to be fast friends from this on, Bowen. We will begin by your sharing my roof to-night."

He was lighting the candle as he spoke; when he held it toward the mountaineer the latter shook his head.

"Not yet," said he. "I tell you, Doctor Borin', I ain't fittin' ter be yo' friend. I want ter be, but O Lord! — I tell you; you must take my horse for the one I killed."

"We will talk about that to-morrow," said the doctor.

"No, sir, to-night, now. You must promise to take my horse; he's a good one, an' I'm fond of him. But I'll feel like a thief, an' a sneak-thief at that, unless you say you'll take him. He's in your stable, thar he stays, an' we're even. Be it so?"

"Be it so," said the doctor.

"Good; gimme my light; though I ain't sayin' as I don't feel like a blamed fool, an' a horse thief, an' Brother Barry all to once."

He thundered up the stair, spilling the hot sperm upon the linen bandage that enwrapped his wounded hand. The physician sat a long while before the fire, his head dropped forward in the weary way that had come to him of late. The grate grew red, then gray, before he rose and began to disrobe for the night.

"A disturber of no man's peace," he said softly as he bent to lay a shovelful of ashes on the dying coals. "A spoiler of no man's happiness. No man can charge me with that. Yet I could have won her, — she is very gentle and pliable and sympathetic; I could have — won."

He turned off his lamp and crept into bed. The moonlight through the window where he had failed to drop the curtain fell upon his face while he slept; gently, a caress in each silvery beam, as if they would have smoothed the lines grief had traced upon the full pale brow.

When he awoke the sun shone, and his guest was gone.

"Tromped off befo' breakfus," said Ephraim, "leavin' his black horse in de stable."

The presence of the horse confirmed the presence of his

master, which in the good glad light of day the physician was for an instant disposed to regard as a part of the last night's dreams; it gave the stamp of genuineness also to Joe's regret for past unfriendliness.

Later in the day Lissy stopped at the gate to ask the doctor to go up and see Lucy Ann's baby.

"It's real bad off," she declared, "with the measles."

It was such a message as she brought any day, yet she was awkward and slow in delivering it, and he noticed that the gray eyes refused to meet his with their old-time frankness.

Joe's jealousy had revealed the physician in a new light; the mere suspicion of love had poisoned the perfect friendship.

"Are you going back up there?" said the doctor.

"I can go if you want to send somethin'," she replied, "but I'll have to hurry back home again." It was the first time since he had known her that she had not found time to devote to the sick.

"No," he said, "I can go up, though I am a little busy. It is a tiresome walk and you have taken it once this morning. Moreover, you seem to be as busy as I."

Without a moment's hesitation she stepped into the trap he set for her.

"It ain't anything but can wait as well as not," she insisted. "An' I don't mind the walk a bit. I'm strong an' young. You better send me in yo' stead."

She had not meant to hurt him, he knew it. He knew that to her the years that lay between them were as nothing. Yet her words hurt. He began to see how old he must appear to other people; began to see himself that he was an old man; "an old fool," he said, "so old that even Joe Bowen had comprehended at last the folly of being jealous of such an ancient." But there he did himself and Joe injustice. That gentleman had never discovered any reason on earth why the doctor should not love and marry Alicia, save that he wanted her for himself. Joe's was a primitive faith. To his thinking, love could come but once. And this love of the doctor's, with its tincture of tragedy, must, according to his idea, forever debar the heart where it had been harbored against all meaner passions. That first love is all-love is granted by those more skilled in heart lore and more worldly wise than Joe. With him it was not a question of will; and he had failed to catch the finer point of honor with which the physician meant to pledge himself in an unspoken promise not to interfere with

his love affair. To him it was an impossibility; as much so as the new growth of a limb that has been amputated from the human body. With him love had no second birth. A primitive faith, and, like other primitive beliefs, gone to find a grave in the cobwebbed past.

Alicia refused to "come in," but said "good mornin'" in the stiffest way, and went home.

"Anybody would think, to see her," mused the doctor, "that I had robbed her henroost, or refused to pay my truck bill."

The coming of Mrs. Tucker a few minutes later, however, changed the current of his thought.

"Doctor Borin'," she began, "I reckon I pester you a heap with my troubles. I reckon we *all* pester you, right smart."

"Sit down there by the fire," said the doctor, "and while you are thawing tell me what the 'trouble' is this time. What is a physician for, if not to listen to the ailings of his patients?"

She took the chair he placed for her, and pushing back the familiar black bonnet, said:

"Doctor Borin', I have come down here to ax you for a settlemint. I reckon the interest on my debt to you will in an' about eat me out o' house an' home. You air a city doctor, but a mighty good one. I ain't faultin' of you for bein' a city man: you couldn't holp that. But I have heard say city men axed mighty high for their se'ves, an' I'm a po' woman. But I'm honest; an' you'll git yo' pay, Doctor Borin', if I have to sell my house an' bit o' lan' for it. I've come down here to tell you so, an' ter ax for a settlemint."

"Haven't time to-day," laughed the doctor. "Besides, I have a new patient at your house. Wait until I cure the baby, then we'll bunch the debts and make one of them. I want you to take some medicine up to Lucy Ann; and see that the measles don't 'go in,' and that the baby doesn't take cold. No, it isn't any use to try to pin me down to arithmetic to-day. I am going down to Pelham to call on Joe Bowen: he promised to let me have a load of hay for my horse."

He saw the worried expression come into her eyes, and gave up teasing.

"Wait," he said. "How much do I owe you?"

She was an honest trader, a careful accountant.

"You owe me," she replied, in a slow, business-like way, "two dollars an' seventy-five cents. I owe you so much —"

"I am keeping my side of the account," he interrupted her to say. "You look to yours."

"I am gittin' to be an ol' woman, Doctor Borin'," she continued, "an' I want to leave myse'f square with the world when I come ter quit it. I owe you so much that I've been a'most afear'd ter ax you how much it air. But I've saved up a little money ter he'p pay you anyhow, an' I'm proper glad to git you ter talk about it at last. That two dollars an' seventy-five cents —"

"There it is," said the doctor. "I am putting it into your egg basket, since you do not seem to see it. And now, my good woman, we are *square*. That is our settlement."

She stared first at him, then at the silver he had slipped into her basket.

"But, Doctor Borin'," she began, when he again interrupted her:

"Bring me some more chickens, if I haven't emptied your roost."

She understood at last, and went out silent, but with tears in her eyes.

The next morning Lissy came down to the gate and sent for him to come out. Al was sick; he had been taken with a chill the night before, and she had wished to come for him then, but her grandmother was opposed to it. She had given him a quantity of pepper tea and had put him to bed, to wait for the herb doctor.

"He's real sick, Doctor Borin'," Alicia continued, "an' I wish you would go over an' see him befo' the herb doctor gets there."

"I cannot do that, Lissy," he replied; "but if you will come in I will fill some quinine capsules for Al. But you must come in the house. I shall not touch them if you insist upon hanging on my gate-post for half an hour in the cold."

She hesitated, blushing. It did not appear altogether proper for her to go in alone, and no woman there but an old negress. While she hesitated he opened the gate and led her in, up the walk, into the little sitting-room where patients and other visitors came every day, almost every hour of the day.

"What in the name of common sense has come over you, child?" he asked fretfully, in order to disguise the pleasure he felt in having her once more sitting opposite him at his own hearth. "You're getting tired of the old hospital, Lissy; I just know that's it. And everybody else in the neighbor-

hood likes it, likes to come here. Mrs. Tucker sat an hour only yesterday."

His words and manner quite reassured her. After all, she was fond of coming over and chatting with him before the big fire, with the terrier asleep in her lap, and Aunt Diley putting her head in now and then to give the milk jar a turn on the hearth where she always set it until ready for the churn. Sometimes Al came over with her, and then the visit was real pleasant. But of late, — well, after all, she failed to detect any difference in the doctor's manner, so she concluded Joe had allowed his jealousy to warp his good sense. The doctor didn't appear near so fond of her as he did of the terrier on her lap.

"I will fill the capsules," he said, seating himself to the task, "and you may give one to Al every two hours. You can give them on the sly if there's any fuss made."

"I'll give them fair an' square, if granny'll let me," she replied. "I won't do anything on the sly. I reckon granny'll throw it all in the fire for a lot o' foolishness, because it's bitter instead of hot. Granny believes in fire. Granddad says that's why she's so wedded to the bad place; it's hot. He says hell's about the only medicine ever give that was hot enough for granny. An' he says she's equal to a pretty big dose of that. Doctor Borin', if I ever get sick I want you to doctor me. Remember now you're notified befo'-hand. Will you?"

"If you let me know you are ill before you send for the undertaker," he replied, tapping the quinine bottle with his finger until the white fluffy powder lay in a soft heap on the paper he had spread upon the table to receive it. "You people have a way of getting sick and sending for a physician while they are taking your measure for a coffin."

She laughed softly, twirling her hat upon her slender, well-shaped finger.

"Well, I'm too healthy to send for either of you *yet*," she said. "When I die," — she glanced up, caught the expression in his eyes, and blushed. Was Joe right after all? His next words almost made her think herself a fool.

"Be sure you are not guilty of such a folly until I get home again," said he. "I am going back to the city soon to be gone — months."

He was watching her now so intently she dared not look up, and so failed to read the truth, as Joe had seen it, in his

eyes. He saw her start, however, and his heart gave a sudden joyous bound, although she went on talking quietly, even merrily, of his going.

"I sha'n't die befo' you get back, I reckon. I'm healthy an' strong. I reckon I ought to be thankful; I am thankful, though I ain't as rejoiced over the comin' back of Brother Berry as I might be."

He was silent, hoping she would talk on; it was a happiness to have her sit there in his house and prattle in her sweet, girlish way. But when she drew her chair a trifle nearer the table and began helping him fill the capsules in a matter-of-fact, at-home way, his happiness was complete, so thoroughly in her proper place did she appear. "I reckon," she went on to say, "they're all expectin' a big revival. Joe said he lay I'd give in this time sure. An' little Al has asked granny ter ask the church folks to pray for him. I know he's a sight better than a lot of them, but I don't say so; I wouldn't hinder nobody, let alone little Al. But for me, I can't see my way plain to believe. They haven't explained away that resurrection of the body yet, not to *my* satisfaction."

He could help her over this stone at all events.

"Lissy," he said, "that is the easiest part of the problem. Listen."

He leaned forward, a half-filled capsule in his hand, his arm resting upon the table.

"You put a seed in the ground in the springtime, — a grain of corn. In a little while there appears a tender shoot of green, and you say your seed has 'come up;' yet it is not a seed; it is no longer a grain of corn. And if you dig there the next spring and every spring until decay has carried it away you will find the rotted roots, the skeleton of the seed you sowed. Yet the seed came up, albeit in another form. Was it the seed you sowed? So it is with our natural body; it is sown in corruption, in the earth; it is raised a spiritual body, incorruptible. Like the seed you sow, it is not the body which shall be, but bare grain, 'it may chance of wheat or of some other grain.' But God giveth it a body, a new body, just as he gives a new form to your seed when you say it has come up."

She had listened with a kind of rapt intentness while he revealed for her the mystery of her doubt. When he finished a smile parted her lips. "Why, it's as easy as dirt,"

she laughed. "I see it as plain as day now. Doctor Borin', I wonder if the rest might not be just as easy, with somebody to explain it all?"

"Just as easy, dear — child," he replied, blushing like a boy for the slip his tongue had made. "Just you go on living one day at a time, doing your duty as seems right to you, and letting creeds and mysteries take care of themselves. Take this for your creed, 'For me, I do believe in God and love.' That's creed enough to live by, and life well lived will light death's lantern, never doubt it."

The gray eyes were aglow with surprised delight.

"Why, Doctor Borin', you're not an infidel," she said. "You talk like the preacher."

"What?"

She laughed aloud. "I mean the Episcoper at Sewanee, not Brother Barry. O Lord! I hope you don't think I'd call you like Brother Barry. But you ain't like an infidel neither."

"Joe says I am."

"Oh Joe; he's always talkin', and he certainly does talk scan'lous sometimes; but it's funny too; to save my life I can't help laughin' at him sometimes. Joe says that Moses left off one comman'ment he ought to have put down on them tables of stone. He forgot it, Joe says. '*Plough your own row.*' That's the other comman'ment Joe says as ought ter have been put down. And he says he ain't been so mighty admirin' of them Israelites, who borrowed all their neighbors' earrings and jewelry and then set out for the promised land. Joe says if they ware to try that these times all the promised land they'd reach would be the state prison. And he says just ordinary folks air runnin' this country too, and not Moseses. That's what Joe says. Brother Barry says Joe's awful wicked, and that something'll certain'y happen to him for his wickedness. Goodness knows I hope it won't be another cow to die with the milksick poison. I'm afraid Joe's sins will in and about kill up all his stock and cattle befo' I go down to Pelham. And when the two of us gets there I reckon both our sins, Joe's and mine, will about finish up things, — burn up the house, or set rust in the wheat or somethin'. Joe ought to think about that befo' he fetches another sinner to his farm. Good by, Doctor Borin'. I've got to go carry the quinine to Al. It's mighty good of you to fix it for him. And I'm much obliged to you till you're better paid. You better come to meet'n' next month and get religion. Somethin'

will happen to you first thing you know. Zip might ketch the mumps or somethin' else dreadful. You better stay here and get religion under Brother Barry, 'stead of runnin' off to town so soon."

Was she acting? More than once he had detected, or thought he had, an insincere note in her voice, and when she set him laughing over Joe's foolish sayings, he had looked up to find that her own face was entirely destitute of mirth. He had been so satisfied to have her sit there in his house, at his side, so near him that her slight fingers among his capsules and powders touched his own more than once, thrilling him with strangely sweet content, that he had forgotten to sound her heart as he had meant to do, and to administer the advice for which indeed he had called her in.

"Lissy," he said, "sit still a moment. I want to talk to you."

She paled and flushed by turns, and nervously fingered the box of quinine with which he had provided her.

"Alicia," said the doctor, "have you and Joe adjusted your difference? I mean have you made up your quarrel?"

"No, sir," she replied; "we ain't friends, not like we useter be."

"Why?"

He saw the color in her face deepen; her eyes were bent upon her hands working nervously in her lap. Did he know? she wondered: did he think that she was fool enough to suppose that he could care for her,—a humble little peddler of the vegetables which her hands had raised? Embarrassment sealed her lips.

For him, he would have sounded her heart for the one certain blessed knowledge that he was not altogether merely a foolish old man to her.

He leaned forward to look into her eyes.

"Alicia," he said, the tenderness of his tone giving new music to the pretty, old-fashioned name. "Alicia, may I help you to set Joe right? I am an old friend, you know."

She flashed upon him with sudden vehemence:

"No, sir," she said; "I don't want any help to do that. But," she added more gently, "I'm much obliged to you, Doctor Borin'. I know you meant it kind, but I haven't settled it in my own min' yet that I want to make it up with Joe."

"What?"

"I allowed you'd be surprised some; but Joe's been mighty foolish."

He flushed, understanding thoroughly wherein Joe's folly lay.

"How has he been foolish? What has he done?"

He was watching her keenly; she was too honest, too innocently naïve not to betray her real feeling under his cunning probing.

"Well, he's been unreas'nable anyhow," she replied. "An' he has been mighty free with his fault-findin'. He has showed me somethin' in his disposition that I don't like, Doctor Borin'."

"Young men, young lovers, are always exacting, Alicia."

"Then I don't want 'em," she replied with blunt honesty. "I won't have my life made a tirade and a continual jow. I aim to do some good in the worl' if I can; and if I marry at all, I'm going to marry a man steady and sober, an' live quiet and helpful. I ain't so mighty anxious to marry at all."

Again life offered him a chance, and again he chose the nobler part — the nobler is ever the harder part.

"Alicia," he said, "you are young. But there is a womanliness about you that should win you a strong man's earnest love —"

He paused; she was looking straight into his eyes; as he continued he saw a warm light kindle in the shadowy gray depths of her own, a response that was ready to awaken with the slightest hint.

He leaned forward and folded her hands, palm to palm, between his own.

"You can have the life your heart calls for, the quiet, steady life. And you would be content with it. But, dear — my dear child, it would slay your youth at the outset, drop you from girl to woman. And your content would consist in ignorance, since you would never know the real joy, the aliveness of happiness which only the young and sentimental may feel. You must live your youth, have your joy. Joe loves you, and his is an honest, earnest nature. He will never be unkind to you. The little whims of the lover do not appear in the husband. You must think of it, Alicia. I am going away soon, to be gone until the azaleas come again. When I return I shall expect to find you happy, through my advice. You will not disappoint me, Alicia? I am an old man, but in my youth I too had a love, a love for a woman who cruelly cast it from her. And I can swear to you that an honest man's honest love doesn't easily die. Be good to

Joe ; a cruel woman is God's abomination ; I feel sure of it. Go home now, and give Al his quinine. I have kept you a long time."

She rose with him, and he opened the door for her to pass out. Had she grasped his meaning? Had he hurt her? Her face, as he caught a last glimpse of it, wore a puzzled look ; into the gray eye the shadows had returned. His heart smote him sharply, but it was best, "best all round," he told himself, and that she "would soon forget it." As she reached the outer door, he called to her pleasantly :

"Oh, Lissy, I am going to bring you a wedding present when I come back."

She waved her hand lightly, but gave him no other reply. Yet he noticed that in the poise of her head which he had never observed before. There was a dignity, almost a defiance, in the way she carried herself ; her very feet seemed to touch the ground with a new meaning, as if they demanded of the solid earth a footing strong as its own adamant far down among its basic foundations.

The physician watched until the red-crowned head disappeared down the brown footpath.

"More strength than stability," was his thought. "Under favorable circumstances she would have developed a tendency to fanaticism. With a guiding hand, what a force she might prove in her day ! As it is — ah well ; there is no telling the by-paths into which a nature like hers may turn."

(To be continued.)

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

BY MRS. CALVIN KRYDER REIFSNIDER.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I have had a strange and dreadful dream, father," said Ruby one morning. "You sat in a chair in your study alone; I came to the door to speak to you, but thought you must be deeply meditating, and would have withdrawn, when my attention was attracted by a most wonderful phenomenon. I saw your spirit drawn forth from out the body and form a perfect double of yourself, except that I realized that this was your true self, your spiritual body; and as I looked I realized that your natural body had died the moment the spiritual body came forth, and, oh, father! such agony as I endured when I realized that I could not speak to you and that you could not hear my voice."

She noticed a sweet, sad expression upon the calm white face, only for a moment, then it was replaced by a joyous, triumphant smile.

"You are positive that you were asleep, Ruby?"

"Yes, father, for I awoke and thanked God it was only a dream; and then I lay awake until morning, and fell asleep just when I should have been bright and dressed."

"Would it not be beautiful, my child, if you could see my spiritual body just as you saw it then? Would it not comfort you rather than frighten or distress you?"

"Why, certainly, father, if your natural body indeed were dead, but I could not speak to you."

"Tell me, child, what is it like, this spiritual body of mine?"

"Just like your natural body, father, form, face, and features, only younger and more real, father."

"More real?"

"Yes, indestructible; and I saw how possible it would be for such bodies to move about us without occupying space, just as the silvery clouds float above us, into which the birds may fly, a balloon ascend; and — father, may it not be true that those shining clouds are the floating garments of spirits

and angels that bring messages from heaven, the blue, the gold, the purple, the white and silver?"

"Was I a winged spirit?"

"Oh no, father, only a man; but I know that to ascend and descend, to soar amid the stars, would be not only possible but the easiest thing to do; to be with angels and with men."

"That was certainly a beautiful and instructive dream vision, my child, and comforts me, for it is an answer to my oldest prayer. I take it, darling, that when I go hence my Ruby has but to close her eyes and *think of father* and she will see him always as she saw him then. Death would not be so terrible then, would it, my child?"

"No, father, no; and yet I should miss you so, your counsel and encouragement."

"You would have it always then, far wiser and more unerring than now."

Mr. Gladstone related the conversation to Dr. Cadmus and told him that his end was near; that Ruby had seen what had really occurred in the spiritual world, and that the ultimatum of it was a question of a short time, not to exceed a year. And then he began to accustom himself to the thought and comfort Ruby with the belief that they should never be separated, that his prayers were granted and that her spiritual sight was opened; and he explained why he had always believed in it; that her respiration was peculiar and different from other persons, and confided to her some of his own experiences.

"O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" he said, folding her in his arms and kissing her fair young brow.

CHAPTER XIV.

We have seen that Dr. Cadmus was busy with the scientific and political questions of the day, and never lost an opportunity to express his sentiments when he thought he could get a sympathetic hearing. He regarded Mr. Gladstone not only as a great humanitarian, but as a religionist hewing out a new path.

"I assure you, Mr. Gladstone, that before the new thought will prosper you must destroy the old," he said.

"That would scarcely be practicable. One might as well say that in the improvement of a great city all the old tenements

must be destroyed before new ones were built. Do you not perceive that when a better, more convenient, wholesome, sensible building is erected, an old one is vacated and the inhabitants voluntarily change, and owners looking to their own interests are building to suit the people. Schools, churches, etc., are no exception to this rule. You do not need to point out the advantages; they see your building is superior in all respects and they accept it. This is the external of it. Now build them a new order of things in politics, in religion, in medicine, and they will accept it. You say they must have a new God. Show him to them. Do not destroy their old God first; let them keep him and compare the two and choose between them."

With all his great general plans, Dr. Cadmus had one particular plan in life. It was the establishing of a new race of physical beings upon the earth. This great wish had been his father's, his grandfather's. He saw new possibilities for the human race, nobler and grander than had ever been dreamed of in any other era of human existence. As a scientist he had demonstrated it. He believed that such religionists as Mr. Gladstone were the natural allies of the scientists, and as the religionists rule the world because they rule the people, he must have their co-operation. When Mr. Gladstone praised the doctor's gifted son, Dr. Cadmus was eager to explain the scientific *why* his son was different from other men's sons. He went into the details of his procreation and the prenatal influences.

He said: "There can be no permanent progress toward the perfection of humanity till the people are instructed in and learn to obey prenatal laws; until then the world must be continually peopled with inharmonious beings. If physicians would turn their attention to the causes and prevention of disease, and clergymen direct their chief efforts toward the causes and prevention of sin, the true welfare of the race would be advanced as never before. Physical and moral education must go together.

"Every person should understand that the relation existing between the mental condition and the circulation of the blood is very minute; and that the tendency of fear, jealousy, selfishness, and the black group of passions in general is toward discord and death; while faith, hope, cheerfulness, temperance, love, — all the virtues lead to harmony, health, and life. Under the depressing influence of anxiety, grief, and fear, the

amount of air consumed in a given time is lessened from twenty-five to fifty per cent, while on the other hand the exhilarating effect of faith, hope, and love increases the respiration correspondingly. Breath is life. Teach children to breathe; air is more than food or raiment."

"We agree most thoroughly on all these points," said Mr. Gladstone. "Our hopes and aims have been in the same direction so far as our children are concerned.

"And the result in either has been most satisfactory; to one of us through science, to the other through religion. Like sees like, and there is no perfect union in this attraction of opposites. Instinct teaches animals and birds better. Crows and doves never mate, nor the skylark and the ground sparrow. Come, my dear sir, let us wed religion and science, — your daughter and my son; for these two must love each other as the angels love."

Although Mr. Gladstone had felt that this must be the grand finale of all their conversations, this proposal of marriage, he had thought of it as something in the future, in another life perhaps, as already existing in the spirit from a time long prior to their meeting. He understood that Dr. Cadmus had a scientific hobby and had probably sat his son upon it and taught him to ride it in his babyhood as the only hobby horse worth riding. He knew that all scientific medical men were eagerly looking for something, expecting to be the discoverers of the causes of this or that great phenomenon. One took up his scalpel hoping to find the source of thought, perhaps catch a subtle essence, the thing divine, and thus do away with the idea of divine influx; to discover that the mind generates thought as the lining membrane of the stomach secretes gastric juice or the salivary glands secrete saliva, and some day to discover the very seat of the soul, the throne of reason, and find both to be little material organs that could be taken out and preserved in alcohol, as the fœtus or the brain, and to discover in the heart the abode of love, which would prove to be only a chemical generated by this same heart; a panacea or a poison, owing to the condition of the generating process.

He had watched the course of the great ones for many years and wondered if there could be no genius without immorality, no talent without infidelity.

Here were both talent and genius in this young Greek, and neither immorality nor infidelity according to his view, and

yet he could see how the world would grade both. Like the father the son believed that the old order of things must be destroyed before a new order of things could exist; and he was preparing himself for the conflict. Would he pull down or build up? Where would he begin? On the side of science or religion, politics or — where — and in whatever he undertook would Ruby prove his true helpmate? Had he indeed produced as strong a character aided by his religion as Dr. Cadmus had aided by his science?

While he sat silently communing with himself Dr. Cadmus walked the floor in some agitation, but outwardly perfectly self-possessed. He had hoped to be met half way with outstretched hands by the orator, and that very soon the picture would change and he would see Ruby fly to the open arms of his son. He had reasons for pressing the question, scientific reasons. The quick eye of the scientist saw what the quick eye of love also detected. Mr. Gladstone might die any day, any moment, and Dr. Cadmus would know his wishes and have Ruby understand that he favored his son's suit, had all arranged, even though the marriage might be delayed. Mr. Gladstone was suffering from no disease — he was quite well, but he realized that only a thin veil separated him from the great unknown; a rude hand might tear it aside at any moment; a sudden shock might destroy the tabernacle, and the spirit stood at the windows ready to depart at a moment's warning. Dr. Cadmus never looked into Mr. Gladstone's eyes without realizing this. He felt that Ruby was not ignorant in the matter, and he pointed out this fact to his son, who would recall his wonderful voice so full of power and pathos, so all-encompassing, and he could not but argue and believe that physical strength had something to do with such power.

"I tell you no," his father said. "His body is spiritualized, the grosser material is so refined that the spirit manifests itself with perfect voice and action. The spirit is all-powerful. It is the house of clay, the chrysalis, that will soon drop off, suddenly, as the closing of an eye."

Yes, it was all true; and as Mr. Gladstone pondered the question now a painful expression so new and strange marked his features, that Dr. Cadmus paused in his walk and marvelled at its cause. What was it? A rush of dark waters over a pure page of paper could not have sullied it more than these changing thoughts did the white face of Mr. Gladstone. It

was indeed violent emotion, heroically suppressed, but the scientist saw now the great enemy of his friend — some unconquered — what could it be?

The proud man turned his head away and shaded his eyes with his hand. Delicacy of feeling was ever on the alert in Dr. Cadmus, and he paused and said, "I will leave you to consider this matter alone, and you can give me your answer at another time."

Mr. Gladstone did not rise, did not remove his hand from his eyes, but cordially putting out the disengaged hand said, "Yes, leave me now. Understand this: I love your son, shall welcome him as my own; but I would speak with him of another matter first. I, in other words, must begin as he does, by destroying before building up. I cannot make myself understood to-day. I must speak with your son — then to Ruby — there might be an obstacle — an insurmountable obstacle — leave me, my dear sir. To-morrow afternoon I shall call upon you, or — write you."

"Is it that you doubt your daughter's affection for my son and would speak to her first?"

"No, frankly, no. Her heart is his. I would speak to your son first upon another subject."

"Other than his love for your daughter?"

"Yes, but — it may be a test of that love — too great a test. Strange I never thought of it before."

"I assure you, my dear sir, he would only be too proud to have you test it. I hope, sir, that it may be the severest test your ideality can conjure up, for surely it could only be that; there is no real test to make."

"Ah well, — I shall see you to-morrow, or write you. Good by."

The Doctor would gladly have dropped the subject and remained, but he saw that the master preferred to be alone, and he withdrew.

That evening Mr. Gladstone walked miles in the Temple, wandering amid the statues and the palms, now in the gallery, now below, with head bent forward and his hands locked behind him, rapt in deep, absorbing thought. Wrestling with unseen demons for his daughter's peace and happiness would not have called forth greater mastery and self-control, a keener sight or action moulded to the thought, to meet each devilish monster that rose up.

"Well, well; study as I will I am no nearer the solution

of the matter. A night's rest, and then the circumstances when I speak will suggest what to say. Would that it were already said, or that my Ruby could look within and read my soul, for only that could tell the tale. These lips are dumb when I would speak, as though some angel sealed them. This hand is paralyzed when I would write and lift the pall from that dead past, as though it were a sacrilege and an effort to defame a tabernacle. No, no, no. There are some things we cannot say, some things we may not do. The flesh is rude; it cannot paint pictures that the spirit can create; all effort is but failure. Could my soul but speak to her soul, my spirit to her spirit, there could be no misunderstanding. Then could my spirit, in the very clouds of heaven, unfold the great panorama of that past and let my child look up and see and feel without a word from me! Great God! How magnified our sin must be, that thou hast limited by speech the expression of our souls, our spirits, on this earth. O for that other life, where to ask is to have, to think is to see, to wish is to know!"

And Ruby wondered what it was. The same old something which from her earliest memory she had vaguely felt at intervals like this, that her father watched for something, somebody who never came, looked for what he never saw, dreaded what never came to pass.

She had seen Dr. Cadmus come and go, and wondered if in their conversation anything had occurred to turn her father's thoughts into the old dark channel, inward where his external sight was blinded, external feeling paralyzed, and all was turned backward, inward upon himself, his inner self.

To-morrow, yes, to-morrow he would speak.

Ah! could Ruby have dreamed when she kissed him good night that his resolution for to-morrow was to tell the story she had so longed to hear, to let her know what she had so ardently longed to know all her young life and never could find voice to ask about, she would not have laid her golden head upon her pillow and slept that sweet, soft sleep. She could not have stilled that anxious wish in her heart for the hours to fly more swiftly and bring the morrow. Ah! she would have walked the floor, she and her image in the mirror, and dragged out a weary night indeed. God and the angels know what is best for us, and silence sealed the old man's lips with a golden seal that night, that Ruby

might sleep and dream and awaken with new strength for the morrow that was to come with a new experience for her, that was to examine her in all the lessons of her life and see how well she had learned them, how truly she could live by them.

CHAPTER XV.

Ruby awoke from a dream. She thought her father had touched her and called to her that the morning was bright and fair. When she opened her eyes there was a consciousness of his presence, but he had disappeared.

"Coming, father!" she called after him, and, rising hastily, dressed, expecting to find him waiting for her in the Temple. Not doing so, she sought him in his study. There he sat; the morning paper was in his hand, the soft light from the stained window was falling on his pure white face in its silver frame. She stooped and kissed his lips. There was no answering kiss.

"Father!" She laid her hand in his. "Father! Father!"

Mrs. Goode appeared.

"Oh, see him, he does not answer me!" she said with wild eyes.

Mrs. Goode put down the tray on which she carried the morning meal, and said, "Call True."

But all the world could not call that spirit back into that house of clay.

"Dead!" sobbed Ruby.

"No, child, he lives indeed at last," True answered.

Truman's first care was to remove the newspaper from the dead man's hands. His keen gray eyes scanned its columns, and he pointed with silent, prophetic gesture to an article marked with pencil, and held it so his wife could read the headline, then silently, swiftly locked it in the table drawer, and hastened to call a physician. The body was still warm, and there was a faint motion of the heart. He was laid upon a couch, and every means to restore him resorted to, but no sign of resuscitation came. The eyes remained open as Ruby found them, fixed upon the paper in his hand, and except for that rigid silence there was no change in him.

Soon after the doctor's departure the dead man's favorite pupils came and offered their services to Truman Goode. So it was the hands of love and reverence performed these last offices, and his body was laid out in the Temple amid the

flowers and palms. Truman promised to inform them when the interment should take place.

"No black robes, but scarlet and gold for papa," Ruby said, and they had carried out her order.

Truman Goode was aware of his late employer's wishes in regard to his burial place, and held a deed to a plat of ground in the city's most beautiful cemetery. Leaving the orphan in charge of his wife he sought the place and superintended every detail, and sent word out to Dr. Cadmus, who started with his wife immediately for the Temple. In the mean time Ruby sat alone in her father's study, or wept silently with her face buried in Mrs. Goode's motherly bosom; then they would, at her request, go into the Temple and stand beside that solemn stillness which seemed to stop their very breath. Ruby remembered how her father had tried to teach her that death was nothing, and now she repeated much that he had often said, to Mrs. Goode. His countenance as they looked upon it was like that of an angel; as though the inmost came forth to ultimate and illumine it.

The hour had come. Leaning on the arm of her faithful friend, Ruby came forth to view him for the last time. There were no mourning garments about her. She was robed in soft white, and in her hand she carried a bunch of freshly cut flowers, her last offering. A minister and several of his pupils who stood beside the bier made room for her. Just then Salome made her way into their midst and stood with awe-struck face beside the bier. The minister began his prayer. Ruby closed her eyes, and those who saw her wondered what caused the expression of pain and sorrow to vanish so quickly from her face and a smile to beam upon it. This is what she told True and his wife afterward:

"When I closed my eyes, instantly there appeared just above the casket three forms. The central one was my father. A sweet odor filled the space between us, and as I looked my father spoke to me. I remember every word. He confirmed all he had ever taught me about the external existence of the spirit in substantial form. He assured me that the forms beside him were angels in whose care he was and with whom he was very happy. He told me that he could and would be ever near me when I thought of him. He insisted that in rejecting the material body men do not die, but that they live there, substantial bodies, as real and more real than our natural life could be. Then I could dry my tears. Then I could see them put the

casket away, for it did not contain my real father, but only the semblance of him, or his material home. My real father lives and will never be so far away from me but that a thought may bring him back. Oh, Goodie! it is indeed true; there is no death of the spiritual man. And now, Goodie, I know he heard my mental vows, for my spirit made them, and he is pleased, and I shall keep them, and he shall be ever with us though perhaps we cannot always see him."

CHAPTER XVI.

The night before the funeral of Mr. Gladstone Salome sat in a gloomy room beside a dying fire, gazing into it, dreaming. The public schools in which she had been teaching as a substitute had closed, and as usual she had saved no money, and three months of idleness would leave her deep in debt if she continued the lessons. Suddenly a faint fluttering hope kindled her heart, a beam of light brightened the eyes, the warm young blood leaped up like a flame to cheek and brow.

"I have waited long for something," she murmured, "but what is this? Who tells me I must up and be at work? Who shows me yonder vineyard and says the grapes are ripe? Who tells me the harvest is for me?"

She has been discouraged and has given up her lessons for a week. Several times she resolved to go to her master and tell him her circumstances, for she feels sure he would continue the lessons free; but something like a stubborn pride has held her back and she has not yet seen him. To-night she sits down to reason with herself. A strange mood comes over her, and we record the result. She rises and stands before the mirror on her dingy bureau.

"Why, it is I, only I, I see! The same face, the same figure, and yet it is *not I*. Whence comes the light within these once dull eyes? the flame upon these once dark cheeks? What lurid fires flow through my veins? They must be fresh from heaven or from hell. And something whispers, *Write!* Shall I write, I who from my in fancy have longed to write, have dreamed of writing, aye, prayed sometimes of late that I might yet through pen or tongue do something great, some holy thing? Well, I will obey. Here are a worn pencil and a bit of soiled paper. I sit me down to write without a thought, yet my fingers tremble and the

pencil moves. I'll read it. '*I died three days ago.*' Why? How? What is this?" Again she reads: "'*I died three days ago.*' What else is to be done? Write again? 'Live a pure, good life. Work with a pure, good motive, and success and peace and happiness shall crown you. I shall help you still.'

"Well! No sleep for me this night; but if this is all, my writing will not bring me fame; and yet the lines contain instruction. I will go to-morrow and see my master and take this scrawl along. He looks as though he might have had a glimpse of the other world and could easily hold communion with disembodied spirits and tell me what it means."

Morning came without Salome having changed her resolution. Who shall analyze her feelings when, instead of a welcome smile from her master, she was led to the silent figure around which others were already gathered to listen to the last solemn rite of burial? Who shall picture the awakening of that spirit in the inner temple of this poor girl as she realizes that her hope, her ambition, all had found life in the promise of those silent lips and now died with them? But a light, faint hope sprang up as she looked at the white-robed figure with its closed eyes holding communion with unseen angels. Was it her master who had visited her in spirit? Was it he who had whispered hope? he who prompted the words she had written the night before, he who still promised help?

Like one in a trance she took in the strange service. Her master, arrayed like a high priest of the temple, seemed to have lain down to sleep before beginning an imposing ceremony, or perhaps this was only a part of some quaint service. Surely it was not death. No black robes were seen, no tears fell, no moans broke the stillness. She was led to a carriage by a stranger, and the casket was placed in a hearse drawn by ten white horses.

CHAPTER XVII.

After a time Ruby and her friends calmly and carefully spoke of present and future. The will was probated, the insurance policies paid, and Ruby was sole heir and executrix. Of course there was to be no change in their mode of life. They would spend their lives in ultimating his wishes. To have refused to do this would have been to them a baser treachery than if he still were visible to them. As they sat

together a few mornings after all the necessary legal proceedings had been carried out, Ruby said:

"You know, Goodie, I must not mope; book learning, father taught me, was well enough if the lessons were practical. I have thought so many times of that poor girl Salome. I must make it my care to do something for her." And while they were speaking the bell rang, and Truman returned accompanied by Salome.

Ruby met her with a warm, affectionate greeting, which brought tears to the poor girl's eyes.

"I was just wondering where you lived and how I could find you. Come, throw aside your hat and let us sit beside the window."

Mr. and Mrs. Goode shook hands with her, and Salome was soon quite at her ease. After a little reflection Ruby said:

"My father assured me that you had great talent and its necessary accompaniment to success, perseverance. You must have another teacher. If he cannot be procured here, then you must go to L——."

"If it only could be! But—I must be reconciled. I must give it up," she said, with quivering lips. Then she told Ruby her position.

"Very well," said Ruby. "Father never used any of the money you paid him."

Going to the little safe in the corner of the room, she opened it and drew forth a little box marked simply "Salome."

"You see it is all here, and it was his intention to return it to you. I only carry out his design in doing so. Talk with your parents about it, and we will ascertain who is the very best teacher to be had for money, and you must go to him."

Tears of gratitude and joy came to Salome's eyes. She could not refuse the money, nor could she conceal the joy Ruby's words had given her. She felt that Ruby was doing just what she would have done under similar circumstances to one in her position, and she acted as she would have had her act.

It was a new feeling to Salome. She had had little cause in life to be grateful. Although it was a new emotion to her breast, she recognized it as something nobler and better than a desire to succeed simply to revenge herself upon somebody.

When Salome had taken her leave Ruby called Goodie and True again in counsel.

"Father intended to fit this young girl for the stage. Now I must finish his work. I cannot do what he would have done in the way he would have done it, but I must furnish the money to pay some one else for doing it. I shall be willing to give up my summer travels and pleasures. I am quite well, and if you do not care to go, we might be very happy here, Goodie."

"Why yes, I don't mind —"

"Of course you and True are to get your extra travelling expenses if you stay, just the same as if you were to go. I shall not share the pleasure of doing this all by myself so far as the money goes."

They both smiled and allowed her to have her own way.

"Think of it, Goodie, I never did anything in all my life worth mentioning. This is only finishing a piece of my father's work. He spoke to me of this girl and said she was capable of attaining rare perfection in dramatic art. Her people are poor. Just think of giving her an opportunity to lift herself and them from poverty. Wouldn't it be lovely and a work worthy my father's memory?"

"Yes, indeed, and worthy of your father's daughter."

Inquiry developed the fact that Salome must go to London to procure the very best training now to be had, and Ruby insisted it must be the very best, and preparations were made for her to start at once. In this arrangement Ruby found intelligent and valuable assistance in Dr. Cadmus, who wrote to Mr.——, theatre manager in London, and arranged every detail. The day before Salome departed, when she had come to bid Ruby adieu, the latter said:

"You must take me to your home now, Salome, and introduce me to your parents. I must be a daughter to them in your absence."

Salome crimsoned with shame.

"Oh, I could not; indeed I would die to have you see them," she said.

"Why should you feel like that? You have told me your sorrow; I know what to expect. I am prepared for it, and I want to help you to do what you have started out to do thoroughly. I can comfort your mother, and maybe teach her some things — older people do learn from younger ones sometimes. I love to learn from little children. Then, too,

I want your father to know I feel that he is worth saving. Yes, Salome, I do not care where it is; I want you to take me to them."

At first Salome was rebellious. She felt that she would rather have thrown back Ruby's gifts, rather reject all, present and future, than to lead this beautiful, refined child of fortune to them and be humiliated in her eyes in that place which was loathsome to her and yet called home. Ruby seemed to understand her struggle and stood silently waiting till the temptation and combat had passed.

Salome had seldom felt ill at ease in Ruby's presence indoors, but as they stepped out into the glare of the bright afternoon sun she was oppressed by the consciousness of the great contrast between them, and for a while a wicked feeling of jealous rage seized her, a feeling that Ruby was conscious of and enjoyed what was so deeply humiliating to her. But raising her face at last — for she hung her head in silent anger — her eyes met the calm, soft light of those liquid orbs that were turned half sorrowfully, half questioningly upon her.

"Salome, I really meant it well. If you, for good reasons, prefer not to take me to your parents, then I will not go."

"You, — you might as well," gasped Salome, "but — you don't know what it is to be ashamed of — of your parents. I — I wish sometimes I had never been born, for however I may strive I can never lift myself above the memory of my degraded home."

She was vehement, but all the time moved desperately forward until they were almost opposite a dingy-looking house where the lowered blinds were soiled and faded. Just as Salome raised her hand to the knocker with a desperate air a shuffling noise was heard and loud and angry oaths burst upon their ears. Salome's hand fell at her side. She cast one agonized look at Ruby in which were mingled reproach and anger, and then she turned and fled, leaving her alone. The noise grew louder, the oaths came fiercer, and then a child screamed. Ruby hesitated no longer. She knocked loudly and tried the door, which yielded, and she stepped into a wretched room. Standing opposite to a drunken man who wore only a dirty shirt and trousers, was a delicate woman with one child clinging to her dress skirts and another on her arm. She had evidently thrust the clinging child behind her out of harm's way, and

still had her hand clasped on its shoulders. Ruby's appearance caused such a shock that the tableau was transfixed before her, and she took in the full detail quietly, while the look of anger frozen on the face of the opponents never changed. They evidently thought the white-robed figure was some avenging angel come to deal summary justice out to them. She approached the woman and said:

"I am your daughter's friend, Salome's friend; I wanted to see you."

Ruby smiled at baby, and then turning to the drunkard held out her hand. He looked at it as though she had been a leper and then drew back. It was not such a hard matter to coax the little one into a welcome smile, and after a while the mother warmed a little toward her; but Bacchus, as his neighbors called him, remained silent and sullen.

"And so you are the lady who is going to help our Salome," said the mother.

"I certainly shall do all that I can to help her to improve her talents, then she can help you and her father in a very substantial way."

"I'll bet my head she'll never lay eyes on one of us again, once she gets out from under this roof," said the man.

"Oh yes, she will, and you will all be very happy."

A coarse laugh was the man's only reply. After a while Salome entered, evidently supposing Ruby had never gone into the house. When she found her sitting quietly among them like an angel paying a visit to hell, as she afterward said, she was mortified and angry; some of the old angry, revengeful spirit had been with her ever since she left Ruby, and she thought:

"Yes, I'll win. I'll earn money and I'll make her smart for this. I'll humble her some day. I'll dash the dust from my chariot wheels upon her."

Ruby was not blind to the effect of this visit upon Salome, and for a time doubted the prudence of her own course; but she waited calmly and took an affectionate leave of Salome, asking her to write while she was abroad, and wishing her success and happiness.

"I shall succeed if I have any talent," Salome answered in her resolute tones, "if work and such a memory as this can spur me on," indicating her surroundings, "and I shall repay you every dollar with interest that you so kindly advance me."

Her voice was harsh, and Ruby felt a little disappointment,

but when she returned home she did not allude to it, but sat down to plan how she could save the money to give this girl every advantage and help her on the road to success without increasing her expenses, as she had promised her father not to do.

(To be continued.)

A VISION OF LOST ATLANTIS.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

In the mystic spell of slumber,
Through the sea's unfathomed gloom,
I beheld the Lost Atlantis
Burst the silence of her tomb;
And the grave-clothes that confined her
In the bonds of age-long sleep
By her hands were rent asunder
As she rose from out the deep.

I could see her gleaming rivers
Down the winding valleys run,
Where the olive groves and vineyards
Drank the kisses of the sun;
I could see vast mountain ranges
On her skies their glories trace, —
Winters wrapped around their shoulders,
Summers blooming at their base.

In the measure of a heart-beat,
In the twinkling of an eye,
I beheld her mighty cities
Lift their battlements on high,
And her strong, triumphant armies,
Which the very gods defied,
Marching to the field of battle
In their arrogance and pride.

Oh, the princes of that kingdom, —
How they ruled on land and sea!
How they spurned the God of justice,
And to Baal bent the knee!
And they reared a golden Image
In the grandest of their marts,
And the incense that ascended
Rose from ruined homes and hearts.

And the one word that the Image
Uttered day and night was "Give!"
Till the people only answered:
"Grant us work that we may live."
But the rulers babbled: "Business,"
As they revelled at their ease,
And they locked up Nature's storehouse
And to thieves consigned the keys.

And the wolves of want went prowling
Round the cabins of the poor,
While the toilers starved and perished
On the highway and the moor;
For the few claimed all the increase
From the ocean, soil, and air, —
Precious stones and gems and metals,
Flocks and grain and fruitage rare.

Bishops feasted at the palace,
Christ sat hungry at the gate,
Mammon held the sway of Haman
In the halls of court and State;
Priest and scholar bowed in homage
To the one malign control
That in church and school demanded
Prostitution of the soul.

Still the multitude paid tribute
To the miser in his den,
Still the Shylock knife was sharpened
For the flesh and blood of men;
Crafty minds, like human spiders
Weaving traps for human flies,
Veiled with webs of legal pretence
Things that all men knew were lies.

And the victims fell by millions,
Under land and chattel bond,
Driven from God's soil like ieppers
By the usurer's magic wand,—
Till the army of the homeless
Gathered like a rising flood,
And the cry went up at midnight:
"Give us bread or give us blood!"

And the gathering flood climbed higher
Till it struck the palace door
And awoke the royal sleepers
With its wild, devouring roar.
There are tigers in the jungle
That delight in human prey,
But a fiercer tiger crouches
In a starving man at bay.

And the rulers and the robbers,
Though they quailed with inward dread,
Answered back in bold derision:
"Give them blood instead of bread!"
And I saw the moon blush crimson,
And beneath the weird eclipse
Sat and rode the "Scarlet Woman,"
With a sneer upon her lips.

There was gathering of the legions
At the mandate of their Queen,
And the flashing of a million
Blades lit up the awful scene;
And a million starving tollers
Fell like blighted stalks of grain
In that horrid midnight harvest,
By their sons and brothers slain.

There are crimes that stir with horror
Saints and angels round the throne,
And whose judgments can be meted
By the courts of God alone.
And I saw the kingdom sinking
At the Scarlet Woman's feet,

And her splendid cities plunging
Like a tempest-foundered fleet.

Mountain ranges met and melted,
And above the fiery tomb
Two great oceans swung together
Like the closing gates of doom.
And I heard a voice proclaiming
Down the solemn aisles of space:
"He who slays a starving brother
Smites his Maker in the face."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TRUE MEMORY; THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.*

REVIEWED BY THE EDITOR.

What, another revelation? This is disquieting! Nothing angers easy-going conventionalists so quickly, or so certainly arouses the sneers and lofty contempt of the Pharisees and Sadducees, as a high-minded message which comes to us out of the old stereotyped grooves; and this is especially true when the revelation in question calls man to a higher plane of life and insists on subordinating the physical desire to the mandates of the spiritual nature. In old times the prophets of Israel were stoned; Jesus, in spite of his mighty works and noble utterances in regard to man's duty to man, braved conventionalism, overturned the tables of the money changers, and was crucified. Socrates, who was in constant communication with voices, taught truths so far ahead of his time and so lofty in their conception that civilization repudiated him and he was forced to drink the hemlock. Joan of Arc beheld visions and heard voices, and, at the moment when England's supremacy over France seemed inevitable, under the guidance of her voices wrested victory for her nation, but was burned as a sorceress. So among the lofty teachers of the ages we find Epictetus teaching a noble philosophy, and for his teachings being banished by one of Rome's most cruel and immoral emperors. Victor Hugo refused to surrender the cause of liberty and republicanism at the wily behest of a selfish and unscrupulous ruler, and therefore suffered exile for almost a score of years. And these are only a few instances which mark the pathway of the ages, illustrating that those who are seeking to give the world high, fine thoughts in advance of their time, whether they be prophets, philosophers, or revelators, must expect the bitter opposition of the easy-going and selfish conventionalists who are joined to artificial ideals permeated by gross materialism and not infrequently clothed in elaborate ritualistic forms. Hence I shall not be surprised if "True Memory" is received with much lofty contempt, which those who speak to the soul rather than those who fawn at the feet of conservatism must expect from the conventional press. Especially is this to be anticipated in regard to this work because its philosophy runs counter to the popular theory of physical science in many respects, while it pays as little heed to form, ritual, and dogma as did the great Galilean in His Sermon on the Mount. It is a profoundly spiritual work and insists that man's redemption can only be attained through the supremacy of the spiritual,—a fact which lofty natures of all shades of belief are coming more and more to see each passing year.

The work, as I understand it, is a literal transcript of a message given to the author. It takes up creation, the fall of man and his redemption,

*"True Memory; the Philosopher's Stone. Its Loss through Adam; its Recovery through Christ," by Mrs. Calvin Kryder Belfander. Bound in fancy cloth, handsomely illustrated. Price \$1.25. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

as dictated to the amanuensis, who seems in many ways to be gifted with much the same internal illumination which marked Swedenborg as pre-eminently the mystic of the present age. Its style is simple and direct, and in many respects it resembles, without any suggestion of imitation, Olive Schreiner's "Dreams." It is a work that will appeal very strongly to the large and growing number of earnest Christians who are profoundly spiritual in nature.

SIEGFRIED, THE MYSTIC.*

REVIEWED BY JULIA DAWLEY.

To any psychic, or to one who has made a careful study of the methods and effects of what is commonly known as mediumship, there will be found in "Siegfried, the Mystic," nothing very startling or mystical, nothing which may not be seen and heard any day in almost any town or city where spiritual mediums or teachers of occultism, Christian Scientists or divine healers have found their way.

But to others who have never ventured to peep outside the fold of orthodoxy or explore the byways of mysticism, or who have been always content to chase after the unrealities which men call wealth, fame, learning, love, and so have never given a thought to metaphysical or spiritual things, the story of George Martin's first interview with the old seer and his charming pupil will seem somewhat puzzling, to say the least. The description of the first experience of Martin in what is erroneously called "development," the struggle between the "I and the not I" for possession of a body, is a correct portrayal of a scene which is presented at almost any place where so-called developing circles are held, or experiments in mesmerism, mental suggestion, or hypnotism are conducted.

The lesson conveyed in the scene described is, however, a good one for everybody to consider, and the answers of the voice to Martin's captious questions embody pretty much all that is best in the teachings of the mystics and all the rest of the occultists with which countless lecturers, teachers, and, finally, even novelists, make it possible to become familiar.

The book is clean, wholesome, and pleasing in style, full of wise teachings as has been said, yet interesting merely as a simple love story. The characters are natural, and the old man who, as the mystic, is given opportunity to voice the to many people unfamiliar doctrines is never tiresome or prosy.

The whole message of the book, the mission of the good seer, his beautiful pupil and the disembodied human souls whose medium she seems to have been, is the blessed assurance, "*There is no death.*"

There are many passages in this book which one would like to quote at length, so important are the lessons they teach or the warning they convey. For instance, this:

The advice of spirits, clothed or unclothed by flesh, may be unselfish

*"Siegfried, the Mystic," by Ida Worden Wheeler. 296 pages. Price, cloth, \$1.25. The Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

and well meant, but all questions must be weighed in the balance of your own soul before you can safely act. If you consult a psychic upon purely earthly affairs you will not receive a response from a very high source. No spirit but one whose affections are still rooted to earth would answer an appeal for material aid or direction. . . . But when you aspire for a teacher to light your pathway to clearer truth, diviner love, be sure it will not be denied you.

The mystic's view of "the sentiment that passes current in the world as love" (pp. 127-130) is well worth consideration, but is too long to quote in this review; the scene between him and the "illegitimate" Josephine is very natural, and his expression of opinion on that question would startle ultra conventional people considerably.

The "Thought Exchange;" the half-crazed Dunn "pursued by an exasperating consciousness of his own inferiority and limitations, mistaking his own shadows for enemies;" the cure of the evangelist; the mutual love of the young psychics, and the more material union of the rich young Martin to his chosen bride,—all are well told and serve not only to pass away a leisure hour or two, but cannot fail to awaken thought and a desire for that better time when "men will be ashamed to be too rich; when the standard of society will be worth, not dollars; when where vulgar display and selfishness are, there will be the social slums; when men and women will be free to grow, free to express and free to attain to all that their unfolded individualities crave."

There is no deeper lesson in mysticism than this:

"Thought is the hidden force called fortune or fate. You are not elected to suffer by any other will or whim than your own. You are the effect of your past. You will be the effect of your present."

And so, again, we may close this notice of Mrs. Wheeler's book with the chant, familiar enough to some of us:

"The hand that smites thee is thine own."

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

I.

A Startling Prophecy and its Fulfilment Relating to the Transformation of the Republic into a Plutocracy through the Gold Power.

A few days since I came across some lines written by myself some time since, relating to Gen. John A. Logan's prophecy and its fulfilment, in which I had occasion to observe that I had recently read some striking predictions made by the late Senator John A. Logan when the discussion of the withdrawal of the treasury notes was in progress. At that time Gen. Logan came in for a large share of the lofty scorn, the abusive epithets and contemptuous sneers showered upon Senator Oliver P. Morton, Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, and other leading statesmen of the people by the modern American Tories—the usurer class and their sycophants—who thronged the halls of legislation and shaped public thought through the press of the East.

At the moment when Gen. Logan uttered the sombre prophecy given below, hope sang in the hearts of America's millions; the nation, despite the terrible ravages of the late war, was springing into unparalleled prosperity; the hills, valleys, and vast rich prairies of the Middle and Western States were blossoming with new homes; money was plentiful; and with the States engaged in an enormous business, only a small fraction of which was carried on with foreign nations, there were only two classes disturbed over the prosperity of her people. One was England's capitalists, the other was the usurer class of our country—the drones in the hive of civilization, who acquired rather than earned wealth; the legal freebooters and commercial brigands, who, without toiling or spinning, in the sense of being engaged in producing wealth, secure millions of other men's money through special privileges.

It was not strange that England wished to change our monetary policy. She was practically a non-producer of the earth's great staples and essentials, and, if shorn of the advantages arising from a dishonest monetary arrangement and the power of ruling through craft, would necessarily be at the feet of the great wealth-producing Republic. Her only hope lay in checking the prosperity following a large volume of currency, with the high prices which attend such a condition, by contracting currency within the borders of the great wealth producer of the New World.

Nor is it strange that the usurer class, who had secured special privileges from Congress whereby they proposed to acquire millions, should combine with the ancient foe of American freedom in the conspiracy to defraud the wealth-producing millions and wreck the prosperity of the industrial classes. The position of Wall Street (and by Wall Street I mean the stock gamblers and professional usurers of America) in this battle for justice, human rights, and human happiness was essentially that of the Tories in America during the Revolution, who, in hope of wealth through confiscation, used every means in their power to defeat

the emancipation of the colonies. This usurer class joined forces with England. And it was at the time when these incarnations of the serpent and the tiger advanced upon the nation with the common object of acquiring the wealth earned by the toiling millions, that Gen. Logan said:

I, for one, can see benefit only to the money-holder and those who receive interest and have fixed incomes. I can see, as a result of this legislation, our business operations crippled and wages for labor reduced to a mere pittance. I can see the beautiful prairies of my own State and of the great West, which are blooming as gardens, with cheerful homes rising like white towers along the pathway of improvement, again sinking back to idleness. I can see mortgage fiends at their hellish work. I can see the hopes of the industrious farmers blasted as they *burn corn for fuel* because its price will not pay the cost of transportation and dividends on millions of dollars of fictitious railway stocks and bonds. I can see our people of the West groaning and burdened under taxation to pay debts of States, counties, and cities incurred when money was more abundant and bright hopes of the future were held out to lead them on. I can see the people of our Western States, who are producers, reduced to the condition of serfs to pay interest on public and private debts to the money sharks of Wall Street, New York, and of Threadneedle Street in London, England.

Now, at this time, when the people are making a last gallant stand against complete serfdom to the usurers of England and America, let us see how this terrible prophecy of Gen. Logan, which when uttered was sneered at by the American Tories as a calamity wail, has been verified.

"I can see," said the statesman from Illinois, "benefit only to the money-holder and those who receive interest." On this point we need merely call the attention of thoughtful people to the wealth acquired and influence exerted by the great monetary oligarchy which has of late so largely shaped legislation for its profit and which now assumes to dictate the financial policy of the nation.

For the last twenty-five years the defenders of an *independent and sound American financial policy* have been pointing out as did Gen. Logan the terrible results which were bound to follow the retirement of greenbacks and the demonetization of silver, but so subtle and powerful were the gold interests of England and the American Tories that they denied the existence of facts which have been time and again verified, and denounced all patriots who stood for the prosperity and happiness of the wealth creators of America as alarmists, and in various ways have sought to discredit those who sought to avert the peril impending, exactly as Wendell Phillips, John G. Whittier, Charles Sumner, and Abraham Lincoln were assailed by the selfish conservatism of their day before the cause they stood for proved triumphant. But the constant verification of prophecies made by such men as Oliver P. Morton, Thomas E. Hendricks, John A. Logan, and numbers of others has had its effect. Moreover, the last census report was a revelation to hundreds of thousands of thoughtful people, while it emphasized in a most signal manner the truth which the betrayers of our national prosperity had denied or sought to explain away for several decades.

In the *Political Science Review* for December, 1893, edited by the University Faculty of Political Science of Columbia College, Mr. George K.

Holmes, an expert in the department of statistics of wealth for our census bureau, contributed a most startling paper on the Concentration of Wealth, in the course of which he observed:

The census office has published the results of its investigation of farm and home proprietorship in twenty-two States and territories. In the case of every family, the census recorded whether it owned or hired the farm or home that it occupied, and in case of resident owners, whether or not the property was encumbered. If an encumbrance existed, its amount and the value of the farm or home were ascertained, and the values and encumbrances have been published both as averages and in a classification of amounts. The States and territories represented are Arizona, Connecticut, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Utah, Vermont, Wisconsin, and Wyoming, and the District of Columbia is added. For the present purpose, the figures for these political divisions have been consolidated and applied to the whole country. It is believed that the results correspond closely to the real conditions of the United States, since the different regions where like conditions prevail give returns that correspond well with one another in proportion to population.

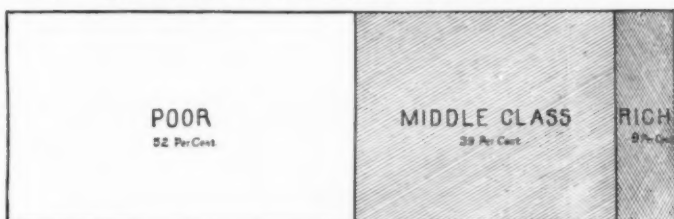
In these twenty-two States, thirty-two per cent of the farm families and sixty-two per cent of the home families are tenants. Among the farm-owning families thirty per cent carry encumbrances, with an average debt of \$1,130 on farms whose average value is \$3,190; among home-owners twenty-nine per cent carry encumbrances, with an average debt of \$1,139 on an average value of \$3,254. Until the census shall determine, it may be assumed that there are 4,500,000 farms in the United States, leaving 8,190,152 families that occupy homes that are not farms.

Otherwise stated, ninety-one per cent of the 12,690,152 families of the country own no more than about twenty-nine per cent of the wealth, and nine per cent of the families own about seventy-nine per cent of the wealth. The chief elastic elements of the estimate are the amount of wealth that is credited to each family in addition to its farm or home and the amount of debt with which the family is charged above encumbrance. Opinions will vary in these matters, but the variations will need to be extreme before the preceding conclusion can be considerably changed. In forming an opinion, it should be borne in mind that only the cheaper of the owned farms and homes are represented—those whose value, without regard to encumbrance, is in no case as much as \$5,000, and average about half that amount.

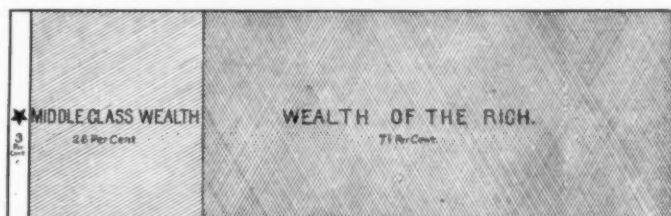
Among the 1,099,265 families in which seventy-one per cent of the wealth of the country is concentrated, there is a still further concentration which may be indicated by taking account of the wealth of the very rich. The New York *Tribune's* list of 4,047 millionaires affords the best basis for this. Here the unknown quantities are of such magnitude that widely divergent estimates may be made. In Mr. Thomas G. Shearman's estimate of the wealth of millionaires, partly based on the assessment of Boston, and published in the *Forum* of November, 1889, the average for the class is set at \$2,125,000; but it would seem as if Mr. Shearman had considerably overestimated the number of millionaires worth less than \$3,750,000 apiece, and, if so, his average is too small. Without going into details, the conclusion adopted in this article is that the 4,047 millionaires are worth not less than \$10,000,000,000 or more than \$15,000,000,000, say \$12,000,000,000, or about one fifth of the nation's wealth. This gives an average of about \$3,000,000.

We are now prepared to characterize the concentration of wealth in the United States by stating that twenty per cent of it is owned by three hundredths of one per cent of the families, fifty-one per cent by nine per cent of the families (not including millionaires), seventy-one per cent

The Distribution of Wealth in the United States.

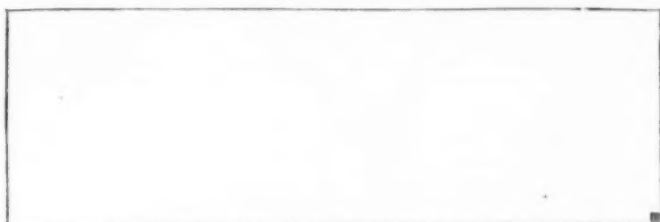


No. 1.—Showing the distribution of POPULATION into three classes, the Poor, the Middle Class and the Rich.

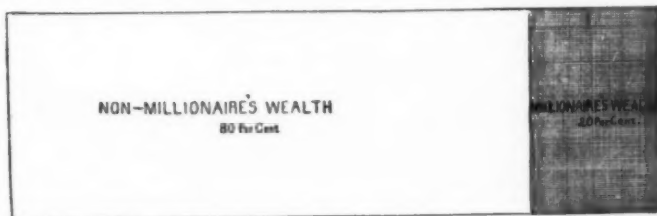


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No. 2.—Showing the distribution of Natural WEALTH among the three classes of the population, the Poor, the Middle Class and the Rich.



No. 3.—Showing the distribution of POPULATION into two classes, millionaires and non-millionaires. The white space represents the former class and the small dark space represents the latter.



No. 4.—Showing the distribution of Natural WEALTH among the non-millionaires and the millionaires.

by nine per cent of the families (including the millionaires), and twenty-nine per cent by ninety-one per cent of the families.

About twenty per cent of the wealth is owned by the poorer families that own farms and homes without encumbrance, and these are twenty-eight per cent of all the families. Only nine per cent of the wealth is owned by tenant families and the poorer class of those that own their

farms or homes under encumbrance, and these together constitute sixty-four per cent of all the families. As little as five per cent of the nation's wealth is owned by fifty-two per cent of the families, that is, by the tenants alone. Finally, 4,047 families possess about seven tenths as much as do 11,593,887 families.

So exceedingly suggestive is Mr. Holmes's paper that I reproduce the diagrams which appeared in *Vox Populi* and were carefully made with explanatory notes. They are drawn in correct mathematical proportions, and they will serve to instantly fix upon the minds of the readers the tremendous facts brought out in Mr. Holmes's exhaustive article. In writing of these diagrams the editor of *Vox Populi* observed:

In diagram No. 1 the distribution of population into three classes is shown. The poor comprise fifty-two per cent of our families and are represented by the area in which the word "Poor" is written in the diagram. The middle class comprise thirty-nine per cent of our families and are represented by the area within which the words "Middle Class" are written. The rich comprise but nine per cent of our families.

The poor have property amounting on an average to \$205 per family, exclusive of encumbrances. The middle class have an average of \$3,201 per family exclusive of encumbrances, and the rich have \$38,762, on an average, exclusive of encumbrances.

It would be easy to give the calling and condition of mind of each class, but we deem it best to show the distribution of wealth which is illustrated by diagram No. 2. The poor own that part of the entire wealth of the country that is shown in the space marked with a star. The middle class own the wealth indicated by the space within which are written the words "Middle Class Wealth," while the rich own the wealth indicated by the space within which appear the words "Wealth of the Rich." It will be seen that the poor, constituting fifty-two per cent of our families, own but three per cent of the wealth of the nation, while the middle class, constituting thirty-nine per cent of our families, own twenty-six per cent of the wealth of the nation, and the rich, who constitute but nine per cent of our families, own seventy-one per cent of all our wealth.

If we now pass to diagram No. 3 we will find still another distribution of population. This distribution is into only two classes, those who are millionnaires and those who are not. The first class are represented by the large white space, while the millionnaires are represented by the small dark square in the lower right-hand corner of diagram No. 3. In diagram No. 4 we show the way the wealth of the nation is divided between the millionnaires and the non-millionnaires. It will be seen that the millionnaires own twenty per cent, that is, one fifth of all the wealth of the nation, while the balance is distributed among their less prosperous but more productive brethren.

With a full adequate knowledge of the conditions set forth with at least approximate accuracy in our diagrams, in the possession of the American people, we believe a general movement would be at once inaugurated toward the discovery of causes that have brought about these conditions. Upon the matter of securing these facts and discovering the causes of the same, in our humble judgment depend the prosperity and happiness of our people and the prosperity of our free institutions.

To thoughtful Americans as well as Europeans watching events as they have transpired during the past twenty-five years, the tremendous discontent evinced in our elections must necessarily have proved very significant. Never in the history of a republic, probably, has the pendulum swung with such irresistible force from one party to another as during recent years, and during all this time there has been steadily, rapidly,

constantly growing up a spirit of discontent, not the outgrowth of the professional agitators, but being a discontent born of a consciousness on the part of the wealth creators among the more thoughtful of our manufacturers, merchants, farmers, and artisans who appreciated the fact that the steady decrease in prices, the frequent occurrence of panics, and the creeping palsy of business stagnation were in fact a mere fulfilment of the prophecy of Gen. John A. Logan and his compatriots who foresaw the terrible effects bound to follow when the great Republic adopted England's financial policy. Our nation ought to-day to be the leader of the world in prosperity, in wealth, and in independence; a Republic which ought to be growing more and more independent as the years pass by; a Republic which ought to be becoming more and more a creditor nation instead of more and more a debtor nation. Hence, all the gold expended in corrupting legislation, in silencing a supposed free press, and in devious other ways, has proven in a large measure fruitless. The people have become more and more discontented with each successive year. The fact was pointed out that when Mr. Harrison went out of office the treasury was found empty; but the election of Cleveland was due to the tremendous discontent of the people, a discontent which expressed itself shortly after they had given the Democrats the chance for which they had clamored for years, that of controlling all branches of government, an opportunity of giving relief to the nation and adopting a general American policy. Hence, following elections swept the Republicans into power in the House of Representatives by a tremendous majority, almost as great as that which overwhelmed the Republican party after the passage and enactment of the "war tariff" measure known as the McKinley Bill.

It is very evident from all sections, notably from the South and West, that the voters have firmly determined to be deceived no longer. Twenty-five years of bitter experience has at last aroused them as our patriot fathers were aroused when the great Republic was born. They will accept no equivocation in platform or candidate. They will vote for prosperity, happiness, and the true grandeur of the Republic, which can come only by a sound, independent financial American policy.

II.

The Unconditional Battle of the Wealth Creators of the Republic Against the Bank of England's Financial Policy.

It has been the settled policy of the gold monometallists, under the shrewd directions of the usurer class of Britain and the gamblers of Wall Street, to overawe the Eastern press. To compass this policy so ruinous to American prosperity, they have resorted to the continued threat of a panic as well as resorting to devious "by-ways and crooked ways" in order to accomplish the domination of British supremacy, or rather to accomplish supremacy of the Bank of England policy over the prosperity and happiness of American millions, from the manufacturer and merchant to the farmer and artisan.

One of the popular cries made by the special pleaders for the Bank of England, the gold barons, and the gamblers of Wall Street, has been that the silver advocates were merely the silver barons of the mining States; while if any one stops to consider the matter he will readily see that the mining commonwealths as well as the rocky boroughs of Vermont and New Hampshire or any other States in the Republic for that matter are justly entitled to consideration. But I imagine that those men who are hired to sway public opinion are altogether too well acquainted with the facts to suppose for a moment that the silver-producing States are anything more than secondary in their influence, directly or indirectly, on the great mass of America's millions and wealth creators who are to-day resolutely demanding the free coinage of silver. I am fully aware of the persistent endeavor of the gold press and also of the influence exerted by the British and American Tories to mislead the public in regard to this fact; yet I do not believe that any thoughtful and disinterested man who has investigated the facts involved will for a moment imagine that more than one in a hundred of the voters who are to-day resolutely demanding that the next President shall be an out-and-out free-silver champion elected on a platform of sixteen to one, have any interest directly or indirectly in silver mines, but they know that gold monometallism is wrecking and ruining the homes of the wealth creators no less than national prosperity. They recognize the fact that they have been systematically betrayed by parties and men, and they know that from the day our nation bowed her neck to England's yoke and demonetized silver, the real wealth of our Republic has declined in price, and to-day our nation, which but for this iniquitous course would have been the most opulent country on the globe, is growing more and more a debtor nation; they know that prosperity has not only fled from the wealth creators during successive administrations of the two great parties for the last score of years and that times have been growing harder for a quarter of a century, but they further know that the nation's treasury, which was full to overflowing when Cleveland went out of office the first time, was practically emptied in the four years the Republicans ruled, and instead of bettering matters the present administration has followed the Republican policy on the vital issue of finance, even resorting to an extreme war measure and issuing bonds in a time of profound peace at the demand of the wreckers of the wealth creators of America.

It is idle to accuse men like Senators Morgan and Pugh of Alabama, Butler of North Carolina, Vest of Missouri, Jones of Arkansas, Allen of Nebraska, Harris of Tennessee, and a number of other thoughtful and truly representative members of the Senate of the United States as being silver barons; and what is true of the Upper House is equally true of Congress. All the power of the administration and Wall Street has failed to induce the true representatives of a large portion of our nation to betray the sacred trust imposed upon them by their electors. But this is not all. Among far-sighted financiers in the East, such men as Jay Cooke, for example, the ruinous policy of gold monometallism is not

only perfectly apparent, but they are speaking out in order to check the ruin of the nation which a few multi-millionnaires are rapidly bringing about by endeavoring to establish a plutocracy on the ashes of the Republic. The agrarian population of the South and West, a vast majority of the artisans outside of the Eastern centres, and a large proportion of the manufacturers and merchants are determined that the next President shall not be a gold man nor a man who would deceive by evading the open issue, nor yet that the platform upon which the candidate is elected shall be equivocal or susceptible of any misinterpretation. They at last realize the tremendous duty devolving upon them. They feel and know that the present battle is between *British gold and American ballots*, and as in seventy-six so in ninety-six, *they have determined that this land shall be free*. The next President must be an American in fact as well as in word, and no coward or trimmer will be accepted in the coming contest.

III.

Some Much-Talked-of Americans who are Fighting the Gold Ring.

In the following pages we give the portraits of United States Senator H. M. Teller of Colorado, Senator Benjamin F. Tihman of South Carolina, George Wilson, Esq., of Lexington, Missouri, president of the oldest bank in that State, and Mr. George P. Keeney.

Mr. Teller has recently created a great sensation in the United States Senate by his bold and brave stand in behalf of the people and his merciless exposure of the shams of the party to which he had been allied for over forty years. In the course of this memorable address Senator Teller observed:

In all these discussions the senator has sought to make the public believe that the most objectionable feature of this administration, the issue of bonds in time of peace, has grown out of the necessity for more revenue. I find in the public press of the country a very general disposition to attribute the issue of these bonds, amounting to \$262,000,000, to a lack of revenue. Particularly is this true of the party to which I am attached. All their public statements, and as a rule the statements of the Eastern press, have approved of the issue of bonds, and have excused it on the ground that it was necessary because there was not sufficient revenue; and of course they come back to the charge against the Democratic party, that it is responsible because the revenue is deficient.

Mr. President, before I go into the question whether these bonds have been issued because of a lack of revenue, I want to go back to 1890, when the Democratic party was not responsible for legislation and the Republican party was. We passed then what has been known as the McKinley law, a law which seems just now to be in great favor and very popular, although I believe it cost us the following election.

The McKinley law did not provide a sufficiency of revenue; everybody knows that it did not, and I think it but fair and honest to say that if there had been no change of administration there would still have been a deficiency of revenue under that law. I am of opinion myself, and I believe it can be thoroughly demonstrated, that the present tariff law will produce as much revenue as will be needed *whenever prosperity comes to this country*.

No revenue law, no collection of imports, which is fairly levied,



UNITED STATES SENATOR H. M. TELLER OF COLORADO.

fairly laid, and fairly collected, will bring to this country a sufficient income until conditions change and the people are ready to buy and consume. This is the first subject to which the statesmen of this country should direct their attention; that is the first thing which is absolutely necessary and essential. We must bring back to this country the prosperity which formerly existed and ought still to exist in this country.

I know, Mr. President, that as a Republican it may be considered to be my duty from a partisan standpoint to insist that the lack of prosperity is the result of a Democratic administration. I do not so believe.

How does the senator from Ohio expect, by increasing the duties upon imports and thus keeping them out of the country, to increase the revenues of the country? The trouble is that not enough imports are coming in to keep up the revenues. The senator from Ohio says the way to get more revenue is to put on additional taxes and have less imports come in. I agree with him as to the wisdom of fewer imports. I do not wish to see this country flooded with foreign imports. I should

be glad myself to see some other method of raising revenue adopted. There are many ways in which we could get the revenue. We could get it by a tax upon beer. We could get it by a number of methods that would not have brought into this chamber a conflict between the two parties, which are divided upon the question of protection and non-protection.

There is nobody in this chamber, there is nobody in this country who knows better than the senator from Ohio that the sale of not a dollar of bonds was necessitated by lack of revenue. We have not sold bonds when anybody could pretend that we were in danger of not being able to meet our obligations. We have sold bonds with a full treasury. We have sold bonds with more than any other nation in the world can show to its credit. There has been no time, so says the President, that it was necessary to sell bonds. I will read what the President of the United States has said upon this subject. In the President's annual message he said:

In the present stage of our difficulty, it is not easy to understand how the amount of our revenue receipts directly affects it.

Speaking of the financial condition:

The important question is not the quantity of money received in revenue payments, but the kind of money we maintain, and our ability to continue in sound financial condition. We are considering the government's holdings of gold as related to the soundness of our money and as affecting our national credit and monetary strength.

I need not read it all. He says further on:

It cannot, therefore, be safe to rely upon increased revenues as a cure for our present troubles.

It is possible that the suggestion of increased revenue as a remedy for the difficulties we are considering may have originated in an intimation or distinct allegation that the bonds which have been used ostensibly to replenish our gold reserve were really issued to supply insufficient revenue. Nothing can be further from the truth.

Bonds were issued to obtain gold for the maintenance of our national credit. As has been shown, the gold thus obtained has been drawn again from the treasury upon United States notes and treasury notes.

Skippping — I need not read it all —

At no time when bonds have been issued has there been any consideration of paying the expenses of the government with their proceeds.

Here is the declaration of the President of the United States that at no time when bonds have been issued have they been necessitated by the lack of money.

The Secretary of the Treasury comes with his report and makes the same statement. In February, the Government of the United States issued \$100,000,000 of bonds.

The cash balance in the treasury on the first day of December, 1895, was \$177,406,386.62, being \$98,072,420.30 in excess of actual gold reserve on that day.

While the situation does not require any legislation for raising additional revenue for taxation at this time, it is such as to require the strictest economy in appropriations and public expenditures.

Mr. President, that is a condition that must always exist in this country. I think that is a condition that always has existed. That is an obligation that has always rested upon every man connected with this body and the other — "strict economy in appropriations and public expenditures."

And so on.

I do not know what the deficiency is going to be this year, but I do know that the deficiencies on the twenty-eighth day of April for the year were \$24,247,517.83. On that day we had \$273,522,338 in the treasury. I repeat, there is not a nation on the face of the earth that holds \$273,000,000 in its treasury for ordinary purposes. If there is such a nation at all it is Russia, that is stated to have accumulated a large amount, nobody knows how much, for war purposes — not to be used except in case of an emergency for war. There is more money in the treasury than the people of the United States are willing should be put there and there tied up. Every dollar of money that is put into the treasury comes out of the



SENATOR BENJAMIN F. TILLMAN OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

circulation that is necessary in this country to maintain even the present bad conditions of commerce and trade. Inside of twenty-seven months you have put into the treasury \$200,000,000 that had been in circulation. You drew out of the circulation of this country \$200,000,000 and put it where it is of no more value to commerce and trade than it would be if it were in the depths of the sea.

And yet, Mr. President, senators rise here and wonder why it is that business does not revive, why it is that prosperity does not come to us. We have had contraction at the rate of \$100,000,000 a year, contraction since the 1st of February this year of \$100,000,000, apparently in ignorance of a well-known and well-settled principle of political economy, that when you decrease the circulation of the money you destroy prices and you discourage enterprise and retard all movements toward production.

Mr. President, if there ever was a nation in the world that seems to be governed by imbeciles and men without thought or men without rea-



GEORGE WILSON, PRESIDENT OF THE OLDEST BANK OF MISSOURI.

son, it is fair to say we are now in the hands of that class of people. *The history of the world does not show such contraction as we have voluntarily and deliberately and willingly taken it upon ourselves to create for the simple purpose of maintaining the gold standard, and nothing else.*

The senator from Ohio (Mr. Sherman) knows, and every man in this chamber knows, that the \$262,000,000 is a debt put upon this country to maintain the gold standard. And he knows, as I know,



GEORGE P. KEENEY

that the \$262,000,000 is but the beginning of a debt that is to be put upon us if the gold standard is to be maintained. It will not do for the senator to tell me or any one else in this chamber that revenue is what you want. What you want, Mr. President, is some system of finance that shall bring confidence to the people who create and produce, that shall encourage them in the belief that when they manufacture an article they want to sell they can sell it for as much at least as it cost. The absolute certainty exists to-day in every productive circle in the United States, and pretty nearly in the world, that he who produces to-day must sell to-morrow at a loss.

Mr. President, the financial question is at the bottom of this trouble, not a lack of revenues. I do not intend myself to allow either the senator from Ohio or anybody else to fool the people of this country with the idea that all you need is to pass the McKinley Bill again and that then prosperity will come. You will never see the McKinley Bill re-enacted, and if you did, you would not see prosperity come from it. We have been promised all these years that if we would do this and if we would do the other thing, prosperity would be at our door. Every promise made has failed.

I know that there is traversing the country and shouting a band of men who have labelled their candidate "the advance agent of prosperity." Mr. President, the people who look to him as the saviour will find that they have been deluded and deceived. The agent of prosperity will not come into sight until this system of finance of ours is changed.

These extracts, coming from one of the ablest senators of the Republican party, are no less memorable than the position taken by United States Senator Benjamin F. Tillman in his address in the Senate some time since, which so alarmed the gold ring of America that he instantly came into a greater share of calumny, slander, misrepresentation, and abuse than has been meted out to any man since the days of Andrew Jackson. I have quoted extensively from Senator Teller's speech from the fact that the abridged and garbled reports which appeared, where notice of this memorable speech was permitted to appear at all, so thoroughly inadequately described the masterly statements and the position taken by the senator from Colorado, that I felt our readers would be interested in noting the facts with which he confronted Senator Sherman and the present discredited administration.

Of Senator Tillman I would merely say that many people have judged him and his alleged utterances from the scurrilous editorials of the gold press, but the great, and I might say almost unprecedented, ovations tendered him in his recent tours through the West and South by the masses have shown how thoroughly the people are aroused and how futile have been the calumnies and abuses of the gold press of the United States in its studied effort to discredit him,—an effort which strikingly reminds one of the attack of the defenders of the national bank on Andrew Jackson.

Mr. George Wilson, president of the oldest bank in the State of Missouri, is another much-talked-of patriot at the present time. He has for years been a close student of finance, was a life-long Democrat until a few years since, when, after becoming thoroughly satisfied that his party had gone over to the principles of Hamilton and were vying with the Republican party in subserviency to the gold power in its attempt to enslave the wealth creators of the United States, he became convinced, as are the majority of *disinterested* statesmen, economists, and students who have carefully investigated our monetary system, that our yielding to England's financial domination has resulted in not only hard times, but a continuous lowering of prices of our wealth products and a succession of panics; hence he left the party of his lifetime because he could not conscientiously longer be a party to an organization which was fostering trusts, monopolies, and industrial serfdom.

On May 19 J. Edward Simmons, Esq., president of the Fourth National Bank of New York, said in discussing the political situation, "Panic! We have been so deep in a hole for three years that things cannot get any lower." * This fact was realized by Mr. Wilson, although he was a banker, some time ago. None knew better than he that anything that brought about the stagnation in business which has been com-

* Boston Daily Herald, May 20, 1896.

ing upon us like creeping paralysis ever since the retirement of the greenbacks and demonetization of silver, would ultimately affect the bankers, merchants, and manufacturers, as well as the farmers and artisans. Hence he had the patriotism and manhood and the spirit of true democracy to refuse to further worship the shell from which the soul had fled. Mr. Wilson is a ripe scholar and profound student, even outside of finance, — something rather rare at the present time among men who are engaged in special pursuits.

Another man of exceptional ability as an organizer, who has made himself greatly feared by the plutocracy of the East and has accomplished very marked results in unifying the patriotic forces of the North Atlantic region, is Mr. George P. Keeney, national organizer of the American silver forces. As I have before observed, he is one of those rare men who know how to organize and carry victory with them. His work has been marked by rare sagacity, a broad, comprehensive grasp of complex situations, and that peculiar power of a general who quickly sees the strong and weak points of the opposing forces, and also understands how to meet obstacles, and when to speak and when to be quiet. The complete overthrow of the Southern Pacific's choice of mayor for San Francisco was very largely due to the splendid generalship, excellent tact, and indefatigable efforts of this natural born organizer. He impresses me as a man raised up for an important work in this important crisis in our history.

But Senator Teller, the Western Republican, Senator Tillman, the Southern Democrat, and Mr. Wilson, the Missouri banker, who belongs to the People's party, and Mr. Keeney, the national organizer of the silver forces, are only types of millions of thoughtful men and determined patriots throughout the South and West who are firm in their convictions that the people at last *shall be free; that the domination of the gold power and the servitude of America to England shall cease.* These are representative men among millions of voters who propose to place country above party in the great struggle of the present, which may be aptly termed the second Valley Forge of the American struggle for independence; realizing as they do that we are in the midst of a conflict involving the very life of republican institutions; and what has been accomplished in the past in the way of betrayals and equivocations will prove absolutely futile in the great contest which is now pending. These men are the representatives of the democracy of Jefferson, the republicanism of Lincoln, or, in other words, the best element of three great parties who are thoroughly determined that the next President of the United States shall be an *American in fact as well as in word.*

MR. WILLIAM P. ST. JOHN'S PROPOSED PLATFORM FOR THE UNIFICATION OF REFORM FORCES.

[Since the publication of his proposed platform in the June ARENA, we have conferred with Mr. St. John and others and have persuaded him to amend it by expunging its tariff plank and so altering its preamble as to refer that demand, along with other reforms, to the optional initiative of the people. — EDITOR OF ARENA.]

We restate the platform as amended, to wit:

A NATIONAL PLATFORM FOR THE AMERICAN INDEPENDENTS

PROPOSED BY MR. WILLIAM P. ST. JOHN, PRESIDENT OF THE
MERCANTILE NATIONAL BANK, NEW YORK.

Waiving all dissension as to a protective tariff, or tariff for revenue only,—committing these with other reforms to the conservative wisdom of Congress and the Executive under the restraint of our second demand,—we adopt the aggressive title of American Independents and unite in the following demands:

FIRST. (a) That the mints of the United States shall be reopened to equally unrestricted coinage for gold and silver into the unlimited legal-tender money of the United States: the gold to issue in the present standard gold coins, and the silver to issue in the present standard silver dollars. (b) Depositors of the gold or silver at the mint to receive in lieu of coin, if they prefer, at the coining value thereof, coin-certificates which shall be redeemed on demand in gold or silver coin at the option and according to the convenience of the United States. (c) And as a safeguard against panic and money stringency the Secretary of the Treasury shall be empowered to issue such coin-certificates additionally against deposits of interest-bearing bonds of the United States, the interest accruing on the bonds to inure to the United States pending their re-exchange for the coin-certificates, which coin-certificates when returned shall be cancelled: provided that such additional issues of coin-certificates shall not reduce the percentage of coin and bullion reserved for coin-certificates and silver-certificates below sixty per cent of the aggregate sum of coin-certificates and silver-certificates outstanding. The now outstanding silver-certificates, gold-certificates, and Treasury notes of 1890 to be retired as they come into the Treasury.

This (a) is free coinage at 16 to 1, the convenient coin-certificate (b) to take the place of gold-certificates, silver-certificates, and Treasury notes of 1890. The safeguard (c) would provide for a temporary increase of 8300,000,000 of paper money against the silver on hand in the Treasury April 1.

SECOND. We demand provision for direct legislation by means of the optional Initiative and Referendum.

A test of this principle seems warranted by the practice of Switzerland. If found practicable, its application will result in a closer relationship between the people and legislation. "*Should the great trunk lines of railway become a possession of the Government?*" would seem to be such a change in public policy as might wisely be referred to the people.

THIRD. We condemn Clevelandism utterly; that debauching of legislators with patronage to achieve legislation opposed to the will of the people is a vicious prostitution of Executive influence, which we shall denounce as bitterly if it be the practice of an Executive elected as a Republican as when the practice of one elected as a Democrat.

If all who have become distrustful of old parties and tired of boss rule will unite in these demands and nominate, on this platform, some man of such achievements as commend him to the conservative element of the country, and who is not a seeker after the preferment, he can be elected in the approaching campaign to the Presidency of the United States.

WILLIAM P. ST. JOHN.

As to the First:

Some would acquiesce in free coinage if they could foresee freedom from panic on its adoption. If \$30,000,000 of bank clearing-house-certificates can allay a panic in Wall Street, the prospect of \$300,000,000 of United States coin-certificates is likely to stifle any panic that could arise. The people who are vulnerable are they who own the Government bonds, generally speaking. Certain other bondholders can be relied upon to lend their bonds, at a commission, for the proposed issue of coin-certificates.

On the April 1 statement, the Treasury notes of 1890 outstanding, less the amount on hand in the Treasury, was in round numbers \$104,000,000. The total silver on hand, other than subsidiary coin, was \$493,000,000. Deducting \$104,000,000 for the Treasury notes, leaves \$389,000,000 of silver—a 60 per cent reserve for \$648,000,000 of paper. Of this sum \$333,000,000 net are already afloat as silver-certificates, leaving \$315,000,000 issuable in the proposed coin-certificates.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. St. John's Proposed Platform.

We print Mr. St. John's "Proposed Platform for American Independents," amended as stated in the note preceding the platform. We have given place to this platform in this issue as it seems to be one upon which the independent forces who are working for the real business interests of the country, no less than for its reformation, might easily unite, and it may be deemed advisable to promptly unite patriotic forces for concerted action against enthroned plutocracy.

Banker Morgan Joins John Sherman in Praising Major McKinley.

Banker John Pierpont Morgan, of odious bond-deal notoriety, was interviewed in London, May 30, and in the New York *Daily Recorder* and other New York dailies I find the following statements published as made by Mr. Morgan:

Mr. Morgan said that Mr. McKinley's record has always shown him to be firm. Nevertheless his attitude upon the question of the currency would be whatever the convention decided; and whoever receives the nomination or secures the election, he said, will have to do so on a gold standard.

This indorsement of Major McKinley, together with John Sherman's strong indorsement of the Ohio man, ought to satisfy the most servile minions of the Bank of England. Even Grover Cleveland and John G. Carlisle ought to be now ready to embrace McKinley since he has such sponsors.

An Illustration of How the Anarchists of Wealth are Overthrowing Democracy.

One of the most striking illustrations of anti-republican Congress and the triumph of the power of trusts and enthroned plutocracy over the plain principles of

democracy, whereby the people have been robbed of their rights, and municipalities as well as individuals find themselves in the clutch of monopolistic interests, is seen in the following news item which appeared in the Boston *Record* of May 27:

The adverse committee's report was accepted by the House on the petition of the selectmen of Brookline for an act for cities and towns to establish and operate electric plant lights for municipal and commercial uses.

The town of Brookline, which, by the way, is one of the most beautiful cities in New England, has always adhered to the New England town meeting in its government, and has been singularly free from ring rule or corruption of any kind whatever. Its firm adherence to the principles of the referendum has not only prevented corruption, but also the establishment of rings, because when any important issue is up for decision, every voter in the city is requested to meet at the town hall and register his vote. Hence it is a democratic commonwealth in the true sense of the word. But the Brookline Gas Company, like a number of other octopuses of plutocracy which are fattening off the taxpayers and wealth-creators of Massachusetts as well as other commonwealths, were charging what was deemed an exorbitant price for lighting the city; and while under democratic government it would seem that there should be no question but what a city or municipality should have the right to regulate its own affairs, this right is denied the citizens of the so-called Commonwealth of Massachusetts without a special permission from the Legislature, which, unfortunately, too often lends a very ready ear to the agents of trusts and combines. The result of this is seen in the refusal of the Legislature to allow Brookline to manufacture her own light. This is a striking illustration of the need of direct legislation, the right of the Initiative and Referendum, in order to

save republican institutions from the hands of powerful and oftentimes lawless combinations and trusts.

The Gold Programme. Patriots, be on Guard!

According to present indications the gold programme seems to be settled. The discredited administration, which has bred even more discontent than the war tariff of Major McKinley, which was used with such deadly effect in securing the overwhelming defeat of the Republican party, has become alive to the fact that its arrogance, tyranny, and betrayal of the people have awakened such a storm of popular indignation that its every effort, backed by the gold of its masters, has in many cases been futile to stem the tide of intelligent popular indignation which runs almost as high to-day as when Andrew Jackson confronted the National Bank octopus. Now its leaders are beginning to feel that they will be defeated at Chicago; and, as before observed, the gold power never divides. It always seeks to control both the old parties, but, failing in this, its minions in both parties secretly unite while nominally keeping up the sham battle to secure the election of a tool acceptable to the Bank of England's financial policy. And there is every indication that this is the policy which the *assassins of prosperity, good government, and the business welfare of the nation have determined upon as a line of action in the coming battle*. They will seek to secure the nomination by the Democracy of Chicago of some pretended free-silver man whom they are well aware it would be impossible for millions of voters who desire sincere reform to accept, and then, while claiming on the surface that they will stand by their nomination, they will set to work to snow the candidate under, knowing full well that their only hope lies in dividing the forces of reform while they themselves remain a unit. Telegraph despatches from Chicago during the last week in May published in the Boston daily papers stated distinctly that the gold men in the Democratic party had determined to support the Republican nominee, provided they could

not control the convention for gold. The Eastern gold wing of the Democratic party are more wily and are proclaiming loudly that they will abide by the decision of the convention. If they are men of conviction, if they believe what they have been claiming, that free coinage of silver would be suicidal to the nation, if they are sincere in the claims which they have been insisting upon in season and out of season, and now are willing to abide by a policy which they declare would be suicidal to the business interests of the nation, then their course brands them as being recreant to every instinct of manhood and patriotism. But the gold ring of the Democratic party have no intention of supporting a silver Democrat; their policy is essentially a rule-or-ruin policy; they have found that the distress, the wretchedness, and the discontent of the nation, brought about by their selfish and servile surrender of patriotism to the moneylenders of Europe and the American Tories, have resulted in such a storm of indignation that their only hope lies in dividing the forces who stand for an American system of finance, for prosperity, progress, and equality of opportunity. This is a fact which no patriot, whether he be a Democrat or not, should for one moment lose sight of.

Some Features of the July Arena.

In this issue we give our readers a remarkably fine picture of Judge H. C. Caldwell, United States Circuit Judge of the eighth district, followed by a sketch by Mr. Follett, illustrating the fact that this just judge has ever been at once the servant of duty and the friend of the people.

Following this paper, Prof. Parsons continues his masterly discussion of the Telegraph Monopoly.

Dr. Thornton Parker of the Massachusetts Medical Society writes a very suggestive paper on "A National Home for Consumptives." Our government is lavish in building vast and expensive warships, which require great expense to keep from rotting away, and whose avowed purpose, if ever used, will be to take life; and yet there are those who

strenuously oppose the government making a modest appropriation toward establishing a home for consumptives where nature and science and thought would unite in working recovery.

Dr. Parker's paper is prefaced by a full-page illustration of the National Home for Consumptives established by the British government on the Isle of Wight.

Bolton Hall's "Tree of Equity," though brief, is very suggestive.

In this issue we have shown that among the ablest ultra-conservative thinkers of the East are foremost authorities who are outspoken in demanding the immediate opening of the mints of the United States to silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, and therefore show how absurd is the talk of the selfish and dishonest gold men, their hired tools, special pleaders, and their echoes, that the restoration of silver would do other than bring about a speedy prosperity, which was not accomplished under the McKinley Bill, a measure the enforcement of which greatly added to the profound discontent of the masses. Elsewhere we have illustrated the discontent of the people, which has been steadily rising under Republican and Democratic administrations for a quarter of a century, by the reproduction of some striking and symptomatic cartoons of recent times.

An exceedingly interesting paper on "The Keeley Cure for Inebriety," by Mr. W. E. Haskell, is a feature of this issue; and Mr. Giles G. Stebbins, the well-known author and essayist, discusses very entertainingly and thoughtfully "Two Golden Volumes."

An excellent half-tone of the chief of the Pottawatomie Indians accompanies the sketch of Simon Pokagon and his people.

A strong paper from an able pen on free coinage of silver is found in Mr. H. F. Bartine's, entitled "American Financial Policy."

Anna E. U. Hilles writes in an interesting and suggestive manner on "Woman in Society To-day."

A Prize Bicycling Costume for Women.

Recently the Boston *Record* offered a prize for the most acceptable bicycle cos-

tume for ladies. Miss Laura Lee, the well-known artist of this city, submitted an appropriate suit on the knickerbocker order.

Mrs. J. E. Watson, of No. 1 Dyer Street, Dorchester, whom our readers will remember as making patterns and dresses for many ladies connected with the Rational Dress Reform Movement, submitted the following letter, accompanied by a design. To her was awarded the prize by the judges, who were too conservative to favor anything so radical and to my mind so admirably adapted to wheeling as was Miss Laura Lee's design.

Mrs. Watson's costume is a divided skirt, which a few years ago would have been considered very radical by conservative people. It is described as follows in the successful competitor's letter as published in the *Record*:

BICYCLE COSTUME OF SERGE.

Any shade most becoming the wearer. Divided skirt reaching eight inches below the knee. Opening at the waist nine inches on each side, and underneath a plait, closed with three buttons, two inches apart. Leave enough material on left side of skirt from buttons to cut a circular-shaped piece rounded from middle of bottom up to where it buttons to the corresponding plait on right side. This will give free use to limbs and hide division. Lay two full inlaying plaits each side of back, and one each side of front. Width leg, one and a half yards. Line with percaline. Wear silk belt three inches wide, fastened to skirt band in the back. Short jacket—ripple back—Eton front. Lapels buttoned back with three buttons, and three extra buttons sewed underneath the lapel so that it can be closed if necessary. Medium "leg-o'-mutton" sleeve. Shirt waist of wash silk, with yoke. Tie of the same. Long leggings buttoned close, same material as costume. Low-cut shoes. Kid gauntlets. Cap or English walking-hat, which is most becoming. Union undergarments and equestrian tights.

DORCHESTER.

Mrs. J. E. Watson, 1 Dyer Street, Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. Watson furnishes patterns and dummies, showing exactly how suits are to be made, or makes suits and sends them to all parts of the country. She has recently sent a Rational Dress costume to a young lady missionary in Japan. I give

these facts to avoid the necessity of answering a number of inquiries which, had I the time, I should be pleased to answer, and also in the interest of a healthful and more rational dress for women.

The City Beautiful on the Halifax and the Sea.

Since my paper published more than a year since in *THE ARENA* on "Winter Days in Florida," in which I described the delightful hours spent on the Halifax peninsula with the ocean on one side and the broad Halifax on the other, I have received numerous letters of inquiry about the unique experiment being carried forward by C. C. Post, Helen Willmans Post, and the Messrs. Ballough in building up a colony which will doubtless come to be known as the City Beautiful.

I have found it impossible to answer at the lengths I have desired many of these inquiries, and wish to take this opportunity to state that since my visit I have been informed that the general plans for improvement have been steadily pressed forward.

A magnificent shelled boulevard with large palmettos on either side has been completed, connecting the river with the unsurpassed beach. A large amount of piping has been placed in position for watering the parks, the grass on the borders of the boulevard, with adequate machinery for forcing the water wherever the pipes extend. "The Colonnades" is a beautiful new hotel fitted up as an all-the-year-round resort. It and its surroundings are thus described in a recent enclosure from Mr. Post:

The hotel is new, light, airy, fitted with all modern conveniences, owns its own electric-light plant, steam-heating apparatus, and water systems, and was crowded to overflowing with guests during the winter season, although then but just opened, and for advertising depended solely upon its location and surroundings, coupled with the effort of its proprietor to make its guests feel at home and enjoy themselves.

There is no more healthful spot to be found anywhere than the Halifax peninsula, which lacks but a half mile, in more than fifty miles of coast, of being

an island; an island upon which there is not a drop of stagnant water, and across which no breath of air passes that is not either from the mildly tempered waters of the South Atlantic, or, if from the opposite direction, then off the gulf, across broad belts of pine and the tide waters of the Halifax River.

If there is "healing in the air" anywhere, surely it ought to be here.

The Colonnades stands back from the river about a block, separated from it by a pretty little natural park; trees and green lawns and the river in front, a broad palm-lined boulevard to the ocean beach back of it. And there are boats for sailing or rowing or fishing, a pretty little casino on the river bank for dancing and other amusements; miles of the finest of shelled roads for driving or bicycling, not to count the thirty miles of solid beach as smooth as a floor; the finest of surf bathing, or, if one prefers, there is a natatorium where one can take a plunge and a swim in sulphur water.

The Century of Sir Thomas More.

The following are fair samples of numerous letters which are being received in regard to "The Century of Sir Thomas More: "

THE CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION,
WILLIAM R. LIGHTON, MANAGING EDITOR.

OMAHA, NEB., June 2.

MY DEAR MR. FLOWER: I have to extend to you sincere thanks for the copy of your "Century of Sir Thomas More" with which I have been favored. As a piece of book-making it is superb; as a work in literature there is really no fitting way to characterize it. I have read other works of yours, and I have studied the history of the Reformation; notwithstanding, I was totally unprepared for such a book as this.

I have finished my first reading; I shall read it twice again before the month is out; thereafter it becomes one of the few books which have a place on one particular shelf of my personal library—the shelf which contains the ultra-best of my books. No student of human affairs can at all afford to miss reading and owning the book. I have induced several teachers and writers of my acquaintance to send for it, and shall continue to speak for it in highest terms of praise.

The Saturday Evening Post, Burlington, Iowa.

THE ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY:
THE ARENA is the only review that we read from cover to cover, and we could not keep house without it.

We believe Mr. Flower's "Century of More" to be one of the great books of the century, and have a two-column review of it in preparation. The conception of that book was certainly an inspiration.

J. W. MURPHY, Editor, *The Post*.

The Heart of Old Hickory.

No more delightful volume can be found for vacation days than "The Heart of Old Hickory." It is a work of unusual merit and bears the stamp of true genius, consisting as it does of eight short stories, vivid, strong, and true, lit up by sparkling humor, and clouded at times by the pathos which enters so largely into common life. It is a volume which takes an uncommon hold upon the reader from the opening to the closing page.

Free to Invalid Ladies.

A lady who suffered for years with uterine troubles, displacements, leucorrhœa and other irregularities, finally found a safe and simple home treatment that completely cured her without the aid of medical attendance. She will send it free with full instructions how to use it, to any suffering woman sending name and address to Mrs. L. HUDNUT, South Bend, Ind.

The Hero of "Fiddling His Way to Fame," the Present Democratic Nominee for Governor of Tennessee.

Two of the most powerful stories in Miss Dromgoole's "Heart of Old Hickory and Other Stories" relate to Ex-Gov. Robert Taylor of Tennessee. "The Heart of Old Hickory," while being one of the strongest stories of modern times, will also prove one of the most powerful vote-makers. As Gov. Taylor has recently been made the Democratic nominee upon an out-and-out silver platform for Governor of Tennessee, the friends of Gov. Taylor and the friends of silver could not do better than circulate "The Heart of Old Hickory" by the tens of thousands during the coming campaign in their State.

Don't Worry Yourself

and don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. **Infant Health** is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

FACTS AND NEWS NOTES RELATING TO THE ORDER OF PATRIOTS OF AMERICA, CHICAGO, ILL.

GROWTH OF THE ORDER.

Georgia, New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania have been added to the list of States in which the Patriots of America have organized lodges since the April report published in the June number of THE ARENA. At this date two hundred and seventeen charters have been issued by the national office to lodges located in thirty-four States and Territories, since the first charter was issued to Liberty Lodge, No. 1, of Cook County, Ill. In one hundred and fifty days, without a paid organizer in the field, the Order has grown to an extent that gives assurance of its future.

FEAR OF THE PATRIOTS AROUSES PLUTOCRACY.

The selfish money power is becoming alarmed for fear that the Patriots of America may menace its supremacy in this country, and the subtle forces of ridicule, falsehood, and suppression are being employed to crush the Order. The weapons of attack of the plutocrats will, however, prove to be boomerangs, for the people are rapidly learning to agree with Cowper that the daily press of this country, under the *régime* of bankers, bakers, and platform makers, is an "ever-bubbling spring of endless lies." In 1798 Philip Freneau wrote an admirable poetic description of the American editor, the following two verses of which, slightly paraphrased, are especially appropriate to the present time:

Ask you what matter fills his various page?

A mere farrago 'tis of mingled things;

Whate'er is done on Madam Terra's stage,

He to the knowledge of his townsmen brings;

One while he tells of monarch's glorious sway,

And now of Cleveland's catch in Buzzard's Bay.

Some miracles he makes and some he steals,

Half nature's works are giants in his eyes;

Much, very much, in wonderment he deals,

New England apples grown to pumpkin size,

Pumpkins almost as large as country inns,

And ladies bearing each three lovely twins.

RIDICULE AND FALSEHOOD.

On the 7th instant a free public meeting was held in Garfield Turner Hall, Chicago, under the auspices of the Patriots of America, at which William H. Harvey gave a lecture on "Silver — the Coin of the People." Invitations were delivered at the office of every daily paper in Chicago, and tables for reporters were provided in front of the stage. No reporter appeared at those tables. The following morning the Chicago *Chronicle* printed a fictitious report of the meeting, filled with ridicule of the audience and the speaker, and containing what the

paper claimed were extracts from the lecture. The language and the sentiments attributed to Mr. Harvey were entirely the fabrications of the paper. The two principal editors of the *Chronicle* are Messrs. Russell and Seymour, the first a federal officeholder, collector of the port of Chicago, and the other a *protégé* of the president of the Chicago National Bank.

In its issue of April 15, that widely circulated paper, the *New York World*, published the following lies concerning the order:

The man who wrote "Coin's Financial School" is showing that he did not exhaust his resources for contributing to the gayety of the nation when he finished that funny book. Now he has started a political party. There have been political parties to get the offices, to turn the other fellows out, to sell certain brands of whiskey, to raise the price of potatoes, to burn barns, but this political party is for an entirely new purpose. It announces itself as "The Patriotic Citizens of America," and in large type it proclaims the following as its chief object:

"The first object of this organization shall be to pay the sum of \$2,000 to each member of the order of Patriotic Citizens of America direct from the public treasury as part compensation for what has been stolen from them during the past thirty years."

You would think that the organization would not wish many members. But that is because you are foolish. You probably think that the amount of money in the treasury is limited. But there again you are foolish. This organization wishes to get enough members to vote it into power. Then it will set the paper mills at work and the Government stamping machines, and will soon have money enough to pay everybody \$2,000 or \$2,000,000. Tom Paine once observed that he knew an old German who used to say, "Money is money, and paper is paper." But a little remark like that would set a Patriotic Citizen into shrieks of laughter. And as you no doubt dislike to be laughed at, you would better not say it where a P. A. C. can hear you.

You can get into this Order and get your certificate of membership that will entitle you to receive \$2,000 some day on payment of the small sum of ten cents. Of course this scheme was born, nursed, cradled, fed, and brought up in Chicago. The nice question is, Are there enough fools who think it a good idea to be on the safe side and take a chance at the \$2,000 to make it pay at ten cents a head? If the man who got up the party can get enough such, why, there's a fine living in it.

There is no guarantee as to the date on which this \$2,000 will be paid, nor is there any guarantee that the \$2,000 will be worth enough after you get it to buy a quart of milk or a box of sardines. The time has been in this country when it took a good deal more than \$2,000 face value, of a certain kind of money, to even up with five cents in real money.

Still you ought not to be a hog. The promise is beautiful enough, even if the details are a little vague. All these things lead you to rejoice that you were not born a hundred years ago and therefore cut off from all the fun that is going on nowadays.

The writer in the *World* knew he was uttering a falsehood when he pretended to quote from an announcement of the Order relating to its principal object. The *World* has furnished the evidence that is sufficient to convict it before the grand jury of the American people of being a cowardly and lying publication.

That others of the men who are advocating the single gold standard and toryism are among the most dangerous class of citizens, the following letter addressed to the *County Patriot* of Oklahoma County, Okla., proves:

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS, March 30, 1896.

F. S. PECK, M. D., Edmond, Okla.:

Dear Sir, — . . . Now, as to "Coin's Financial School," I have read it through and find it to be only a rehash of the financial conspiracies by

Mrs. Emery, only a little more elaborate. The falsehoods of the former are enlarged upon, the misrepresentations are more fully developed. Mr. W. H. Harvey was my neighbor during the great Rebellion. He was the junior editor of the only copperhead paper in our county. On account of his large prominent ears, he was known as Van Amburg's Educated Mule. He has a large amount of Democratic chicanery and monkey cunning and shrewdness that some people take for real intelligence. The facts are that he had the ablest men in the West, who are unlimited free coinagists, to do the most writing and to furnish him his figures. The caricaturing and pictures are his own. When he was in the newspaper business he was good at that. He often caricatured Lincoln and our soldiers, making the most ridiculous pictures, even to obscenity, of them.

J. W. PAYNE.

In this instance, the writer did not anticipate an exposure, and relied solely on what he said to have its influence on Dr. Peck, who is a Republican and who cast his first vote for Lincoln. Mr. Harvey was born Aug. 16, 1851, and Mr. Lincoln took his seat as President March 4, 1861, and ceased to be President by reason of his assassination April 14, 1865. Mr. Harvey was therefore a boy of little less than ten years of age at the time Mr. Lincoln became President and not yet fourteen years of age when Mr. Lincoln died. During those years he was attending school in a log cabin and assisting in supporting his mother on a farm, and was in no way connected with a newspaper. It is well known as current history of the country, that there was no disrespect shown to Mr. Lincoln, after his death, by any one, and that in a very short period after his death, even those who had been his enemies learned to respect his name and memory. Mr. Harvey was never an editor, "junior" or otherwise, until the year 1893. Mr. Harvey wrote "Coin's Financial School" without the assistance of any one, and he does not know Mr. Payne and does not remember to have ever heard of him before. Van Amburg's circus was unknown until after the great Rebellion.

THE ARENA ON THE BLACK LIST.

Probably the editor of no magazine in this country better understands and appreciates the systematic work of suppression of the truth that is being conducted to-day by the plutocrats of America than the editor of THE ARENA does. In this connection the following letter received a short time ago by the national office of the Patriots of America from Dr. W. F. Hinckley, First Patriot of Nutmeg Lodge, Waterbury, Conn., is pertinent:

This lodge has now twenty-eight members. It is a very difficult task to get up very extended enthusiasm, so much do the spirits of greed, selfishness, and party devotion control the average man. The work goes slowly, but we shall keep pressing the truth home to as many responsive hearts as our time and opportunity will permit, and thus hope to grow stronger and stronger in the ability to maintain and spread the logic of bimetallicism. I greatly admired Senator Marion Butler's article on "Why the South Wants Free Coinage of Silver," in the March ARENA. Our newsdealer only got one copy of THE ARENA, the one we order. He seems to be afraid to carry that magazine, but has piles of the *Forum*, *North American Review*, etc. Such is the fear to offend the dear goldites that the ordinary business man here has not the courage to come out squarely, for fear it will injure his business. The true spirit of freedom, which inspired the patriots of one hundred years ago, is not in many of New England's sons to-day. Freedom is nearly asphyxiated and does not breathe above a whisper. Yet, for all that, I propose to give the balance of my life to the cause, and in any way that I can aid you I shall be at your command.

SAFEGUARDS OF THE ORDER.

In enumerating the safeguards provided for the Order, the first in importance is its teachings. Those who study the simple lessons of humanity, and the effect of laws in moulding civilization, will, if honest in the pursuit of knowledge, become tenacious in maintaining the principles the Patriots advocate, and they may thereafter be relied on to defend the Order from evil assaults from without as well as within the organization.

Next in importance is Section 8 of Article II. of the Constitution, which reads as follows :

It shall be a permanent principle of this Order that no person is worthy of political office who electioneers or importunes for his own nomination or appointment. After he is nominated, it becomes his duty to use all honorable methods for his election. We wish to establish the principle permanently in politics that those having no personal interest in the office to be filled should select the political nominee, unembarrassed by the solicitation of such person in his own interest . . .

By the application of this rule, politics is freed from the struggle of personal ambitions that seek to form combinations and use any and all organizations of the people to aid them in their self-seeking promotion. Such use of organizations by their officers and others has been the rock on which most organizations, if not all of them, have gone to pieces. It has corrupted political parties. But it cannot happen to this organization. Any attempt to thus use it would disqualify the person attempting it from membership, and would defeat for him the very purpose intended.

In this connection it may be said as an argument against the organization, that after nominations have been made by the various political parties, the Order will be disrupted by the contending candidates seeking the votes of its members. The answer to it is, that in all elections except for national officers (President and congressmen) the members are free to vote for whom they please, and all the teachings of the Order are against bossism, and concede the right of the individual member to think and act for himself; and in the case of a President and congressman the Order agrees to act as a unit after submitting the question of a choice to a vote of the membership.

Political parties act as their delegate conventions direct, and thereby gain adhesion by such a method. This Order acts on a direct vote of its membership, and such a choice, based on the voice of the people, rises to a dignity far transcending the act of a convention, and may be expected to secure greater adhesion than experience has developed in political parties. It means the people against selfish interests as reflected in politics, and we may safely trust the method that thus brings the people together. It will prove as enduring as political parties, and will refuse to yield to selfish influences that may operate on the Order intended to destroy its integrity.

By holding in check the selfishly vain office-seekers, who have been the allies of selfish legislation and the plunderers of the people, those less forward in their own interest, but the more able men, will be brought to the front. This will strengthen the cause and further the purity of the organization.

Next in the order of importance is the oath the leading officers

take — one in the nation, one in each State, and one in each county — upon which much may be said, but the importance of which to the Order as a safeguard to hold selfish tendencies in check will be apparent to all.

While these safeguards have been singled out and mentioned in their apparent degree of importance, their strength as a whole, and their relation to each other, when so considered, make an additional strength, and when thus combined as they are in one organization, a foundation upon which we may safely build.

GENERAL NOTES.

In February the national office began the monthly publication of an eight-page paper about the size of the great metropolitan dailies. The ordinary issue is now nearly 10,000 copies monthly. An extra edition of the April *Bulletin* was printed, 105,000, of which about 90,000 have been mailed and orders for which are continuing to reach the national office.

As required by the constitution, on April 14, an election was held in lodges throughout the country for National Patriot, which resulted in the election of William H. Harvey. Many lodges, having but recently received their charters at the time, had not perfected their organization and held no election. The members of eighty-six lodges, however, cast unanimous votes for Mr. Harvey. In the record of votes cast, the following named lodges stand highest in the number of ballots: Chariton Lodge, Chariton, Iowa, 115 votes; Webb City Lodge, Webb City, Mo., 105 votes; Edmond Lodge, Edmond, Oklahoma, Territory, 104 votes; Neihart Lodge, Neihart, Mon., 88 votes; Referendum Lodge, Wataga, Ill., 78 votes; New London Lodge, New London, Mo., 75 votes.

James F. Adams of Illinois has been reappointed National Treasurer.

Henry C. Cupp of Missouri has been appointed National Recorder, *vice* C. H. McClure, retired on account of ill health.

The national offices have been moved from the Fort Dearborn Building, at 134 Monroe Street, to 362 Washington Boulevard, Chicago. The old offices were too small and the quarters too cramped for the work, and to secure room necessary in the business district of the city the rent was too great. The new quarters are in a large two-story residence, giving ample room at about one half the rent, hereafter, as previously paid. The new location is within twenty minutes of the centre of the city, and easily reached by way of the West Madison Street cable line.

Henry C. Cupp, the new National Recorder, was born in Ralls County, Mo., July 8, 1871. He has since his majority been connected with the Republican party, and was for five years secretary of the Republican County Central Committee of Ralls County. He was assistant postmaster at New London under the Harrison administration. Mr. Cupp was born and raised on a farm and received a common-school education. During the winter of 1894-5, he was an engrossing clerk in the Missouri Legislature, which was controlled by the Republican party.

When the Patriots of America started in December last, one of the first copies of the book came into Mr. Cupp's hands, and appealed strongly to his patriotic nature. He talked with his neigh-

bors, and four of them joined with him in making the first application for a charter from Ralls County. The tenth charter in the order in which they were issued from the national office was to Bethel Lodge, No. 1, on the application referred to. Mr. Cupp did not stop with the lodge for his township, but continued to press organization of the Patriots in his county. To him more than any one else is due the work in Ralls County that resulted in the First County Patriot elected in the Order coming from that county.

Soon after Mr. Cupp became active in the organization of the Patriots of America the Republican County Central Committee, of which he was secretary, called a meeting and served notice on him that he must either resign as their secretary or withdraw from the Order. He promptly resigned as secretary of the committee, and has since given most of his time to the Order. He is a man of sound common sense, and comes direct from the people in the county, who recognize intelligently the present situation and impending dangers.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Publisher's Notice and Press Comments on Recent Works.

Homiletic Commentary on the New Testament, Volume I, Matthew, by Rev. W. Sunderland Lewis, M. A., and Rev. H. W. Booth. (Cloth. pp. 679. Price, \$3. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.)

This is the first volume of an extensive work of eleven volumes on the New Testament, printed from imported plates obtained from the publishers in London, where the entire work has been issued after years of preparation. The present work is a companion to the Complete Homiletic Commentary on the Old Testament which received such a substantial welcome. More than eight thousand subscribers for the latter (in all denominations) have anxiously awaited the completion of the New Testament portion of this valuable work. The expressions of satisfaction that have come to the publishers from thousands of preachers who are using the Old Testament portion are remarkable, and an equally hearty welcome for the New Testament volumes is confidently expected. In this great Commentary, by various authors, is found a sermon outline or homiletic suggestion on every paragraph or verse of the New Testament that can be turned to use in the preparation of a sermon. Abundant choice selections of illustrations, etc., from many eminent sources other than the authors of the volumes, are also given. Except in some introductory, critical, and explanatory notes preceding each chapter, no foreign words, such as Hebrew or Greek, are used. The type is large and clear, and the books convenient to handle.

The clergyman need not fear that he will sacrifice his own independence of research by examining a text in the light reflected by others; the texts are not depleted by elucidations, but, on the contrary, the elucidations serve to suggest trains of thought which, in the subtle play of action, other minds will frequently

lead up to ideas which eluded even the commentators. Moreover, this work furnishes a digest of the best commentaries. It has a great variety of suggestive hints and outlines.

This work is not of the nature of a labor-saving machine. Its purpose is to furnish fructifying germs, calling for abundance of labor, but designed to render the labor in the highest degree fruitful. It develops and stimulates originality in those who use it, but is no resting-place for mental indolence.

"Beneath Old Rooftrees," by Abram E. Brown. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

"Beneath Old Rooftrees" is a most delightful view of the opening of the Revolution. The author is well known in historical circles and as a story writer. He has through ten years of reportorial work come in touch with scores of New England people still living on old homesteads, occupied by their parents or grandparents at the time of the alarm of April 19, 1775, and there he has heard the story of personal experience reported by the descendants of those who at their own doors or in the highway faced the army of the King. While delineating in his characteristic manner the story of Lexington and Concord, the author has most happily shown the part taken by other towns in that memorable day's experience. So faithfully has he caught the spirit of the times of which he writes that one cannot read this book without himself feeling that he is a participant for the hour in those trying scenes. Not only are well-known facts given a new setting, but many a gem flashes out in charming rays for the first time. The book is fully illustrated, notable among them being the "Burial of the British Dead at Lincoln," "Capture of the Convoy by the

Exempts at Menotomy," and "The site of the house where John Hancock and Samuel Adams lunched on coarse fare on April 19, 1775."

The whole makes not only a charming story, but is a faithful delineation of that chapter of history of which every true American is justly proud. Price, \$1.50.

The New York *Recorder* thus notices Prof. Taussig's new work just issued by D. Appleton & Co.:

A closely reasoned volume upon "Wages and Capital," by Prof. F. W. Taussig, the author of various works on political economy. Mr. Taussig divides his work into two portions, in the first of which he elaborates his own theory of the machinery of distribution. In the second portion he reviews the classic works upon the subject of Adam Smith and his immediate followers, of Ricardo, Hugh McCullough, Sismondi, J. B. Say, Malthus, Longe, Thornton, Mill, McLeod, Hermann, and others. A valuable chapter is the fourteenth, which reviews the contemporary discussion of Henry George, Francis A. Walker, Bohm-Bawerk, and other modern writers who, in Mr. Taussig's opinion, have completely demolished the old theory of the "wages fund" and have established the fact that wages are not paid out of accumulated capital, but that the product of labor is constantly being divided in various proportions between labor as wages and capital as interest and profit. In no other way, states the author, can the apparent paradox of high wages and high profits in new countries where capital is scarce be accounted for.

Mr. Taussig pays a high tribute to the writings of Mr. George and President Walker, to the latter of whom he awards a commanding rank among writers on economic topics. Laborers, he says, are not employed to disburse an accumulated capital, but they are employed to produce new wealth which has to be divided between the laborer and the capitalist. If the theory of the wages fund was correct, it might follow that wages would be higher where capital is most abundant, as in England, for instance, than they would be in Australia, New Zealand, or in the gold mines of the river Yukon. Precisely a contrary effect is noticed in a new country where work is waiting to the hand of all and new industries are imperatively needed. It is not the accumulated capital, but the high profits which shrewd foresight can see made possible in the future that creates the strong demand for labor, which is, in turn, the cause of higher wages.

Price, \$1.50.

The same journal gives an extended notice of Prof. McMaster's new work brought out by the same firm ("With the Fathers." Cloth, \$1.50), from which we clip the following:

Prof. John Bach McMaster is an historian of the people and for the people. He is one of the first men of real ability to grasp firmly the idea that history is not made by kings and court favorites drawing scant breath from their fat carcasses in the velvet-padded chairs of council rooms, but by the people who subdue the earth, who make kings possible, and who are now coming to see that they can do away with the kings of their own creation. Mr. McMaster studies the people, their doings, their thoughts, their needs, and so from the observed arc of the past he is able to project and plot the arc of future events with greater accuracy, I think, than the historians of the old schools placidly repeating each other's lies.

It is, however, in its discussion of the Monroe Doctrine that the volume under consideration renders its greatest service to the American public. Upon this point, which has for the third or fourth time in our history come into prominence as fraught with the possibility of war, McMaster's brave and patriotic words stand in sharp contrast with the cry of the Anglo-manics that whatsoever John Bull doeth is right. After reciting briefly the historic phases of the Venezuelan question from the beginning, Mr. McMaster sums up the situation in these emphatic and sensible words:

"So the matter stood when, in 1895, Congress passed the joint resolution under which Mr. Olney wrote his now famous letter to Mr. Bayard, which called forth Lord Salisbury's yet more famous note to Sir Julian Pauncefote. In this note a foreign government for the first time not only denies the existence of the Monroe Doctrine, but the very right of the United States to assert it. 'I must not,' says His Lordship, 'be understood as accepting the Monroe Doctrine on the part of Her Majesty's Government. It must always be mentioned with respect because of the great statesman to whom it is due and the great people by whom it has been generally accepted. But no statesman, His Lordship continues, 'however eminent, and no nation, however powerful, are competent to insert into the code of international law a novel principle which was never recognized before, and which has not since been accepted by the government of any other country.'

"It is not placing a forced meaning on Lord Salisbury's language to say that

It flatly denies not only the existence, but the very right of existence to the Monroe Doctrine. We have, then, but one of two alternatives: We must take this time-honored doctrine and put it away beside the leather fire-buckets and the tin post-horns of our forefathers as a curiosity, a thing which once served its purpose, but is now, as Lord Salisbury says, utterly inapplicable to the state of things in which we live, or we must so act that no statesman, however eminent, no nation, however powerful, will ever again have the slightest doubt of its existence and its meaning.

"In the assertion that the doctrine has no place in the law of nations Lord Salisbury is right. It does not need to be there. It belongs to a class of facts whose existence does not and must not depend on the consent of nations. When Monroe announced his doctrine he was not inserting, or attempting to insert, a principle into the law of nations. He stated a simple fact. The time to make that fact known to the world had come. But who could make it known? Was it the struggling republics of South America not then recognized by Spain, or England, or any European power, or the republic of the United States, then, as to-day, the leading power in this hemisphere, the great representative of popular government? . . .

"The doctrine does not contemplate forcible intervention by the United States in any legitimate contest, but it will not permit any such contest to result in the increase of European power or influence on this continent, nor in the overthrow of an existing government, nor in the establishment of a protectorate over them, nor in the exercise of any direct control over their policy or institutions. Further than this the doctrine does not go. It does not commit us to take part in wars between a South American republic and a European sovereign when the object of the latter is not the founding of a monarchy under a European prince in place of an overthrown republic. But when a European power rightfully or wrongfully attempts to acquire so immense an area as this, she does, in the language of Monroe, 'control the destiny' of a nation; she does, in the language of Polk, 'interfere with the independent action of nations on this continent;' she is, as Cass expressed it, 'holding possession of that country,' and we are bound, as Buchanan asserted, to resist 'the attempt to deprive our neighboring republic of her territory, and the Monroe doctrine does apply.'"

George G. Merrick, 833 Cooper Building, Denver, Col., has issued an admir-

able little work entitled "Object Lessons." (Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.)

Of this work the Hon. C. S. Thomas thus writes:

DEAR SIR: I have read with great interest and pleasure your work entitled "Object Lessons." I consider it an invaluable work in aid of the enlightenment of the people as to the chains of servitude which are being fastened upon them by the oppressors of mankind, the gold-standard advocates. Its aphorisms upon the financial question are so succinctly stated and it so thoroughly brushes aside the fallacies and appeals to prejudice of our enemies, that the most careless reader of its contents can easily become a successful advocate of our cause.

It should be placed in the hands of every voter in the country.

More and more is the generation of to-day coming to recognize the dignity of self and to realize that the earthly body is but a manifestation of spirit; and with the awakening of this knowledge all the relations of life take on a loftier, a more spiritual tone. This is especially true of the marriage relation, which, hitherto, would seem to have been regarded from a lower plane than any other natural tie. Among the literature dealing with this subject nothing more admirable or better calculated to accomplish lasting good has been written than the little book recently issued entitled "Karezza; Ethics of Marriage," by Alice B. Stockham, M. D. (Alice B. Stockham & Co., Chicago. Cloth. Price, \$1.) In her preface the author says:

"Karezza" makes a plea for a better birthright for the child, and aims to lead individuals to seek a higher development of themselves through most sacred relations. It presents truths that are attainable, and when the goal of mastery is reached, the ideal marriage will be consummated in united lives, giving a prophecy of generations of desired and welcome offspring.

Dr. Stockham, who is the author of "Tokology" and other valuable works, brings to the treatment of her subject the knowledge and experience of a practical physician of many years' standing. She discusses questions of vital importance to the future welfare of the race, questions difficult to handle in a judicious yet delicate way, in a rational and healthy man-

ner while at the same time raising them to their true plane—the spiritual. This little volume is worth its weight in gold and should be read by every young man and woman contemplating marriage.

Among recent literature one of the most interesting and piquant little volumes is "An Experiment in Altruism," by Elizabeth Hastings (Macmillan & Co., New York. Cloth. Price, 75 cents). The author's style is keenly epigrammatic, with a delightful freshness and originality, as charming as it is rare, pervading every page. Round the nucleus of a beautiful though pathetic little love story she has woven a whimsical but very critical analysis of our modern methods of altruistic work. The character sketching is admirable, and all the actors in the little drama—the Altruist, the Doctor, the Woman with a Cause, the Man of the World, Janet, the Lad, etc.—seem to live before our eyes. The book fairly sparkles with epigram and holds the reader fascinated from beginning to end.

Two late additions to the Keystone Series are "Platonic Affections," by John Smith, and "Women's Tragedies," by H. D. Lowry (Roberts Bros., Boston. Cloth. Price, \$1 each). The latter, as the title suggests, is a collection of short stories, telling the heart sorrows and unutterable pain which have fallen to the lot of some women. Of the fifteen stories contained in the volume "The Great Ko-Ko," "The Widow's History," and "Mamie's Dream" are especially suggestive and thought-compelling. In all of these life tragedies the writer lays bare the emotions of the human heart with the skill and power of a sympathetic student of human nature. The last four tales, dealing with a former age, entitled "A Pagan Dream," "The Last Pagan," "The Gray Wolf," and "The Coward," are totally different in style from the others, being quaint, fanciful, and of a mediæval character, the work of a strong and vigorous imagination.

Since the days of Plato innumerable experiments have been made to test the

theory of Platonic love, and rare indeed are the instances in which they have been successful. "Platonic Affections" is the story of such an experiment. A young man, who feels that his heart is buried in the grave of his first love, meets at a remote seaside place in the south of England a fascinating young widow, who also feels that she is not susceptible to any warmer feeling for the opposite sex than mere friendship. They are mutually attracted, and being constantly thrown together conceive a strong attachment for each other, but which of course is purely Platonic! They cannot bear the thought of separation, however, and for appearance's sake, while resolving to be nothing more to each other than brother and sister, have their marriage celebrated. But before long complications arise under this unique arrangement which almost wreck their life's happiness, and they are on the eve of parting when they discover they love each other—but not after the Platonic fashion. They are reunited and all ends happily. Certain phases of life in remote English districts are touched upon, giving additional interest to this little volume, which makes agreeable summer reading.

Those who enjoy a genuine and wholesome love story, a novel which does not seek to grapple with any of the serious problems of life or distract the brain with schemes for the reformation of society and the guidance of the Creator, will be delighted with "Young Greer of Kentucky," by Eleanor Talbot Kinkead (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York. Price, cloth, \$1.25). The scene of the story is laid in the blue-grass region, and some new and striking phases of Southern character are presented. The author being a Kentuckian is thoroughly at home in her descriptions of character and local coloring, and therefore nothing is overstrained or unnatural, her characters being real human everyday people, with the weaknesses and the virtues which distinguish humanity the world over. Young Greer, the university graduate, his kind-hearted but thoroughly illiterate father, his ambitious but equally illiterate and not so kindly mother, their

ce Dorinda, and the home life at the farm are admirably depicted. The author is also happy in her description of their healthy and high-born neighbors and the fashionable beauty in the midst of her cultured and luxurious surroundings, with whom young Greer is for a time fascinated. The interest is well sustained and the *dénouement* is happy.

"The Courage of her Convictions," by Caroline A. Huling, assisted by Beresee Stewart, M. D. (Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. Cloth. pp. 230), is a novel which endeavors to grapple with one of the vital social problems of the day. It is described in the publishers' notice as a most unique story of an advanced woman who endeavors to carry out a peculiar theory. Dr. Margaret Delafield,

disappointed in the character of her suitors, eschews matrimony, but desires a child of her own. With the 'courage of her convictions,' she evokes the aid of science, and a lovely girl is the result. Her child convinces Dr. Margaret that she is mistaken in her view of paternity, and in an effort to retrieve the error she barely escapes making a worse one." While there can be no doubt as to the author's nobility of purpose in writing this work, it cannot be said that it is in any way calculated to advance the cause she advocates. It is lacking in that dignity and strength so essential in dealing with great social questions, while the description of the startling theories put in practice by her heroine, Dr. Margaret Delafield, might prove positively injurious to persons of weak or undeveloped minds.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Her Senator," by Archibald C. Gunter. Cloth. pp. 261. Published by Home Publishing Company, 3 East 14th St., New York.

"In the Village of Viger," by Duncan Campbell Scott. Cloth. pp. 135. Price 75 cents. Published by Copeland & Day, 69 Cornhill, Boston.

"The Road to Castaly," by Alice Brown. Cloth. pp. 70. Price \$1. Published by Copeland & Day, Boston.

"The Captured Cunarder," by William A. Riding. Cloth. pp. 104. Price 75 cents. Published by Copeland & Day, Boston.

"Sermonettes from Mother Goose for the Folk," by Fannie M. Harley. Cloth. pp. 179. Price \$1. Published by F. M. Harley Publishing Company, 87 Washington St., Chicago.

"Voluntary Socialism," by Francis D. Tandy. Paper. pp. 228. Price 50 cents. Published by F. D. Tandy, 1408 Curtis St., Denver, Col.

"The Damnation of Theron Ware," by Harold Frederic. Cloth. pp. 512. Price \$1.50. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago.

"Star Heights and Other Stories, Pastels and Poems," by Leonora Beck. Cloth. pp. 240. Published by Foot & Davies Company, Atlanta, Ga.

"Prétty Michal," by Maurus Jókai. Paper. pp. 333. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

"Missing; a Tale of the Sargasso Sea," by Julius Chambers. Cloth. pp. 182. Price \$1. Published by Transatlantic Publishing Company, 69 Fifth Ave., New York.

"Karezza; Ethics of Marriage," by Alice B. Stockham, M. D. Cloth. pp. 136. Price \$1. Published by A. B. Stockham & Co., 277 Madison St., Chicago.

"Lucius Q. C. Lamar, His Life, Times, and Speeches," by Edward Mayes, LL. D. Cloth. pp. 820. Price \$5. Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South Nashville, Tenn.

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